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HEROIDES AND AMORES

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HEROIDES AND AMORES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

GRANT SHOWERMAN

PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Lib. Ovidius Naso



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I

THE HEROIDES

MANUSCRIPTS, EDITIONS, AND TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE HEROIDES

The principal manuscripts of the *Heroides* are the following :—

1. Codex Parisinus 8242, formerly called Puteanus, of the eleventh century, corrected about the twelfth ; by universal consent the best manuscript. It contains the *Heroides* and the *Amores*, with omissions. Of the Heroides there is lacking: I ; II, 1–13 ; IV, 48–103 ; V, 97–end ; VI, 1–49 ; XV ; XVI, 39–142 ; XX, 176–end.
2. Codex Guelferbytanus, of the twelfth century, with a recension in the thirteenth ; of comparatively little value. XVII–XX are almost illegible. The first hand gave to XX, 194.
3. Codex Etonensis, of the eleventh century, but inferior to its contemporary, the Parisinus. It contains, with various other compositions, the *Heroides* up to VII, 157.
4. Schedae Vindobonenses, of the twelfth century, containing fragments of X–XX, omitting XV, and often serving to confirm the Parisinus.

5. Codex Francofurtanus, of the thirteenth century, the best authority for XV.

6. A mass of manuscripts of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, all of which have been subjected to extensive alterations.

7. The Greek translation of Maximus Planudes, of the latter part of the thirteenth century, from a Latin manuscript resembling the Parisinus, and of considerable value in the parts omitted by it.

Two Editiones Principes of Ovid appeared in 1471 —one at Rome and one at Bologna, with independent texts. A Venetian edition was published in 1491, with commentary by Vossius.

The principal edition of recent times is that of Arthur Palmer, Oxford, 1898. It contains the Greek translation of Planudes. The introduction and portions of the commentary are by Louis C. Purser, who assumed the task of completing the work at Palmer's request a short time before his death in 1897. The text in Postgate's Corpus Poetarum Latinorum, Vol. I, 1894, is also Palmer's.

Other editors and critics may be mentioned as follows: A. Heinsius, Amsterdam, 1661; Bentley, 1662–1742; Heinsius-Burmann, Amsterdam, 1727; Van Lennep, Amsterdam, 1809: Loers, Cologne, 1829; Madvig, Emendationes Latinae, 1873; Merkel, 1876; Shuckburgh, Thirteen Epistles, London, 1879, corrected in 1885; Sedlmayer, Vienna, 1886; Ehwald, edition of Merkel, 1888; Housman, critical notes, Classical Review, 1897.

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS

P = Parisinus.
G = Guelferbytanus.
E = Etonensis.
V = Vindobonensis.
F = Francofurtanus.
ω = the mass of MSS. of the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries.
ς = a few inferior MSS. of the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries.
Bent. = Bentley.
Hein. = Heinsius.
Burm. = Burmann.
Merk. = Merkel.
Sedl. = Sedlmayer.
Ehw. = Ehwald.
Pa. = Palmer.
Hous. = Housman.

IN APPRECIATION OF THE HEROIDES

The *Heroides* are not a work of the highest order of genius. Their language, nearly always artificial, frequently rhetorical, and often diffuse, is the same throughout—whether from the lips of barbarian Medea or Sappho the poetess. The heroines and heroes who speak it are creatures from the world of legend, are not always warm flesh and blood, and rarely communicate their passions to us. The critic who cares more for the raising of a laugh than for the strict rendering of justice may with no great difficulty find room here for the exercise of his wit.

Yet the malicious critic of the *Heroides* will be hard to find; for they belong to the engaging sort of art which disarms criticism. Their theme, first of all, is the universal theme of love—and of woman's love —and of woman's love in straits. The heroines that speak to us from Ovid's page may lack in convincing quality, and may not stir our passions, but they are sufficiently real to win our sympathy, and to blind us for the moment to the faults of both themselves and their sponsor. Their language may be unvarying, and may border too much on the rhetorical, but it is full-flowing, clear, euphonious, and restful. It may be artificial, but its very artificiality is of charming quality.

What the *Heroides* lose by reason of being the portrayal of legendary characters in language removed from ordinary life they gain from their pleasant quality of style, and from their constant stimulation of literary reminiscence. They should not be judged as attempts at realistic art; their author did not aim at even naturalism. If we must choose, they should be judged on the basis of their connection rather with literature than with life.

Yet we need not choose; we may enjoy them as clever and genial treatments of literary themes enriched with enough of the warmly human to beget in the benevolent reader the illusion of life. Penelope, Briseis, Dido, and Helen no doubt interest us mainly as figures from Homer and Virgil, but even they possess qualities that give them semblance of reality: Penelope is faithful, Briseis forgiving, Dido filled with despair, and Helen with vanity. In Medea, Hypsipyle, Oenone, and Ariadne, there is a nearer approach to real passion. The wifely solicitude of Laodamia, the loving trustfulness of deserted Phyllis, and the mother's grief of Canace are still more warm with life. The stories of Acontius and Cydippe, and in greater degree of Hero and Leander, are so full of the romance of young love that we think of neither life nor letters, but simply enjoy the delightful tale. And, whatever else may be said of his heroines, in every one of them the poet has placed the most human of qualities—a heart submissive to the power of love. All the world loves a lover, and all the world has for a long time loved most of the *Heroides*.

P. OVIDI NASONIS HEROIDES

I

Penelope Ulixi

Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulixe—
  nil mihi rescribas tu tamen ;[1] ipse veni !
Troia iacet certe, Danais invisa puellis ;
  vix Priamus tanti totaque Troia fuit.
o utinam tum, cum Lacedaemona classe petebat,
  obrutus insanis esset adulter aquis !
non ego deserto iacuissem frigida lecto,
  non quererer tardos ire relicta dies ;
nec mihi quaerenti spatiosam fallere noctem
  lassaret[2] viduas pendula tela manus.
Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris ?
  res est solliciti plena timoris amor.
in te fingebam violentos Troas ituros ;
  nomine in Hectoreo pallida semper eram.
sive quis Antilochum narrabat ab hoste revictum,[3]
  Antilochus nostri causa timoris erat ;

[1] tu tamen *Bent.*: at tamen *G.* *Often written* rescribas, tu tamen ipse veni. [2] lassaret ω : lassasset *G.*
[3] ab hoste revictum *Hous.*: ab Hectore victum *MSS. contradicts the fact.*

THE

HEROIDES OF P. OVIDIUS NASO

I

Penelope to Ulysses

This missive your Penelope sends to you, O Ulysses, slow of return that you are—yet write nothing back to me; yourself come! Troy, to be sure, is fallen, hated of the daughters of Greece; but scarcely were Priam and all Troy worth the price to me.[a] O would that then, when his ship was on the way to Lacedaemon, the adulterous lover had been overwhelmed by raging waters! Then had I not lain cold in my deserted bed, nor would now be left alone complaining of slowly passing days; nor would the hanging web be wearying now my widowed hands as I seek to beguile the hours of spacious night.

11 When have I not feared dangers graver than the real? Love is a thing ever filled with anxious fear. It was upon you that my fancy ever told me the furious Trojans would rush; at mention of the name of Hector my pallor ever came. Did someone begin the tale of Antilochus laid low by the enemy, Antilochus was cause of my alarm; or,

[a] Homer is Ovid's direct source for this letter. Tennyson's *Ulysses* is of interest in connection with it.

For brief statements of the circumstances under which the heroines write their letters, and for proper names in general, consult the index.

sive Menoetiaden falsis cecidisse sub armis,
flebam successu posse carere dolos.
sanguine Tlepolemus Lyciam tepefecerat hastam;
Tlepolemi leto cura novata mea est.
denique, quisquis erat castris iugulatus Achivis,
frigidius glacie pectus amantis erat.
Sed bene consuluit casto deus aequus amori.
versa est in cineres sospite Troia viro.
Argolici rediere duces, altaria fumant;
ponitur ad patrios barbara praeda deos.
grata ferunt nymphae pro salvis dona maritis;
illi victa suis Troica fata canunt.
mirantur iustique senes trepidaeque puellae;
narrantis coniunx pendet ab ore viri.
atque aliquis posita monstrat fera proelia mensa,
pingit et exiguo Pergama tota mero:
"hac ibat Simois; haec est Sigeia tellus;
hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
illic Aeacides, illic tendebat Ulixes;
hic lacer admissos terruit Hector equos."
Omnia namque tuo senior te quaerere misso
rettulerat nato Nestor, at ille mihi.
rettulit et ferro Rhesumque Dolonaque caesos,
utque sit hic somno proditus, ille dolo.
ausus es,—o nimium nimiumque oblite tuorum!—
Thracia nocturno tangere castra dolo
totque simul mactare viros, adiutus ab uno!
at bene cautus eras et memor ante mei!

---

[a] Patroclus in the armour of Achilles.
[b] Tlepolemus was slain by Sarpedon, king of Lycia.
[c] The past rises vividly in her mind.

did he tell of how the son of Menoetius fell in armour not his own,[a] I wept that wiles could lack success. Had Tlepolemus with his blood made warm the Lycian spear,[b] in Tlepolemus' fate was all my care renewed. In short, whoever it was in the Argive camp that was pierced and fell, colder than ice grew the heart of her who loves you.

23 But good regard for me had the god who looks with favour upon chaste love. Turned to ashes is Troy, and my lord is safe. The Argolic chieftains have returned, our altars are a-smoke;[c] before the gods of our fathers is laid the barbarian spoil. The young wife comes bearing thank-offering for her husband saved; the husband sings of the fates of Troy that have yielded to his own. Righteous elder and trembling girl admire; the wife hangs on the tale that falls from her husband's lips. And someone about the board shows thereon the fierce combat, and with scant tracing of wine pictures forth all Pergamum: "Here flowed the Simois; this is the Sigeian land; here stood the lofty palace of Priam the ancient. Yonder tented the son of Aeacus; yonder, Ulysses; here, in wild course went the frightened steeds with Hector's mutilated corpse."

37 For the whole story was told your son, whom I sent to seek you; ancient Nestor told him, and he told me. He told as well of Rhesus' and Dolon's fall by the sword, how the one was betrayed by slumber, the other undone by guile. You had the daring—O too, too forgetful of your own!—to set wily foot by night in the Thracian camp, and to slay so many men, all at one time, and with only one to aid! Ah yes, you were cautious, indeed, and ever gave *me*

usque metu micuere sinus, dum victor amicum
dictus es Ismariis isse per agmen equis.
Sed mihi quid prodest vestris disiecta lacertis
Ilios et, murus quod fuit, esse solum,
si maneo, qualis Troia durante manebam,
virque mihi dempto fine carendus abest?
diruta sunt aliis, uni mihi Pergama restant,
incola captivo quae bove victor arat.
iam seges est, ubi Troia fuit, resecandaque falce
luxuriat Phrygio sanguine pinguis humus;
semisepulta virum curvis feriuntur aratris
ossa, ruinosas occulit herba domos.
victor abes, nec scire mihi, quae causa morandi,
aut in quo lateas ferreus orbe, licet!
Quisquis ad haec vertit peregrinam litora puppim,
ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit,
quamque tibi reddat, si te modo viderit usquam,
traditur huic digitis charta notata meis.
nos Pylon, antiqui Neleia Nestoris arva,
misimus; incerta est fama remissa Pylo.
misimus et Sparten; Sparte quoque nescia veri.[1]
quas habitas terras, aut ubi lentus abes?
utilius starent etiamnunc moenia Phoebi—
irascor votis, heu, levis ipsa meis!
scirem ubi pugnares, et tantum bella timerem,
et mea cum multis iuncta querela foret.

[1] vestri *Bent.*

[a] If this refers to Telemachus' journey, Ovid has forgotten his Homer, or disregards it; for in the *Odyssey* (2, 373) Telemachus goes without his mother's knowledge.

first thought! My heart leaped with fear at every word until I was told of your victorious riding back through the friendly lines of the Greeks with the coursers of Ismarus.

47 But of what avail to me that Ilion has been scattered in ruin by your arms, and that what once was wall is now level ground—if I am still to remain such as I was while Troy endured, and must live to all time bereft of my lord? For others Pergamum has been brought low; for me alone it still stands, though the victor dwell within and drive there the plow with the ox he took as spoil. Now are fields of corn where Troy once was, and soil made fertile with Phrygian blood waves rich with harvest ready for the sickle; the half-buried bones of her heroes are struck by the curvèd share, and herbage hides from sight her ruined palaces. A victor, you are yet not here, nor am I let know what causes your delay, or in what part of the world hard-heartedly you hide.

59 Whoso turns to these shores of ours his stranger ship is plied with many a question ere he go away, and into his hand is given the sheet writ by these fingers of mine, to render up should he but see you anywhere. We have sent to Pylos, the land of ancient Nestor, Neleus' son; the word brought back from Pylos was nothing sure.[a] We have sent to Sparta, too; Sparta also could tell us nothing true. In what lands are you abiding, or where do you idly tarry? Better for me, were the walls of Phoebus still standing in their place—ah me inconstant, I am wroth with the vows myself have made! Had they not fallen, I should know where you were fighting, and have only war to fear, and my plaint would be joined with that of many another.

quid timeam, ignoro—timeo tamen omnia demens,
et patet in curas area lata meas.
quaecumque aequor habet, quaecumque pericula tellus,
tam longae causas suspicor esse morae.
haec ego dum stulte metuo, quae vestra libido est,
esse peregrino captus amore potes.
forsitan et narres, quam sit tibi rustica coniunx,
quae tantum lanas non sinat esse rudes.
fallar, et hoc crimen tenues vanescat in auras,
neve, revertendi liber, abesse velis!
Me pater Icarius viduo discedere lecto
cogit et immensas increpat usque moras.
increpet usque licet—tua sum, tua dicar oportet;
Penelope coniunx semper Ulixis ero.
ille tamen pietate mea precibusque pudicis
frangitur et vires temperat ipse suas.
Dulichii Samiique et quos tulit alta Zacynthos,
turba ruunt in me luxuriosa proci,
inque tua regnant nullis prohibentibus aula;
viscera nostra, tuae dilacerantur opes.
quid tibi Pisandrum Polybumque Medontaque dirum
Eurymachique avidas Antinoique manus
atque alios referam, quos omnis turpiter absens
ipse tuo partis sanguine rebus alis?
Irus egens pecorisque Melanthius actor edendi
ultimus accedunt in tua damna pudor.

---

[a] *Rustica* is frequent in the Heroides. It suggests "rustic," "countryfied," "simple," "homely," "unsophisticated," but may be rendered well by no single word.

But now, what I am to fear I know not—yet none the less I fear all things, distraught, and wide is the field lies open for my cares. Whatever dangers the deep contains, whatever the land, suspicion tells me are cause of your long delay. While I live on in foolish fear of things like these, you may be captive to a stranger love—such are the hearts of you men! It may be you even tell how rustic[a] a wife you have—one fit only to dress fine the wool. May I be mistaken, and this charge of mine be found slight as the breeze that blows, and may it not be that, free to return, you will to be away!

[81] As for me—my father Icarius enjoins on me to quit my widowed couch, and ever chides me for my measureless delay. Let him chide on—yours I am, yours must I be called; Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, ever shall I be. Yet is he bent by my faithfulness and my chaste prayers, and of himself abates his urgency. The men of Dulichium and Samos, and they whom high Zacynthus bore—a wanton throng—come pressing about me, suing for my hand. In your own hall they are masters, with none to say them nay; my heart is being torn, your substance spoiled. Why tell you of Pisander, and of Polybus, and of Medon the cruel, and of the grasping hands of Eurymachus and Antinous, and of others, all of whom through shameful absence you yourself are feeding fat with store that was won at cost of your blood? Irus the beggar, and Melanthius, who drives in your flocks to be consumed, are the crowning disgrace now added to your ruin.

Tres sumus inbelles numero, sine viribus uxor
Laertesque senex Telemachusque puer.
ille per insidias paene est mihi nuper ademptus,
dum parat invitis omnibus ire Pylon.[1]
di, precor, hoc iubeant, ut euntibus ordine fatis
ille meos oculos conprimat, ille tuos!
hac faciunt custosque boum longaevaque nutrix,
Tertius inmundae cura fidelis harae;[2]
sed neque Laertes, ut qui sit inutilis armis,
hostibus in mediis regna tenere potest—
Telemacho veniet, vivat modo, fortior aetas;
nunc erat auxiliis illa tuenda patris[3]—
nec mihi sunt vires inimicos pellere tectis.
tu citius venias, portus et ara tuis!
est tibi sitque, precor, natus, qui mollibus annis
in patrias artes erudiendus erat.
respice Laerten; ut iam sua lumina condas,
extremum fati sustinet ille diem.[4]
Certe ego, quae fueram te discedente puella,
protinus ut venias, facta videbor anus.

II

Phyllis Demophoonti

Hospita, Demophoon, tua te Rhodopeia Phyllis
ultra promissum tempus abesse queror.

[1] 99,100 *spurious Bent.*
[2] *Ehw. places* 103, 104 *after* 96: hac *Tyrrell*; hec *G E* ω: huc *Bent.*: hinc *Merk.*

97 We number only three, unused to war—a powerless wife ; Laertes, an old man ; Telemachus, a boy. He was of late all but waylaid and taken from me, while making ready, against the will of all of them, to go to Pylos. The gods grant, I pray, that our fated ends may come in due succession—that he be the one to close my eyes, the one to close yours ! To sustain our cause are the guardian of your cattle and the ancient nurse, and, as a third, the faithful ward of the unclean stye ; but neither Laertes, unable as he is to wield arms now, can sway the sceptre in the midst of our foes—Telemachus, indeed, so he live on, will arrive at years of strength, but now should have his father's aid and guarding—nor have I strength to repel the enemy from our halls. Do you yourself make haste to come, haven and altar of safety for your own ! You have a son—and may you have him ever, is my prayer—who in his tender years should have been trained by you in his father's ways. Have regard for Laertes ; in the hope that you will come at last to close his eyes, he is withstanding the final day of fate.

115 As for myself, who when you left my side was but a girl, though you should come straightway, I surely shall seem grown an aged dame.

II

Phyllis to Demophoon

I, your Phyllis, who welcomed you to Rhodope, Demophoon, complain that the promised day is past,

[3] *Birt places* 107, 108 *after* 98 : *spurious Sedl. Schenkel.*
[4] 111–114 *spurious Bent.*

cornua cum lunae pleno semel orbe coissent,
litoribus nostris ancora pacta tua est—
luna quater latuit, toto quater orbe recrevit;
nec vehit Actaeas Sithonis unda rates.
tempora si numeres — bene quae[1] numeramus amantes—
non venit ante suam nostra querela diem.
Spes quoque lenta fuit; tarde, quae credita laedunt,
credimus. invito nunc et amore noces.[2]
saepe fui mendax pro te mihi, saepe putavi[3]
alba procellosos vela referre Notos.
Thesea devovi, quia te dimittere nollet;
nec tenuit cursus forsitan ille tuos.
interdum timui, ne, dum vada tendis ad Hebri,
mersa foret cana naufraga puppis aqua.
saepe deos[4] supplex, ut tu, scelerate, valeres,
cum prece turicremis sum venerata sacris;
saepe, videns ventos caelo pelagoque faventes,
ipsa mihi dixi: "si valet ille, venit."
denique fidus amor, quidquid properantibus obstat,
finxit, et ad causas ingeniosa fui.
at tu lentus abes; nec te iurata reducunt
numina, nec nostro motus amore redis.
Demophoon, ventis et verba et vela dedisti;
vela queror reditu, verba carere fide.

[1] bene quae *E ω Plan.*: quae nos *G Merk.*
[2] *So G*: invita nunc et amante nocens *E.*
[3] putavi *E s Plan.*: notavi *G Merk.*
[4] deo *Pa. who omits* 18, 19.

[a] Attica.

and you not here. When once the horns of the moon should have come together in full orb, our shores were to expect your anchor—the moon has four times waned, and four times waxed again to her orb complete ; yet the Sithonian wave brings not the ships of Acte.[a] Should you count the days—which we count well who love—you will find my plaint come not before its time.

[9] Hope, too, has been slow to leave me ; we are tardy in believing, when belief brings hurt. Even now my love is loath to let me think you wrong me. Oft have I been false to myself in my defence of you ; oft have I thought the gusty breezes of the south were bringing back your white sails. Theseus I have cursed, because methought he would not let you go; yet mayhap 'tis not he that has stayed your course. At times have I feared lest, while you were holding toward the waters of the Hebrus, your craft had been wrecked and engulfed in the foaming wave. Oft, bending the knee in prayer that you fare well—ah, wretched man !—have I venerated the gods with prayer or with burning of holy incense ; oft, seeing in sky and on sea that the winds were favouring, have I said to myself : " If he do fare well, he is on the way." In a word, all things soever that hinder those in haste to come, my faithful love has tried to image forth, and my wit has been fertile in the finding of causes. But you delay long your coming ; neither do the gods by whom you swore bring you back to me, nor does love of mine move your return. Demophoon, to the winds you gave at once both promised word and sails ; your sails, alas ! have not returned, your promised word has not been kept.

Dic mihi, quid feci, nisi non sapienter amavi?
crimine te potui demeruisse meo.
unum in me scelus est, quod te, scelerate, recepi;
sed scelus hoc meriti pondus et instar habet.
iura, fides ubi nunc, commissaque dextera dextrae,
quique erat in falso plurimus ore deus?
promissus socios ubi nunc Hymenaeus in annos,
qui mihi coniugii sponsor et obses erat?
per mare, quod totum ventis agitatur et undis,
per quod saepe ieras, per quod iturus eras,
perque tuum mihi iurasti—nisi fictus et ille est—
concita qui ventis aequora mulcet, avum,
per Venerem nimiumque mihi facientia tela—
altera tela arcus, altera tela faces—
Iunonemque, toris quae praesidet alma maritis,
et per taediferae mystica sacra deae.
si de tot laesis sua numina quisque deorum
vindicet, in poenas non satis unus eris.
At laceras etiam puppes furiosa refeci—
ut, qua desererer, firma carina foret!—
remigiumque dedi, quod me fugiturus haberes.
heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis!
credidimus blandis, quorum tibi copia, verbis;
credidimus generi nominibusque tuis;

[27] Tell me, what have I done, except not wisely love?—and by the very fault I might well have won you for my own. The one crime which may be charged to me is that I took you, O faithless, to myself; but this crime has all the weight and seeming of good desert. The bonds that should hold you, the faith that you swore, where are they now?—and the pledge of the right hand you placed in mine, and the talk of God that was ever on your lying lips? Where now the bond of Hymen promised for years of life together—promise that was my warrant and surety for the wedded state? By the sea, all tossed by wind and wave, over which you had often gone, over which you were still to go; and by your grandsire—unless he, too, is but a fiction—by your grandsire, who calms the windwrought wave, you swore to me; yes, and by Venus and the weapons that wound me all too much—one weapon the bow, the other the torch; and by Juno, the kindly ward of the bridal bed; and by the mystical rites of the goddess who bears the torch. Should all the many gods you have wronged take vengeance for the outrage to their sacred names, your single life would not suffice.

[45] Yes, and more, in my madness I even refitted your shattered ships—that the keel might be firm by which I was left behind!—and gave you the oars by which you were to fly from me. Ah me, my pangs are from wounds wrought by weapons of my own! I had faith in your wheedling words, and you had good store of them; I had faith in your lineage, and in the names it shows; I had faith

credidimus lacrimis—an et hæc simulare docentur?
hae quoque habent artes, quaque iubentur, eunt?
dis quoque credidimus. quo iam tot pignora nobis?
parte satis potui qualibet inde capi.
Nec moveor, quod te iuvi portuque locoque—
debuit haec meriti summa fuisse mei!
turpiter hospitium lecto cumulasse iugali
paenitet, et lateri conseruisse latus.
quae fuit ante illam, mallem suprema fuisset
nox mihi, dum potui Phyllis honesta mori.
speravi melius, quia me meruisse putavi;
quaecumque ex merito spes venit, aequa venit.
Fallere credentem non est operosa puellam
gloria. simplicitas digna favore fuit.
sum decepta tuis et amans et femina verbis.
di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuae!
inter et Aegidas, media statuaris in urbe,
magnificus titulis stet pater ante suis.
cum fuerit Sciron lectus torvusque Procrustes
et Sinis et tauri mixtaque forma viri
et domitae bello Thebae fusique bimembres
et pulsata nigri regia caeca dei—
hoc tua post illos titulo signetur imago:

HIC EST, CUIUS AMANS HOSPITA CAPTA DOLO EST.

de tanta rerum turba factisque parentis
sedit in ingenio Cressa relicta tuo.

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[a] Theseus.

in your tears—or can these also be taught to feign ; and are these also guileful, and ready to flow where bidden ? I had faith, too, in the gods by whom you swore. To what end, pray, so many pledges of faith to me ? By any part of them, however slight, I could have been ensnared.

55 I am stirred by no regret that I aided you with haven and abiding-place—only, this should have been the limit of my kindness ! Shamefully to have added to my welcome of the guest the favours of the marriage-bed is what I repent me of—to have pressed your side to my own. The night before that night I could wish had been the last for me, while I still could have died Phyllis the chaste. I had hope for a better fate, for I thought it my desert ; the hope—whatever it be—that is grounded in desert, is just.

63 To beguile a trustful maid is glory but cheaply earned ; my simple faith was worthy of regard. I was deceived by your words—I, who loved and was a woman. May the gods grant that this be your crowning praise ! In the midst of your city, even among the sons of Aegeus, go let yourself be statued, and let your mighty father [a] be set there first, with record of his deeds. When men shall have read of Seiron, and of grim Procrustes, and of Sinis, and of the mingled form of bull and man, and of Thebes brought low in war, and of the rout of the two-framed Centaurs, and of the knocking at the gloomy palace of the darksome god—after all these, under your own image let be inscribed these words :

THIS IS HE WHOSE WILES BETRAYED THE HOSTESS
THAT LOVED HIM.

Of all the great deeds in the long career of your sire, nothing has made impress upon your nature but

quod solum excusat, solum miraris in illo;
heredem patriae, perfide, fraudis agis.
illa—nec invideo—fruitur meliore marito
inque capistratis tigribus alta sedet;
at mea despecti fugiunt conubia Thraces,
quod ferar externum praeposuisse meis.
atque aliquis "iam nunc doctas eat," inquit, "Athenas;
armiferam Thracen qui regat, alter erit.
exitus acta probat." careat successibus, opto,
quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat!
at si nostra tuo spumescant aequora remo,
iam mihi, iam dicar consuluisse meis—
sed neque consului, nec te mea regia tanget
fessaque Bistonia membra lavabis aqua!
Illa meis oculis species abeuntis inhaeret,
cum premeret portus classis itura meos.
ausus es amplecti colloque infusus amantis
oscula per longas iungere pressa moras
cumque tuis lacrimis lacrimas confundere nostras,
quodque foret velis aura secunda, queri
et mihi discedens suprema dicere voce:
"Phylli, fac expectes Demophoonta tuum!"
Expectem, qui me numquam visurus abisti?
expectem pelago vela negata meo?[1]

[1] *So G ω*: negante data *Pa.*: velane gatata meo *P.*

[a] After Theseus' desertion of her, Ariadne was wedded to Bacchus, whose tigers and car she drives.

the leaving of his Cretan bride. The only deed that draws forth his excuse, that only you admire in him; you act the heir to your father's guile, perfidious one. She—and with no envy from me—enjoys now a better lord, and sits aloft behind her bridled tigers[a]; but me, the Thracians whom I scorned will not now wed, for rumour declares I set a stranger before my countrymen. And someone says: "Let her now away to learned Athens; to rule in armour-bearing Thrace another shall be found. The event proves well the wisdom of her course." Let him come to naught, I pray, who thinks the deed should be condemned from its result. Ah, but if our seas should foam beneath your oar, then should I be said to have counselled well for myself, then well for my countrymen; but I have neither counselled well, nor will my palace feel your presence more, nor will you bathe again your wearied limbs in the Bistonian wave!

[91] Ever to my sight clings that vision of you as you went, what time your ships were riding the waters of my harbour, all ready to depart. You dared embrace me, and, with arms close round the neck of her who loved you, to join your lips to mine in long and lingering kisses, to mingle with my tears your own, to complain because the breeze was favouring to your sails, and, as you left my side, to say for your last words: "Phyllis, remember well, expect your own Demophoon!"

[99] And am I to expect, when you went forth with thought never to see me more? Am I to expect the sails denied return to my seas? And yet I do

et tamen expecto—redeas modo serus amanti,
ut tua sit solo tempore lapsa fides!
Quid precor infelix? te iam tenet altera coniunx
forsitan et, nobis qui male favit, amor;
utque tibi excidimus, nullam, puto, Phyllida nosti.
ei mihi! si, quae sim Phyllis et unde, rogas—
quae tibi, Demophoon, longis erroribus acto
Threicios portus hospitiumque dedi,
cuius opes auxere meae, cui dives egenti
munera multa dedi, multa datura fui;
quae tibi subieci latissima regna Lycurgi,
nomine femineo vix satis apta regi,
qua patet umbrosum Rhodope glacialis ad Haemum,
et sacer admissas exigit Hebrus aquas,
cui mea virginitas avibus libata sinistris
castaque fallaci zona recincta manu!
pronuba Tisiphone thalamis ululavit in illis,
et cecinit maestum devia carmen avis;
adfuit Allecto brevibus torquata colubris,
suntque sepulcrali lumina mota face!
Maesta tamen scopulos fruticosaque litora calco
quaeque patent oculis litora[1] lata meis.
sive die laxatur humus, seu frigida lucent
sidera, prospicio, quis freta ventus agat;
et quaecumque procul venientia lintea vidi,
protinus illa meos auguror esse deos.

[1] litora *MSS.*: aequora *Aldus Pa.*

[a] A Fury, instead of Juno, patroness of marriage.

expect—ah, return only, though late, to her who loves you, and prove your promise false only for the time that you delay!

103 Why entreat, unhappy that I am? It may be you are already won by another bride, and feel for her the love that favoured me but ill; and since I have fallen from out your life, I feel you know Phyllis no more. Ah me! if you ask who I, Phyllis, am, and whence—I am she, Demophoon, who, when you had been driven far in wanderings on the sea, threw open to you the havens of Thrace and welcomed you as guest, you, whose estate my own raised up, to whom in your need I in my plenty gave many gifts, and would have given many still; I am she who rendered to you the broad, broad realms of Lycurgus, scarce meet to be ruled in a woman's name, where stretches icy Rhodope to Haemus with its shades, and sacred Hebrus drives his headlong waters forth—to you, on whom mid omens all sinister my maiden innocence was first bestowed, and whose guileful hand ungirdled my chaste zone! Tisiphone was minister at that bridal, with shrieks,[a] and the bird that shuns the light chanted her mournful note; Allecto was there, with little serpents coiled about her neck, and the lights that waved were torches of the tomb!

121 Heavy in soul, none the less do I tread the rocks and the thicket-covered strand, where'er the sea view opens broad before my eyes. Whether by day the soil is loosed by warmth, or whether constellations coldly shine, I look ever forth to see what wind doth sweep the straits; and whatever sails I see approaching from afar, straightway I augur them the answer to my prayers. I rush forth to

in freta procurro, vix me retinentibus undis,
mobile qua primas porrigit aequor aquas.
quo magis accedunt, minus et minus utilis adsto ;
linquor et ancillis excipienda cado.
Est sinus, adductos modice falcatus in arcus ;
ultima praerupta cornua mole rigent.
hinc mihi suppositas inmittere corpus in undas
mens fuit ; et, quoniam fallere pergis, erit.
ad tua me fluctus proiectam litora portent,
occurramque oculis intumulata tuis !
duritia ferrum ut superes adamantaque teque,
"non tibi sic," dices, "Phylli, sequendus eram !"
saepe venenorum sitis est mihi ; saepe cruenta
traiectam gladio morte perire iuvat.
colla quoque, infidis quia se nectenda lacertis
praebuerunt, laqueis inplicuisse iuvat.
stat nece matura tenerum pensare pudorem.
in necis electu parva futura mora est.
Inscribere meo causa invidiosa sepulcro.
aut hoc aut simili carmine notus eris :

PHYLLIDA DEMOPHOON LETO DEDIT HOSPES AMANTEM ;
ILLE NECIS CAUSAM PRAEBUIT, IPSA MANUM.

the waters, scarce halted by the waves where first the sea sends in its mobile tide. The nearer the sails advance, the less and less the strength that bears me up; my senses leave me, and I fall, to be caught up by my handmaids' arms.

131 There is a bay, whose bow-like lines are gently curved to sickle shape; its outmost horns rise rigid and in rock-bound mass. To throw myself hence into the waves beneath has been my mind; and, since you still pursue your faithless course, so shall it be. Let the waves bear me away, and cast me up on your shores, and let me meet your eyes untombed! Though in hardness you be more than steel, than adamant, than your very self, you shall say: "Not so, Phyllis, should I have been followed by thee!" Oft do I long for poison; oft with the sword would I gladly pierce my heart and pour forth my blood in death. My neck, too, because once offered to the embrace of your false arms, I could gladly ensnare in the noose. My heart is fixed to die before my time, and thus make amends to tender purity. In the choosing of my death there shall be but small delay.

145 On my tomb shall you be inscribed the hateful cause of my death. By this, or by some similar verse, shall you be known:

DEMOPHOON 'TWAS SENT PHYLLIS TO HER DOOM;
HER GUEST WAS HE, SHE LOVED HIM WELL.
HE WAS THE CAUSE THAT BROUGHT HER DEATH TO PASS;
HER OWN THE HAND BY WHICH SHE FELL.

III

Briseis Achilli

Quam legis, a rapta Briseide littera venit,
vix bene barbarica Graeca notata manu.
quascumque adspicies, lacrimae fecere lituras ;
sed tamen et lacrimae pondera vocis habent.
Si mihi pauca queri de te dominoque viroque
fas est, de domino pauca viroque querar.
non, ego poscenti quod sum cito tradita regi,
culpa tua est—quamvis haec quoque culpa tua est ;
nam simul Eurybates me Talthybiusque vocarunt,
Eurybati data sum Talthybioque comes.
alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultum
quaerebant taciti, noster ubi esset amor.
differri potui ; poenae mora grata fuisset.
ei mihi ! discedens oscula nulla dedi ;
at lacrimas sine fine dedi rupique capillos—
infelix iterum sum mihi visa capi !
Saepe ego decepto volui custode reverti,
sed, me qui timidam prenderet,[1] hostis erat.
si progressa forem, caperer ne nocte timebam,
quamlibet ad Priami munus itura nurum.
Sed data sim, quia danda fui—tot noctibus absum
nec repetor ; cessas, iraque lenta tua est.

[1] redderet *Ehw.*

[a] Briseis was a captive from Lyrnesus, in Mysia. Iliad IX is the basis of this letter.

[b] Agamemnon forced Achilles to give up Briseis. Achilles having refused to aid the Greeks, Agamemnon sent an embassy to him, but the offended warrior scorned his advances.

III

Briseis to Achilles

From stolen Briseis is the writing you read, scarce charactered in Greek by her barbarian hand.[a] Whatever blots you shall see, her tears have made; but tears, too, have none the less the weight of words.

[5] If 'tis right for me to utter brief complaint of you, my master and my beloved, of you, my master and my beloved, will I utter brief complaint. That I was all too quickly delivered over to the king at his demand is not your fault—yet this, too, is your fault; for as soon as Eurybates and Talthybius came to ask for me, to Eurybates was I given over, and to Talthybius, to go with them.[b] Each, casting eyes into the face of other, inquired in silence where now was the love between us. My going might have been deferred; a stay of my pain would have eased my heart. Ah me! I had to go, and with no farewell kiss; but tears without end I shed, and rent my hair—miserable me, I seemed a second time to suffer the captive's fate!

[17] Oft have I wished to elude my guards and return to you; but the enemy was there, to seize upon a timid girl. Should I have gone far, I feared I should be taken in the night, and delivered over a gift to some one of the ladies of Priam's sons.

[21] But grant I was given up because I must be given—yet all these nights I am absent from your side, and not demanded back; you delay, and your

ipse Menoetiades tum, cum tradebar, in aurem
"quid fles? hic parvo tempore," dixit, "eris."
Nec repetisse parum; pugnas, ne reddar, Achille!
i nunc et cupidi nomen amantis habe!
venerunt ad te Telamone et Amyntore nati—
ille gradu propior sanguinis, ille comes—
Laertaque satus, per quos comitata redirem.
auxerunt blandas grandia dona preces:
viginti fulvos operoso ex aere lebetas,
et tripodas septem pondere et arte pares;
addita sunt illis auri bis quinque talenta,
bis sex adsueti vincere semper equi,
quodque supervacuum est, forma praestante puellae
Lesbides, eversa corpora capta domo,
cumque tot his—sed non opus est tibi coniuge—
coniunx
ex Agamemnoniis una puella tribus.
si tibi ab Atride pretio redimenda fuissem,
quae dare debueras, accipere illa negas!
qua merui culpa fieri tibi vilis, Achille?
quo levis a nobis tam cito fugit amor?
An miseros tristis fortuna tenaciter urget,
nec venit inceptis mollior hora malis?[1]
diruta Marte tuo Lyrnesia moenia vidi—
et fueram patriae pars ego magna meae;
vidi consortes pariter generisque necisque
tres cecidisse—tribus, quae mihi, mater erat;
vidi, quantus erat, fusum tellure cruenta
pectora iactantem sanguinolenta virum.

[1] malis *Lehrs Hous. Plan.*: meis *MSS.*

[a] Patroclus.

anger is slow. Menoetius' son himself,[a] at the time I was delivered up, whispered into my ear: "Why do you weep? But a short time," he said, "will you be here."

[25] And not to have claimed me back is but a slight thing; you even oppose my being restored, Achilles. Go now, deserve the name of an eager lover! There came to you the sons of Amyntor and Telamon—the one near in degree of blood, the other a comrade—and Laertes' son; in company of these I was to return. Rich presents lent weight to their wheedling prayers: twenty ruddy vessels of wrought bronze, and tripods seven, equal in weight and workmanship; added to these, of gold twice five talents, twice six coursers ever wont to win, and—what there was no need of! —Lesbian girls surpassing fair, maids taken when their home was overthrown; and with all these —though of a bride you have no need—as bride, one of the daughters three of Agamemnon. What you must have given had you had to buy me back from Atrides with a price, that you refuse as a gift! What have I done that I am held thus cheap by you, Achilles? Whither has fled your light love so quickly from me?

[43] Or can it be that a gloomy fortune still weighs the wretched down, and a gentler hour comes not when woes have once begun? The walls of Lyrnesus I have seen laid in ruin by your soldier band—I, who myself had been great part of my father's land; I have seen fall three who were partners alike in birth and in death—and the three had the mother who was mine; I have seen my wedded lord stretched all his length upon the gory ground, heaving in agony

tot tamen amissis te compensavimus unum ;
tu dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eras.
tu mihi, iuratus per numina matris aquosae,
utile dicebas ipse fuisse capi—
scilicet ut, quamvis veniam dotata, repellas
et mecum fugias quae tibi dantur opes !
quin etiam fama est, cum crastina fulserit Eos,
te dare nubiferis lintea velle Notis.
Quod scelus ut pavidas miserae mihi contigit aures,
sanguinis atque animi pectus inane fuit.
ibis et—o miseram !—cui me, violente,[1] relinquis ?
quis mihi desertae mite levamen erit ?
devorer ante, precor, subito telluris hiatu
aut rutilo missi fulminis igne cremer,
quam sine me Phthiis canescant aequora remis,
et videam puppes ire relicta tuas !
si tibi iam reditusque placent patriique Penates,
non ego sum classi sarcina magna tuae.
victorem captiva sequar, non nupta maritum ;
est mihi, quae lanas molliat, apta manus.
inter Achaeiadas longe pulcherrima matres
in thalamos coniunx ibit eatque tuos,
digna nurus socero, Iovis Aeginaeque nepote,
cuique senex Nereus prosocer esse velit.
nos humiles famulaeque tuae data pensa trahemus,
et minuent plenos stamina nostra colos.

[1] tu lente *Bent.*

[a] Peleus, son of Aeacus, son of Jupiter and Aegina.
[b] Thetis, mother of Achilles, was daughter of Nereus.

his bloody breast. For so many lost to me I still had only you in recompense; you were my master, you my husband, you my brother. You swore to me by the godhead of your seaborn mother, and yourself said that my captive's lot was gain—yes, that though I come to you with dowry, you may thrust me back, scorning with me the wealth that is tendered you! Nay, 'tis even said that when to-morrow's dawn shall have shone forth, you mean to unfurl your linen sails to the cloud-bringing winds of the south.

59 When the monstrous tale fell on my wretched and terror-stricken ears, the blood went from my breast, and with it my senses fled. You are going—ah me, wretched!—and to whom do you leave me, O hardened of heart? Who shall afford me gentle solace, left behind? May I be swallowed up, I pray, in sudden yawning of the earth, or consumed by the ruddy fire of careering thunderbolt, e'er that, without me, the seas foam white with Phthian oars, and I am left behind to see your ships fare forth! If it please you now to return to the hearth of your fathers, I am no great burden to your fleet. As captive let me follow my captor, not as wife my wedded lord; I have a hand well skilled to dress the wool. The most beauteous by far among the women of Achaea will come to the marriage-chamber as your bride—and may she come!—a bride worthy of her lord's father,[a] the grandchild of Jove and Aegina, and one whom ancient Nereus would welcome as his grandson's bride.[b] As for me, I shall be a lowly slave of yours and spin off the given task, and the full distaff shall grow slender at the drawing of my threads. Only let not your lady

exagitet ne me tantum tua, deprecor, uxor—
quae mihi nescio quo non erit aequa modo—
neve meos coram scindi patiare capillos
et leviter dicas : " haec quoque nostra fuit."
vel patiare licet, dum ne contempta relinquar—
hic mihi vae ! miserae concutit ossa metus.
Quid tamen expectas ? Agamemnona paenitet irae,
et iacet ante tuos Graecia maesta pedes.
vince animos iramque tuam, qui cetera vincis !
quid lacerat Danaas inpiger Hector opes ?
arma cape, Aeacide, sed me tamen ante recepta,
et preme turbatos Marte favente viros !
propter me mota est, propter me desinat ira,
simque ego tristitiae causa modusque tuae.
nec tibi turpe puta precibus succumbere nostris ;
coniugis Oenides versus in arma prece est.
res audita mihi, nota est tibi. fratribus orba
devovit nati spemque caputque parens.
bellum erat ; ille ferox positis secessit ab armis
et patriae rigida mente negavit opem.
sola virum coniunx flexit. felicior illa !
at mea pro[1] nullo pondere verba cadunt.
nec tamen indignor nec me pro coniuge gessi
saepius in domini serva vocata torum.
me quaedam, memini, dominam captiva vocabat.
" servitio," dixi, " nominis addis onus."
Per tamen ossa viri subito male tecta sepulcro,
semper iudiciis ossa verenda meis ;

[1] pro ! *Madv.*

[a] The story of Meleager, who slew his mother Althea's brother, and was cursed by her. Refusing to aid his country in the war that followed the killing of the Calydonian boar, he was turned from his purpose by his wife Cleopatra.

be harsh with me, I pray—for in some way I feel she will not be kind—and suffer her not to tear my hair before your eyes, while you lightly say of me: "She, too, once was mine." Or, suffer it even so, if only I am not despised and left behind—this is the fear, ah woe is wretched me, that shakes my very bones!

83 What do you still await? Agamemnon repents him of his wrath, and Greece lies prostrate in affliction at your feet. Subdue your own angry spirit, you who subdue all else! Why does eager Hector still harry the Danaan lines? Seize up your armour, O child of Aeacus—yet take me back first—and with the favour of Mars rout and overwhelm their ranks. For me your anger was stirred, through me let it be allayed; and let me be both the cause and the measure of your gloomy wrath. Nor think it unseemly for you to yield to prayer of mine; by the prayer of his wedded wife was the son of Oeneus roused to arms.[a] 'Tis only a tale to me, but to you well known. Reft of her brothers, a mother cursed the hope and head of her son. There was war; in fierce mood he laid down his arms and stood apart, and with unbending purpose refused his country aid. Only the wife availed to bend her husband. The happier she!—for my words have no weight, and fall for naught. And yet I am not angered, nor have I borne myself as wife because oft summoned, a slave, to share my master's bed. Some captive woman once, I mind me, called me mistress. "To slavery," I replied, "you add a burden in that name."

103 None the less, by the bones of my wedded lord, ill covered in hasty sepulture bones ever to be

perque trium fortes animas, mea numina, fratrum,
qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent;
perque tuum nostrumque caput, quae iunximus una,
perque tuos enses, cognita tela meis—
nulla Mycenaeum sociasse cubilia mecum
iuro; fallentem deseruisse velis!
si tibi nunc dicam: "fortissime, tu quoque iura
nulla tibi sine me gaudia facta!" neges.
at Danai maerere putant—tibi plectra moventur,
te tenet in tepido mollis amica sinu!
et quisquam[1] quaerit, quare pugnare recuses?
pugna nocet, citharae noxque Venusque iuvant.
tutius est iacuisse toro, tenuisse puellam,
Threiciam digitis increpuisse lyram,
quam manibus clipeos et acutae cuspidis hastam,
et galeam pressa sustinuisse coma.
Sed tibi pro tutis insignia facta placebant,
partaque bellando gloria dulcis erat.
an tantum dum me caperes, fera bella probabas,
cumque mea patria laus tua victa iacet?
di melius! validoque, precor, vibrata lacerto
transeat Hectoreum Pelias hasta latus!
mittite me, Danai! dominum legata rogabo
multaque mandatis oscula mixta feram.
plus ego quam Phoenix, plus quam facundus Ulixes,
plus ego quam Teucri, credite, frater agam.

[1] *So G*: si quisquam (quisquis?) *P*: et si quis *ω*: et quisquis *s*: si quis nunc quaerat *or* si quis forte roget *Bent.*

[a] Because Orpheus was a Thracian.

[b] Ajax. The three were the delegation sent by Agamemnon to offer to make amends.

held sacred in my eyes; and by the brave souls of my three brothers, to me now spirits divine, who died well for their country, and lie well with it in death; and by your head and mine, which we have laid each to each; and by your sword, weapon well known to my kin—I swear that the Mycenaean has shared no couch with me; if I prove false, wish never to see me more! If now I should say to you: "Most valiant one, do you swear also that you have tasted no joys apart from me!" you would refuse. Yes, the Danai think you are mourning for me—but you are wielding the plectrum, and a tender mistress holds you in her warm embrace! And does anyone ask wherefore do you refuse to fight? Because the fight brings danger; while the zither, and night, and Venus, bring delight. Safer is it to lie on the couch, to clasp a sweetheart in your arms, to tinkle with your fingers the Thracian[a] lyre, than to take in hand the shield, and the spear with sharpened point, and to sustain upon your locks the helmet's weight.

121 Once the deed of renown, rather than safety, was your pleasure, and glory won in warring was sweet to you. Or can it be that you favoured fierce war only till you could make me captive, and that your praise lies dead, o'ercome together with my native land? Ye gods forfend! and may the spear of Pelion go quivering from your strong arm to pierce the side of Hector! Send me, O Danai! I will be ambassadress and supplicate my lord, and carry many kisses mingled with my message. I shall achieve more than Phoenix, believe me, more than eloquent Ulysses, more than Teucer's brother![b] It

est aliquid, collum solitis tetigisse lacertis,
praesentisque oculos admonuisse sinu.[1]
sis licet inmitis matrisque ferocior undis,
ut taceam, lacrimis conminuere meis.
Nunc quoque—sic omnes Peleus pater inpleat annos,
sic eat auspiciis Pyrrhus ad arma tuis! —
respice sollicitam Briseida, fortis Achille,
nec miseram lenta ferreus ure mora!
aut, si versus amor tuus est in taedia nostri,
quam sine te cogis vivere, coge mori!
utque facis, coges. abiit corpusque colorque;
sustinet hoc animae spes tamen una tui.
qua si destituor, repetam fratresque virumque—
nec tibi magnificum femina iussa mori.
cur autem iubeas? stricto pete corpora ferro;
est mihi qui fosso pectore sanguis eat.
me petat ille tuus, qui, si dea passa fuisset,
ensis in Atridae pectus iturus erat!
A, potius serves nostram, tua munera, vitam!
quod dederas hosti victor, amica rogo.
perdere quos melius possis, Neptunia praebent
Pergama; materiam caedis ab hoste pete.
me modo, sive paras inpellere remige classem,
sive manes, domini iure venire iube!

[1] sinu $G\,E\,\omega$; sinus ς: suis P.

will avail something to have touched your neck with the accustomed arms, to have seen you and stirred your recollection by the sight of my bosom. Though you be cruel, though more savage than your mother's waves, even should I keep silence you will be broken by my tears.

135 Even now—so may Peleus your father fill out his tale of years, so may Pyrrhus take up arms with fortune as good as yours!—have regard for anxious Briseis, brave Achilles, and do not hard-heartedly torment a wretched maid with long drawn out delay! Or, if your love for me has turned to weariness, compel the death of her whom you compel to live without you! And, as you now are doing, you will compel it. Gone is my flesh, and gone my colour; what spirit I still have is but sustained by hope in you. If I am left by that, I shall go to rejoin my brothers and my husband—and 'twill be no boast for you to have bid a woman die. And more, why should you bid me die? Draw the steel and plunge it in my body; I have blood to flow when once my breast is pierced. Let me be stricken with that sword of yours, which, had the goddess not said nay, would have made its way into the heart of Atreus' son!

149 Ah, rather save my life, the gift you gave me! What you gave, when victor, to me your foe, I ask now from you as your friend. Those whom 'twere better you destroyed, Neptunian Pergamum affords; for matter for your sword, go seek the foe. Only, whether you make ready to speed on with the oar your ships, or whether you remain, O, by your right as master, bid me come!

IV

Phaedra Hippolyto

Quam nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa, salutem
mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro.
perlege, quodcumque est—quid epistula lecta nocebit?
te quoque in hac aliquid quod iuvet esse potest;
his arcana notis terra pelagoque feruntur.
inspicit acceptas hostis ab hoste notas.
Ter tecum conata loqui ter inutilis haesit
lingua, ter in primo destitit ore sonus.
qua licet et sequitur, pudor est miscendus amori;
dicere quae puduit, scribere iussit amor.
quidquid Amor iussit, non est contemnere tutum;
regnat et in dominos ius habet ille deos.
ille mihi primo dubitanti scribere dixit:
"scribe! dabit victas ferreus ille manus."
adsit et, ut nostras avido fovet igne medullas,
figat sic animos in mea vota tuos!
Non ego nequitia socialia foedera rumpam;
fama—velim quaeras—crimine nostra vacat.
venit amor gravius, quo serius—urimur intus;
urimur, et caecum pectora vulnus habent.

IV

Phaedra to Hippolytus

With wishes for the welfare which she herself, unless you give it her, will ever lack, the Cretan maid greets the hero whose mother was an Amazon. Read to the end, whatever is here contained—what shall reading of a letter harm? In this one, too, there may be something to pleasure you; in these characters of mine, secrets are borne over land and sea. Even foe looks into missive writ by foe.

7 Thrice making trial of speech with you, thrice hath my tongue vainly stopped, thrice the sound failed at first threshold of my lips. Wherever modesty may attend on love, love should not lack in it; with me, what modesty forbade to say, love has commanded me to write. Whatever Love commands, it is not safe to hold for naught; his throne and law are over even the gods who are lords of all. 'Twas he who spoke to me when first I doubted if to write or no: "Write; the iron-hearted one will yield his hand." Let him aid me, then, and, just as he heats my marrow with his avid flame, so may he transfix your heart that it yield to my prayers!

17 It will not be through wanton baseness that I shall break my marriage-bond; my name—and you may ask—is free from all reproach. Love has come to me, the deeper for its coming late—I am burning with love within; I am burning, and my breast has an unseen wound. As the first bearing of the yoke

scilicet ut teneros laedunt iuga prima iuvencos,
frenaque vix patitur de grege captus equus,
sic male vixque subit primos rude pectus amores,
sarcinaque haec animo non sedet apta meo.
ars fit, ubi a teneris crimen condiscitur annis;
quae [1] venit exacto tempore, peius amat.
tu nova servatae carpes libamina famae,
et pariter nostrum fiet uterque nocens.
est aliquid, plenis pomaria carpere ramis,
et tenui primam delegere ungue rosam.
si tamen ille prior, quo me sine crimine gessi,
candor ab insolita labe notandus erat,
at bene successit, digno quod adurimur igni;
peius adulterio turpis adulter obest.
si mihi concedat Iuno fratremque virumque,
Hippolytum videor praepositura Iovi!
Iam quoque—vix credes—ignotas mutor in artes;
est mihi per saevas impetus ire feras.
iam mihi prima dea est arcu praesignis aduncо
Delia; iudicium subsequor ipsa tuum.
in nemus ire libet pressisque in retia cervis
hortari celeris per iuga summa canes,
aut tremulum excusso iaculum vibrare lacerto,
aut in graminea ponere corpus humo.
saepe iuvat versare leves in pulvere currus
torquentem frenis ora fugacis equi;
nunc feror, ut Bacchi furiis Eleleides [2] actae,
[3] quaeque sub Idaeo tympana colle movent,

[1] cui *Hein. Bent.* [2] Elelegides *P*: Eleides/ *s.*
[3] 48–103 *lost from P.*

galls the tender steer, and as the rein is scarce endured by the colt fresh taken from the drove, so does my untried heart rebel, and scarce submit to the first restraints of love, and the burden I undergo does not sit well upon my soul. Love grows to be but an art, when the fault is well learned from tender years; she who yields her heart when the time for love is past, has a fiercer passion. You will reap the fresh first-offerings of purity long preserved, and both of us will be equal in our guilt. 'Tis something to pluck fruit from the orchard with full-hanging branch, to cull with delicate nail the first rose. If nevertheless the white and blameless purity in which I have lived before was to be marked with unwonted stain, at least the fortune is kind that burns me with a worthy flame; worse than forbidden love is a lover who is base. Should Juno yield me him who is at once her brother and her lord, methinks I should prefer Hippolytus to Jove.

37 Now too—you will scarce believe it—I am changing to pursuits I did not know; I am stirred to go among wild beasts. The goddess first for me now is the Delian, known above all for her curvèd bow; it is your choice that I myself now follow. My pleasure leads me to the wood, to drive the deer into the net, and to urge on the fleet hound over the highest ridge, or with arm shot forth to let fly the quivering spear, or to lay my body upon the grassy ground. Oft do I delight to whirl the light car in the dust of the course, twisting with the rein the mouth of the flying steed; now again I am borne on, like daughters of the Bacchic cry driven by the frenzy of their god, and those who

aut quas semideae Dryades Faunique bicornes
numine contactas attonuere suo.
namque mihi referunt, cum se furor ille remisit,
omnia; me tacitam conscius urit amor.
Forsitan hunc generis fato reddamus amorem,
et Venus ex tota gente tributa petat.
Iuppiter Europen—prima est ea gentis origo—
dilexit, tauro dissimulante deum.
Pasiphae mater, decepto subdita tauro,
enixa est utero crimen onusque suo.
perfidus Aegides, ducentia fila secutus,
curva meae fugit tecta sororis ope.
en, ego nunc, ne forte parum Minoia credar,
in socias leges ultima gentis eo!
hoc quoque fatale est: placuit domus una duabus;
me tua forma capit, capta parente soror.
Thesides Theseusque duas rapuere sorores—
ponite de nostra bina tropaea domo!
Tempore quo nobis inita est Cerealis Eleusin,
Gnosia me vellem detinuisset humus!
tunc mihi praecipue, nec non tamen ante, placebas;
acer in extremis ossibus haesit amor.
candida vestis erat, praecincti flore capilli,
flava verecundus tinxerat ora rubor,
quemque vocant aliae vultum rigidumque trucemque,
pro rigido Phaedra iudice fortis erat.
sint procul a nobis iuvenes ut femina compti!—
fine coli modico forma virilis amat.

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[a] The votaries of Cybele, Great Mother of the Gods.
[b] The gods caused the animal to see in her his own kind.
[c] The story of the Minotaur and the Labyrinth.

shake the timbrel at the foot of Ida's ridge,[a] or those whom Dryad creatures half-divine and Fauns two-horned have touched with their own spirit and driven distraught. For they tell me of all these things when that madness of mine has passed away; and I keep silence, conscious 'tis love that tortures me.

53 It may be this love is a debt I am paying, due to the destiny of my line, and that Venus is exacting tribute of me for all my race. Europa—this is the first beginning of our line—was loved of Jove; a bull's form disguised the god. Pasiphaë my mother, victim of the deluded bull,[b] brought forth in travail her reproach and burden. The faithless son of Aegeus followed the guiding thread, and escaped from the winding house through the aid my sister gave.[c] Behold, now I, lest I be thought too little a child of Minos' line, am the latest of my stock to come under the law that rules us all! This, too, is fateful, that one house has won us both; your beauty has captured my heart, my sister's heart was captured by your father. Theseus' son and Theseus have been the undoing of sisters twain—rear ye a double trophy at our house's fall!

67 That time I went to Eleusis, the city of Ceres, would that the Gnosian land had held me back! It was then you pleased me most, and yet you had pleased before; piercing love lodged in my deepest bones. Shining white was your raiment, bound round with flowers your locks, the blush of modesty had tinged your sun-browned cheeks, and, what others call a countenance hard and stern, in Phaedra's eye was strong instead of hard. Away from me with your young men arrayed like women!—beauty in a man

te tuus iste rigor positique sine arte capilli
et levis egregio pulvis in ore decet.
sive ferocis equi luctantia colla recurvas,
exiguo flexos miror in orbe pedes;
seu lentum valido torques hastile lacerto,
ora ferox in se versa lacertus habet,
sive tenes lato venabula cornea ferro.
denique nostra iuvat[1] lumina, quidquid agis.
Tu modo duritiam silvis depone iugosis;
non sum militia[2] digna perire tua.
quid iuvat incinctae studia exercere Dianae,
et Veneri numeros eripuisse suos?
quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est;
haec reparat vires fessaque membra novat.
arcus—et arma tuae tibi sunt imitanda Dianae—
si numquam cesses tendere, mollis erit.
clarus erat silvis Cephalus, multaeque per herbas
conciderant illo percutiente ferae;
nec tamen Aurorae male se praebebat amandum.
ibat ad hunc sapiens a sene diva viro.
saepe sub ilicibus Venerem Cinyraque creatum
sustinuit positos quaelibet herba duos.
arsit et Oenides in Maenalia Atalanta;
illa ferae spolium pignus amoris habet.
nos quoque iam primum turba numeremur in ista!
si Venerem tollas, rustica silva tua est.
ipsa comes veniam, nec me latebrosa movebunt
saxa neque obliquo dente timendus aper.

[1] iuvat *E ω Plan.*: iuvas *ω vulg.*
[2] materia *MSS.*: militia *Pa.*: materias digna vigore tuo *Bent.*: duritia *Faber.*

[a] Tithonus. [b] Adonis.

would fain be striven for in measure. That hardness of feature suits you well, those locks that fall without art, and the light dust upon your handsome face. Whether you draw rein and curb the resisting neck of your spirited steed, I look with wonder at your turning his feet in circle so slight; whether with strong arm you hurl the pliant shaft, your gallant arm draws my regard upon itself, or whether you grasp the broad-headed cornel hunting-spear. To say no more, my eyes delight in whatsoe'er you do.

[85] Do you only lay aside your hardness upon the forest ridges; I am no fit spoil for your campaign. What use to you to practise the ways of girded Diana, and to have stolen from Venus her own due? That which lacks its alternations of repose will not endure; this is what repairs the strength and renews the wearied limbs. The bow—and you should imitate the weapons of your Diana—if you never cease to bend it, will grow slack. Renowned in the forest was Cephalus, and many were the wild beasts that had fallen on the sod at the piercing of his stroke; yet he did not ill in yielding himself to Aurora's love. Oft did the goddess sagely go to him, leaving her aged spouse.[a] Many a time beneath the ilex did Venus and he[b] that was sprung of Cinyras recline, pressing some chance grassy spot. The son of Oeneus, too, took fire with love for Maenalian Atalanta; she has the spoil of the wild beast as the pledge of his love. Let us, too, be now first numbered in that company! If you take away love, the forest is but a rustic place. I myself will come and be at your side, and neither rocky covert shall make me fear, nor the boar dreadful for the side-stroke of his tusk.

Aequora bina suis obpugnant fluctibus isthmon,
et tenuis tellus audit utrumque mare.
hic tecum Troezena colam, Pittheia regna;
iam nunc est patria gratior illa mea.
tempore abest aberitque diu Neptunius heros;
illum Pirithoi detinet ora sui.
praeposuit Theseus—nisi si[1] manifesta negamus—
Pirithoum Phaedrae Pirithoumque tibi.
sola nec haec ad nos iniuria venit ab illo;
in magnis laesi rebus uterque sumus.
ossa mei fratris clava perfracta trinodi
sparsit humi; soror est praeda relicta feris.
prima securigeras inter virtute puellas
te peperit, nati digna vigore parens;
si quaeras, ubi sit—Theseus latus ense peregit,
nec tanto mater pignore tuta fuit.
at ne nupta quidem taedaque accepta iugali—
cur, nisi ne caperes regna paterna nothus?
addidit et fratres ex me tibi, quos tamen omnis
non ego tollendi causa, sed ille fuit.
o utinam nocitura tibi, pulcherrime rerum,
in medio nisu viscera rupta forent!
i nunc, sic meriti lectum reverere parentis—
quem fugit et factis abdicat ipse suis!
Nec, quia privigno videar coitura noverca,
terruerint animos nomina vana tuos.

[1] nisi si *Hein.*: nisi *P*:.nisi nos *Gω*.

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[a] The king of the Lapithae, Theseus' companion on the expedition to Hades, aided by him in the war against the Centaurs.

[b] Antiope, sister of Hippolyte, is here meant; but the usual story made Hippolyte Theseus' mother.

[c] Palmer makes Hippolytus the antecedent of *quem*.

105 There are two seas that on either side assail an isthmus with their floods, and the slender land hears the waves of both. Here with you will I dwell, in Troezen's land, the realm of Pittheus; yon place is dearer to me now than my own native soil. The hero son of Neptune is absent now, in happy hour, and will be absent long; he is kept by the shores of his dear Pirithous.[a] Theseus—unless, indeed, we refuse to own what all may see—has come to love Pirithous more than Phaedra, Pirithous more than you. Nor is that the only wrong we suffer at his hand; there are deep injuries we both have had from him. The bones of my brother he crushed with his triple-knotted club and scattered o'er the ground; my sister he left at the mercy of wild beasts. The first in courage among the women[b] of the battle-axe bore you, a mother worthy of the vigour of her son; if you ask where she is—Theseus pierced her side with the steel, nor did she find safety in the pledge of so great a son. Yes, and she was not even wed to him and taken to his home with the nuptial torch—why, unless that you, a bastard, should not come to your father's throne? He has bestowed brothers on you, too, from me, and the cause of rearing them all as heirs has been not myself, but he. Ah, would that the bosom which was to work you wrong, fairest of men, had been rent in the midst of its throes! Go now, reverence the bed of a father who thus deserves of you—the bed[c] which he neglects and is disowning by his deeds.

129 And, should you think of me as a stepdame who would mate with her husband's son, let empty names fright not your soul. Such old-fashioned

ista vetus pietas, aevo moritura futuro,
rustica Saturno regna tenente fuit.
Iuppiter esse pium statuit, quodcumque iuvaret,
et fas omne facit fratre marita soror.
illa coit firma generis iunctura catena,
inposuit nodos cui Venus ipsa suos.
nec labor est celare—licet; pete munus ab illa;[1]
cognato poterit nomine culpa tegi.
viderit amplexos aliquis, laudabimur ambo;
dicar privigno fida noverca meo.
non tibi per tenebras duri reseranda mariti
ianua, non custos decipiendus erit;
ut tenuit domus una duos, domus una tenebit;
oscula aperta dabas, oscula aperta dabis;
tutus eris mecum laudemque merebere culpa,
tu licet in lecto conspiciare meo.
tolle moras tantum properataque foedera iunge—
qui mihi nunc saevit, sic tibi parcat Amor!
non ego dedignor supplex humilisque precari.
heu! ubi nunc fastus altaque verba? iacent!
et pugnare diu nec me submittere culpae
certa fui—certi siquid haberet amor;
victa precor genibusque tuis regalia tendo
bracchia! quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.
depuduit, profugusque pudor sua signa reliquit.[2]
Da veniam fassae duraque corda doma!
quod mihi sit genitor, qui possidet aequora, Minos,
quod veniant proavi fulmina torta manu,

[1] licet pete munus ab illa *MSS.*: licet; pete munus! ab illa *Ehw.*: licet peccemus, amorem *Pa. Sedl.*: celare virum; pete munus ab illo *Bent.*: celare; licet; pete munus ab ipsa *Madv.*: *etc.*

[2] relinquit *Ps.*

regard for virtue was rustic even in Saturn's reign, and doomed to die in the age to come. Jove fixed that virtue was to be in whatever brought us pleasure; and naught is wrong before the gods since sister was made wife by brother. That bond of kinship only holds close and firm in which Venus herself has forged the chain. Nor need you fear the trouble of concealment—it will be easy; ask the aid of Venus! Through her our fault will be covered under name of kinship. Should someone see us embrace, we both shall meet with praise; I shall be called a faithful stepdame to the son of my lord. No portal of a dour husband will need unbolting for you in the darkness of night; there will be no guard to be eluded; as the same roof has covered us both, the same will cover us still. Your wont has been to give me kisses unconcealed, your wont will be still to give me kisses unconcealed. You will be safe with me, and will earn praise by your fault, though you be seen upon my very couch. Only, away with tarrying, and make haste to bind our bond—so may Love be merciful to you, who is bitter to me now! I do not disdain to bend my knee and humbly make entreaty. Alas! where now are my pride, my lofty words? Fallen! I was resolved—if there was aught love could resolve—both to fight long and not to yield to fault; but I am overcome. I pray to you, to clasp your knees I extend my queenly arms. Of what befits, no one who loves takes thought. My modesty has fled, and as it fled it left its standards behind.

156 Forgive me my confession, and soften your hard heart! That I have for sire Minos, who rules the seas, that from my ancestor's hand comes hurled the

quod sit avus radiis frontem vallatus acutis,
purpureo tepidum qui movet axe diem—
nobilitas sub amore iacet! miserere priorum
et, mihi si non vis pareere, parce meis!
est mihi dotalis tellus Iovis insula, Crete—
serviat Hippolyto regia tota meo!
Flecte, ferox,[1] animos! potuit corrumpere taurum
mater; eris tauro saevior ipse truei?
per Venerem, parcas, oro, quae plurima mecum est!
sic numquam, quae te spernere possit, ames;
sic tibi secretis agilis dea saltibus adsit,
silvaque perdendas praebeat alta feras;
sic faveant Satyri montanaque numina Panes,
et cadat adversa cuspide fossus aper;
sic tibi dent Nymphae, quamvis odisse puellas
diceris, arentem quae levet unda sitim!
Addimus his precibus lacrimas quoque; verba precantis
perlegis et lacrimas finge videre meas!

V

Oenone Paridi [2]

Perlegis? an coniunx prohibet nova? perlege—non est
ista Mycenaea littera facta manu!

[1] ferox P *s*: feros $P_2 \omega$ *vulg.*

[2] *Introductory couplets found in V–XII, XVII, XX, XXI, are omitted by Plan. and condemned by Pa. Merk. et al.*

lightning-stroke, that the front of my grandsire, he who moves the tepid day with gleaming chariot, is crowned with palisade of pointed rays—what of this, when my noble name is prostrate under love? Have pity on those who have gone before, and, if me you will not spare, O spare my line! To my dowry belongs the Cretan land, the isle of Jove—let my whole court be slaves to my Hippolytus!

Bend, O cruel one, your spirit! My mother could pervert the bull; will you be fiercer than a savage beast? Spare me, by Venus I pray, who is chiefest with me now. So may you never love one who will spurn you; so may the agile goddess wait on you in the solitary glade to keep you safe, and the deep forest yield you wild beasts to slay; so may the Satyrs be your friends, and the mountain deities, the Pans, and may the boar fall pierced in full front by your spear; so may the Nymphs—though you are said to loathe womankind—give you the flowing water to relieve your parching thirst!

I mingle with these prayers my tears as well. The words of her who prays, you are reading; her tears, imagine you behold!

V

Oenone to Paris

Will you read my letter through? or does your new wife forbid? Read—this is no letter writ by Mycenaean hand![a] It is the fountain-nymph Oenone

[a] She taunts Paris with fear of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Pegasis Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima silvis,
laesa queror de te, si sinis, ipsa meo.
Quis deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis?
ne tua permaneam, quod mihi crimen obest?
leniter, ex merito quidquid patiare, ferendum est;
quae venit indigno poena, dolenda venit.
Nondum tantus eras, cum te contenta marito
edita de magno flumine nympha fui.
qui nunc Priamides—absit reverentia vero!—
servus eras; servo nubere nympha tuli!
saepe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti,
mixtaque cum foliis praebuit herba torum;
saepe super stramen faenoque iacentibus alto
defensa est humili cana pruina casa.
quis tibi monstrabat saltus venatibus aptos,
et tegeret catulos qua fera rupe suos?
retia saepe comes maculis distincta tetendi;
saepe citos egi per iuga longa canes.
incisae servant a te mea nomina fagi,
et legor OENONE falce notata tua,[1]
et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt.
crescite et in titulos surgite recta meos!
populе, vive, precor, quae consita margine ripae
hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes:

CUM PARIS OENONE POTERIT SPIRARE RELICTA,
AD FONTEM XANTHI VERSA RECURRET AQUA.

[1] *vv.* 23, 24 *omitted as spurious Merk.*:
populus est, memini, pluviali consita rivo,
est in qua nostri littera scripta memor.
"there is a poplar, I mind me, planted on the banks of a stream, on which is written the legend that recalls our memory."

writes, well-known to the Phrygian forests—wronged, and with complaint to make of you, you my own, if you but allow.

[5] What god has set his will against my prayers? What guilt stands in my way, that I may not remain your own? Softly must we bear whatever suffering is our desert; the penalty that comes without deserving brings us dole.

[9] Not yet so great were you when I was content to wed you—I, the nymph-daughter of a mighty stream. You who are now a son of Priam—let not respect keep back the truth!—were then a slave; I deigned to wed a slave—I, a nymph! Oft among our flocks have we reposed beneath the sheltering trees, where mingled grass and leaves afforded us a couch; oft have we lain upon the straw, or on the deep hay in a lowly hut that kept the hoar-frost off. Who was it pointed out to you the coverts apt for the chase, and the rocky den where the wild beast hid away her cubs? Oft have I gone with you to stretch the hunting-net with its wide mesh; oft have I led the fleet hounds over the long ridge. The beeches still conserve my name carved on them by you, and I am read there OENONE, charactered by your blade; and the more the trunks, the greater grows my name. Grow on, rise high and straight to make my honours known! O poplar, ever live, I pray, that art planted by the marge of the stream and hast in thy seamy bark these verses:

IF PARIS' BREATH SHALL FAIL NOT, ONCE OENONE HE
DOTH SPURN,
THE WATERS OF THE XANTHUS TO THEIR FOUNT SHALL
BACKWARD TURN.

Xanthe, retro propera, versaeque recurrite lymphae !
sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.
Illa dies fatum miserae mihi dixit, ab illa
pessima mutati coepit amoris hiemps,
qua Venus et Iuno sumptisque decentior armis
venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.
attoniti micuere sinus, gelidusque cucurrit,
ut mihi narrasti, dura per ossa tremor.
consului—neque enim modice terrebar—anusque
longaevosque senes. constitit esse nefas.
Caesa abies, sectaeque trabes, et classe parata
caerula ceratas accipit unda rates.
flesti discedens—hoc saltim parce negare ![1]
miscuimus lacrimas maestus uterque suas;
non sic adpositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,
ut tua sunt collo bracchia nexa meo.
a, quotiens, cum te vento quererere teneri,
riserunt comites—ille secundus erat !
oscula dimissae quotiens repetita dedisti !
quam vix sustinuit dicere lingua "vale" !
Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo
suscitat, et remis eruta canet aqua.
prosequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela,
qua licet, et lacrimis umet harena meis,
utque celer venias, virides Nereidas oro—
scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer !

[1] *vv.* 44, 45 *omitted as spurious Merk.* :
praeterito magis est iste pudendus amor.
et flesti et nostros vidisti flentis ocellos.
"*the love that holds you now is more to your shame than the one of yore. You both wept and you saw my weeping eyes.*"

O Xanthus, backward haste ; turn, waters, and flow again to your fount ! Paris has deserted Oenone, and endures it.

33 That day spoke doom for wretched me, on that day did the awful storm of changèd love begin, when Venus and Juno, and unadorned Minerva, more comely had she borne her arms, appeared before you to be judged. My bosom leaped with amaze as you told me of it, and a chill tremor rushed through my hard bones. I took counsel—for I was no little terrified—with grandams and long-lived sires. 'Twas clear to us all that evil threatened me.

41 The firs were felled, the timbers hewn ; your fleet was ready, and the deep-blue wave received the waxèd crafts. Your tears fell as you left me—this, at least, deny not ! We mingled our weeping, each a prey to grief ; the elm is not so closely clasped by the clinging vine as was my neck by your embracing arms. Ah, how oft, when you complained that you were kept by the wind, did your comrades smile !—that wind was favouring. How oft, when you had taken your leave of me, did you return to ask another kiss ! How your tongue could scarce endure to say " Farewell ! "

53 A light breeze stirs the sails that hang idly from the rigid mast, and the water foams white with the churning of the oar. In wretchedness I follow with my eyes the departing sails as far as I may, and the sand is humid with my tears ; that you may swiftly come again, I pray the sea-green daughters of Nereus—yes, that you may swiftly come to my undoing ! Expected to return in answer to my

votis ergo meis alii redituré redisti?
ei mihi, pro dira paelice blanda fui!
Adspicit immensum moles nativa profundum—
mons fuit; aequoreis illa resistit aquis.
hinc ego vela tuae cognovi prima carinae,
et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.
dum moror, in summa fulsit mihi purpura prora—
pertimui; cultus non erat ille tuus.
fit propior terrasque cita ratis attigit aura;
femineas vidi corde tremente genas.
non satis id fuerat—quid enim furiosa morabar?—
haerebat gremio turpis amica tuo!
tunc vero rupique sinus et pectora planxi,
et secui madidas ungue rigente genas,
inplevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden
illuc has lacrimas in mea saxa tuli.
sic Helene doleat desertaque coniuge ploret,
quaeque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat!
Nunc tibi conveniunt, quae te per aperta sequantur
aequora legitimos destituantque viros;
at cum pauper eras armentaque pastor agebas,
nulla nisi Oenone pauperis uxor erat.
non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit
nec de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus—
non tamen ut Priamus nymphae socer esse recuset,
aut Hecubae fuerim dissimulanda nurus;

vows, have you returned for the sake of another? Ah me, 'twas for the sake of a cruel rival that my persuasive prayers were made!

[61] A mass of native rock looks down upon the unmeasured deep—a mountain it really is; it stays the billows of the sea. From here I was the first to spy and know the sails of your bark, and my heart's impulse was to rush through the waves to you. While I delayed, on the highest of the prow I saw the gleam of purple—fear seized upon me; that was not the manner of your garb. The craft comes nearer, borne on a freshening breeze, and touches the shore; with trembling heart I have caught the sight of a woman's face. And this was not enough—why was I mad enough to stay and see?—in your embrace that shameless woman clung! Then indeed did I rend my bosom and beat my breast, and with the hard nail furrowed my streaming cheeks, and filled holy Ida with wailing cries of lamentation; yonder to the rocks I love I bore my tears. So may Helen's grief be, and so her lamentation, when she is deserted by her love; and what she was first to bring on me may she herself endure!

[77] Your pleasure now is in jades who follow you over the open sea, leaving behind their lawful-wedded lords; but when you were poor and shepherded the flocks, Oenone was your wife, poor though you were, and none else. I am not dazzled by your wealth, nor am I touched by thought of your palace, nor would I be called one of the many wives of Priam's sons—yet not that Priam would disdain a nymph as wife to his son, or that Hecuba would have to hide her kinship with me; I am

dignaque sum et cupio fieri matrona potentis ;
  sunt mihi, quas possint sceptra decere, manus.
nec me, faginea quod tecum fronde iacebam,
  despice ; purpureo sum magis apta toro.
Denique tutus amor meus est ; tibi nulla parantur
  bella, nec ultrices advehit unda rates.
Tyndaris infestis fugitiva reposcitur armis ;
  hac venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.
quae si sit Danais reddenda, vel Hectora fratrem,
  vel cum Deiphobo Polydamanta roga ;
quid gravis Antenor, Priamus quid suadeat ipse,
  consule, quis aetas longa magistra fuit ![1]
turpe rudimentum, patriae praeponere raptam.
  causa pudenda tua est ; iusta vir arma movet.
Nec tibi, si sapias, fidam promitte Lacaenam,
  quae sit in amplexus tam cito versa tuos.
ut minor Atrides temerati foedera lecti
  clamat et externo laesus amore dolet,
tu quoque clamabis. nulla reparabilis arte
  laesa pudicitia est ; deperit illa semel.
ardet amore tui ? sic et Menelaon amavit.
  nunc iacet in viduo credulus ille toro.
felix Andromache, certo bene nupta marito !
  uxor ad exemplum fratris habenda fui ;
tu levior foliis, tum cum sine pondere suci
  mobilibus ventis arida facta volant ;

[1] *From* 97 *to VI*, 49 *are missing in P.*

[a] Of his career as a prince, after his recognition.

worthy of being, and I desire to be, the matron of a puissant lord ; my hands are such as the sceptre could well beseem. Nor despise me because once I pressed with you the beechen frond ; I am better suited for the purpled marriage-bed.

89 Remember, too, my love can bring no harm ; it will beget you no wars, nor bring avenging ships across the wave. The Tyndarid run-away is now demanded back by an enemy under arms ; this is the dower the dame brings proudly to your marriage-chamber. Whether she should be rendered back to the Danai, ask Hector your brother, if you will, or Deiphobus and Polydamas ; take counsel with grave Antenor, find out what Priam's self persuades, whose long lives have made them wise. 'Tis but a base beginning,[a] to prize a stolen mistress more than your native land. Your case is one that calls for shame ; just are the arms her lord takes up.

99 Think not, too, if you are wise, that the Laconian will be faithful—she who so quickly turned to your embrace. Just as the younger Atrides cries out at the violation of his marriage-bed, and feels his painful wound from the wife who loves another, you too will cry. By no art may purity once wounded be made whole ; 'tis lost, lost once and for all. Is she ardent with love for you ? So, too, she loved Menelaus. He, trusting fool that he was, lies now in a deserted bed. Happy Andromache, well wed to a constant mate ! I was a wife to whom you should have clung after your brother's pattern ; but you—are lighter than leaves what time their juice has failed, and dry they flutter in the shifting breeze ; you have less weight than

et minus est in te quam summa pondus arista,
quae levis adsiduis solibus usta riget.
Hoc tua—nam recolo—quondam germana canebat,
sic mihi diffusis vaticinata comis :
"quid facis, Oenone? quid harenae semina mandas?
non profecturis litora bubus aras.
Graia iuvenca venit, quae te patriamque domumque perdat! io prohibe! Graia iuvenca venit!
dum licet, obscenam ponto demergite [1] puppim!
heu! quantum Phrygii sanguinis illa vehit!"
Dixerat; in cursu famulae rapuere furentem;
at mihi flaventes diriguere comae.
a, nimium miserae vates mihi vera fuisti—
possidet, en, saltus illa [2] iuvenca meos!
sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera certe est;
deseruit socios hospite capta deos.
illam de patria Theseus—nisi nomine fallor—
nescio quis Theseus abstulit ante sua.
a iuvene et cupido credatur reddita virgo?
unde hoc compererim tam bene, quaeris? amo.
vim licet appelles et culpam nomine veles;
quae totiens rapta est, praebuit ipsa rapi.
at manet Oenone fallenti casta marito—
et poteras falli legibus ipse tuis!
Me Satyri celeres—silvis ego tecta latebam—
quaesierunt rapido, turba proterva, pede·
cornigerumque caput pinu praecinctus acuta
Faunus in immensis, qua tumet Ida, iugis.

[1] dimergite *s*: di mergite *E* ς *Hein.*
[2] Graia *G Merk.*: illa *E* ω *Plan.*

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[a] Cassandra.
[b] Theseus and Pirithous had carried away Helen in her early youth.

the tip of the spear of grain, burned light and crisp by ever-shining suns.

113 This, once upon a time—for I call it back to mind—your sister[a] sang to me, with locks let loose, foreseeing what should come: "What art thou doing, Oenone? Why commit seeds to sand? Thou art ploughing the shores with oxen that will accomplish naught. A Greek heifer is on the way, to ruin thee, thy home-land, and thy house! Ho, keep her far! A Greek heifer is coming! While yet ye may, sink in the deep the unclean ship! Alas, how much of Phrygian blood it hath aboard!"

121 She ceased to speak; her slaves seized on her as she madly ran. And I—my golden locks stood stiffly up. Ah, all too true a prophetess you were to my poor self—she has them, lo, the heifer has my pastures! Let her seem how fair soever of face, none the less she surely is a jade; smitten with a stranger, she left behind her marriage-gods. Theseus—unless I mistake the name—one Theseus, even before, had stolen her away from her father's land.[b] Is it to be thought she was rendered back a maid, by a young man and eager? Whence have I learned this so well? you ask. I love. You may call it violence, and veil the fault in the word; yet she who has been so often stolen has surely lent herself to theft. But Oenone remains chaste, false though her husband prove—and, after your own example, she might have played you false.

135 Me, the swift Satyrs, a wanton rout with nimble foot, used to come in quest of—where I would lie hidden in covert of the wood—and Faunus, with hornèd head girt round with sharp pine needles, where Ida swells in boundless ridges. Me, the

me fide conspicuus Troiae munitor amavit,
admisitque meas ad sua dona manus.[1]
quaecumque herba potens ad opem radixque medendo[2]
utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.
me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis!
deficior prudens artis ab arte mea.
Quod nec graminibus tellus fecunda creandis
nec deus, auxilium tu mihi ferre potes.
et potes, et merui—dignae miserere puellae!
non ego cum Danais arma cruenta fero—
sed tua sum tecumque fui puerilibus annis
et tua, quod superest temporis, esse precor!

VI

Hypsipyle Iasoni

Litora Thessaliae reduci tetigisse carina
diceris auratae vellere dives ovis.
gratulor incolumi, quantum sinis; hoc tamen ipsum[3]
debueram scripto certior[4] esse tuo.
nam ne pacta tibi praeter mea regna redires,
cum cuperes, ventos non habuisse potes;
quamlibet adverso signetur epistula vento.
Hypsipyle missa digna salute fui.

[1] *vv.* 140–145, 151, 152 *condemned Merk*:

ille meae spolium virginitatis habet,
id quoque luctando; rupi tamen ungue capillos,
oraque sunt digitis aspera facta meis;
nec pretium stupri gemmas aurumque poposci:
turpiter ingenuum munera corpus emunt;
ipse, ratus dignam, medicas mihi tradidit artes
ipse repertor opis vaccas pavisse Pheraeas
fertur et a nostro saucius igne fuit.

builder of Troy, well known for keeping faith, loved, and let my hands into the secret of his gifts. Whatever herb potent for aid, whatever root that is used for healing grows in all the world, is mine. Alas, wretched me, that love may not be healed by herbs! Skilled in an art, I am left helpless by the very art I know.

153 The aid that neither earth, fruitful in the bringing forth of herbs, nor a god himself, can give, you have the power to bestow on me. You can bestow it, and I have merited—have pity on a deserving maid! I come with no Danai, and bear no bloody armour—but I am yours, and I was your mate in childhood's years, and yours through all time to come I pray to be!

VI

Hypsipyle to Jason

You are said to have touched the shores of Thessaly with safe-returning keel, rich in the fleece of the golden ram. I speak you well for your safety —so far as you give me chance; yet of this very thing I should have been informed by message of your own. For the winds might have failed you, even though you longed to see me, and kept you from returning by way of the realms I pledged you;[a] but a letter may be written, howe'er adverse the wind. Hypsipyle deserved the sending of a greeting.

[a] As her marriage portion.

[2] medendo *Ehw.*: medendi *MSS.*: medenti *Hein.*
[3] ipsum *Plan. s*: ipso *Gω*: ipsa *Hein. Ehw.*
[4] *So the MSS.*: debuerat . . . certius *Pa.*

Cur mihi fama prior de te quam littera venit :
isse sacros Martis sub iuga panda boves,
seminibus iactis segetes adolesse virorum
inque necem dextra non eguisse tua,
pervigilem spolium pecudis servasse draconem,
rapta tamen forti vellera fulva manu ?
haec ego si possem timide credentibus " ista
ipse mihi scripsit " dicere, quanta forem !
Quid queror officium lenti cessasse mariti ?
obsequium, maneo si tua, grande tuli !
barbara narratur venisse venefica tecum,
in mihi promissi parte recepta tori.
credula res amor est ; utinam temeraria dicar
criminibus falsis insimulasse virum !
nuper ab Haemoniis hospes mihi Thessalus oris
venerat, et tactum vix bene limen erat,
" Aesonides," dixi, " quid agit meus ? " ille pudore
haesit in opposita lumina fixus humo.
protinus exilui tunicisque a pectore ruptis
" vivit ? an," exclamo, " me quoque fata vocant ? "
" vivit," ait. timidum quod amat [1] ; iurare coegi.
vix mihi teste deo credita vita tua est.
Utque animus rediit, tua facta requirere coepi.
narrat aenipedes Martis arasse boves,
vipereos dentes in humum pro semine iactos,
et subito natos arma tulisse viros—

[1] timidum quod amat *E s Shuckburgh Hous.* : timidumque mihi *G s* : timidus timidum *Pa.*

9 Why was it rumour brought me tidings of you, rather than lines from your hand?—tidings that the sacred bulls of Mars had received the curving yoke; that at the scattering of the seed there sprang forth the harvest of men, who for their doom had no need of your right arm; that the spoil of the ram, the deep-gold fleece the unsleeping dragon guarded, had nevertheless been stolen away by your bold hand. Could I say to those who are slow to credit these reports, "He has written me this with his own hand," how proud should I be!

17 But why complain that my lord has been slow in his duty? I shall think myself treated with all indulgence, so I remain yours. A barbarian poisoner, so the story goes, has come with you, admitted to share the marriage-couch you promised me. Love is quick to believe; may it prove that I am hasty, and have brought a groundless charge against my lord! Only now from Haemonian borders came a Thessalian stranger to my gates. Scarce had he well touched the threshold, when I cried, "How doth my lord, the son of Aeson?" Speechless he stood in embarrassment, his eyes fixed fast upon the ground. I straight leaped up, and rent the garment from my breast. "Lives he?" I cried, "or must fate call me too?" "He lives," was his reply. Full of fears is love; I made him say it on his oath. Scarce with a god to witness could I believe you living.

31 When calm of mind returned, I began to ask of your fortunes. He tells me of the brazen-footed oxen of Mars, how they ploughed, of the serpent's teeth scattered upon the ground in way of seed, of men sprung suddenly forth and bearing

terrigenas populos civili Marte peremptos
inplesse aetatis fata diurna suae.
devictus serpens. iterum, si vivat Iason,
quaerimus; alternant spesque timorque fidem.[1]
Singula dum narrat, studio cursuque loquendi
detegit ingenio vulnera nostra suo.
heu! ubi pacta fides? ubi conubialia iura
faxque sub arsuros dignior ire rogos?
non ego sum furto tibi cognita; pronuba Iuno
adfuit et sertis tempora vinctus Hymen.
at mihi nec Iuno, nec Hymen, sed tristis Erinys
praetulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.
Quid mihi cum Minyis, quid cum Dodonide[2] pinu?
quid tibi cum patria, navita Tiphy, mea?
non erat hic aries villo spectabilis aureo,
nec senis Aeetae regia Lemnos erat.
certa fui primo—sed me mala fata trahebant—
hospita feminea pellere castra manu;
Lemniadesque viros, nimium quoque, vincere norunt.
milite tam forti causa[3] tuenda fuit!
Urbe virum vidi, tectoque animoque recepi!
hic tibi bisque aestas bisque cucurrit hiemps.
tertia messis erat, cum tu dare vela coactus
inplesti lacrimis talia verba tuis:
"abstrahor, Hypsipyle; sed dent modo fata recursus,
vir tuus hinc abeo, vir tibi semper ero.

[1] *vv.* 31–38 *spurious Merk. Pa.*: 31–36 *defended Hous.*
[2] Dodonide *Plan.*: Tritonide *MSS.*
[3] causa *Merk. Pa.*: vita $P_2 G E \omega$ *Plan.*: fortuna P_1.

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[a] The Argo, with whose building Dodona in Thessaly had to do.

[b] The women of Lemnos had once slain all the men in the island as a measure of revenge against their husbands, who had taken Thracian women in their stead.

arms—earth-born peoples slain in combat with their fellows, filling out the fates of their lives in the space of a day. He tells of the dragon overcome. Again I ask if Jason lives; hope and fear bring trust and mistrust by turns.

39 While part by part he tells the tale, such, in the rushing eagerness of his speech, is his unconscious art that he lays bare my wounds. Alas! where is the faith that was promised me? Where the bonds of wedlock, and the marriage torch, more fit to set ablaze my funeral pile? I was not made acquaint with you in stealthy wise; Juno was there to join us when we were wed, and Hymen, his temples bound with wreaths. And yet neither Juno nor Hymen, but gloomy Erinys, stained with blood, carried before me the unhallowed torch.

47 What had I with the Minyae, or Dodona's pine?[a] What had you with my native land, O helmsman Tiphys? There was here no ram, sightly with golden fleece, nor was Lemnos the royal home of old Aeëtes. I was resolved at first—but my ill fate drew me on—to drive out with my women's band the stranger troop; the women of Lemnos know—yea, even too well—how to vanquish men.[b] I should have let a soldiery so brave defend my cause.

55 But I looked on the man in my city; I welcomed him under my roof and into my heart! Here twice the summer fled for you, here twice the winter. It was the third harvest when you were compelled to set sail, and with your tears poured forth such words as these: "I am sundered from thee, Hypsipyle; but so the fates grant me return, thine own I leave thee now, and thine own will I ever be.

quod tamen e nobis gravida celatur in alvo,
vivat, et eiusdem simus uterque parens ! "
Hactenus, et lacrimis in falsa cadentibus ora
cetera te memini non potuisse loqui.
Ultimus e sociis sacram conscendis in Argon.
illa volat ; ventus concava vela tenet ;
caerula propulsae subducitur unda carinae ;
terra tibi, nobis adspiciuntur aquae.
in latus omne patens turris circumspicit undas ;
huc feror, et lacrimis osque sinusque madent.
per lacrimas specto, cupidaeque faventia menti
longius adsueto lumina nostra vident.
adde preces castas inmixtaque vota timori—
nunc quoque te salvo persoluenda mihi.
Vota ego persolvam ? votis Medea fruetur !
cor dolet, atque ira mixtus abundat amor.
dona feram templis, vivum quod Iasona perdo ?
hostia pro damnis concidat icta meis ?
Non equidem secura fui semperque verebar,
ne pater Argolica sumeret urbe nurum.
Argolidas timui—nocuit mihi barbara paelex !
non expectata vulnus ab hoste tuli.
nec facie meritisque placet, sed carmina novit
diraque cantata pabula falce metit.
illa reluctantem cursu [1] deducere lunam
nititur et tenebris abdere solis equos ;

[1] cursu *P E ω* : curru *s Hein.*

[a] Built at the instigation of Athena.

What lieth heavy in thy bosom from me—may it come to live, and may we both share in its parentage!"

63 Thus did you speak; and with tears streaming down your false face I remember you could say no more.

65 You are the last of your band to board the sacred Argo.[a] It flies upon its way; the wind bellies out the sail; the dark-blue wave glides from under the keel as it drives along; your gaze is on the land, and mine is on the sea. There is a tower that looks from every side upon the waters round about; thither I betake myself, my face and bosom wet with tears. Through my tears I gaze; my eyes are gracious to my eager heart, and see farther than their wont. Add thereto pure-hearted prayers, and vows mingled with fears—vows which I must now fulfil, since you are safe.

75 And am I to absolve these vows—vows but for Medea to enjoy? My heart is sick, and surges with mingled wrath and love. Am I to bear gifts to the shrines because Jason lives, though mine no more? Is a victim to fall beneath the stroke for the loss that has come to me?

79 No, I never felt secure; but my fear was ever that your sire would look to an Argolic city for a bride to his son. 'Twas the daughters of Argolis I feared—yet my ruin has been a barbarian jade! The wound I feel is not from the foe whence I thought to see it come. Her charm for you is neither in her beauty nor her merit; but you are made hers by the incantations she knows, by the enchanted blade with which she garners the baneful herb. She strives with the reluctant moon, to bring it down from its course in the skies, and makes hide away in shadows

illa refrenat aquas obliquaque flumina sistit ;
  illa loco silvas vivaque saxa movet.
per tumulos errat passis discincta capillis
  certaque de tepidis colligit ossa rogis.
devovet absentis simulacraque cerea figit,
  et miserum tenuis in iecur urget acus—
et quae nescierim melius. male quaeritur herbis
  moribus et forma conciliandus amor.
Hanc potes amplecti thalamoque relictus in uno
  inpavidus somno nocte silente frui ?
scilicet ut tauros, ita te iuga ferre coegit
  quaque feros anguis, te quoque mulcet ope.
adde, quod adscribi factis procerumque tuisque
  se facit,[1] et titulo coniugis uxor obest.
atque aliquis Peliae de partibus acta venenis
  inputat et populum, qui sibi credat, habet :
" non haec Aesonides, sed Phasias Aeetine
  aurea Phrixeae terga revellit ovis."
non probat Alcimede mater tua — consule
    matrem—
  non pater, a gelido cui venit axe nurus.
illa sibi a Tanai Scythiaeque paludibus udae
  quaerat et a patria Phasidis usque virum !
Mobilis Aesonide vernaque incertior aura,
  cur tua polliciti pondere verba carent ?
vir meus hinc ieras, vir non meus inde redisti.
  sim reducis coniunx, sicut euntis eram !

[1] facit P_1 *Es*, *Ehw.*: favet P: favet *G Merk.*

the steeds of the sun; she reins the waters in, and stays the down-winding stream; she charms life into trees and rocks, and moves them from their place. Among sepulchres she stalks, ungirded, with hair flowing loose, and gathers from the yet warm funeral pyre the appointed bones. She vows to their doom the absent, fashions the waxen image, and into its wretched heart drives the slender needle—and other deeds 'twere better not to know. Ill sought by herbs is love that should be won by virtue and by beauty.

95 A woman like this can you embrace? Can you be left in the same chamber with her and not feel fear, and enjoy the slumber of the silent night? Surely, she must have forced you to bear the yoke, just as she forced the bulls, and has you subdued by the same means she uses with fierce dragons. Add that she has her name writ in the record of your own and your heroes' exploits, and the wife obscures the glory of the husband. And someone of the partisans of Pelias imputes your deeds to her poisons, and wins the people to believe: "This fleece of gold from the ram of Phrixus the son of Aeson did not seize away, but the Phasian girl, Aeëtes' child." Your mother Alcimede—ask counsel of your mother—favours her not, nor your sire, who sees his son's bride come from the frozen north. Let her seek for herself a husband—from the Tanais, from the marshes of watery Scythia, even from her own land of Phasis!

109 O changeable son of Aeson, more uncertain than the breezes of springtime, why lack your words the weight a promise claims? My own you went forth hence; my own you have not returned. Let me be your wedded mate now you are come back,

si te nobilitas generosaque nomina tangunt—
en, ego Minoo nata Thoante feror!
Bacchus avus; Bacchi coniunx redimita corona
praeradiat stellis signa minora suis.
dos tibi Lemnos erit, terra ingeniosa colenti;
me quoque dotalis[1] inter habere potes.
Nunc etiam peperi; gratare ambobus, Iason!
dulce mihi gravidae fecerat auctor onus.
felix in numero quoque sum prolemque gemellam,
pignora Lucina bina favente dedi.
si quaeris, cui sint similes, cognosceris illis.
fallere non norunt; cetera patris habent.
legatos quos paene dedi pro matre ferendos;
sed tenuit coeptas saeva noverca vias.
Medeam timui: plus est Medea noverca;
Medeae faciunt ad scelus omne manus.
Spargere quae fratris potuit lacerata per agros
corpora, pignoribus parceret illa meis?
hanc, hanc,[2] o demens Colchisque ablate venenis,
diceris Hypsipyles praeposuisse toro!
turpiter illa virum cognovit adultera virgo;
me tibi teque mihi taeda pudica dedit.
prodidit illa patrem; rapui de clade Thoanta.
deseruit Colchos; me mea Lemnos habet.

[1] dotales *Salmasius*: quoque ///////, *with* l *and* s *visible* *P*: quod tales *G s*: res tales *many MSS.*

[2] hanc hanc *Pa.*: hanc *P*: hanc tamen *G ω.*

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[a] Nebrophonus and Euneus, according to Apollodorus; according to Hyginus, Euneus and Deiphilus.

[b] So Medea had done with Absyrtus, to delay her father's pursuit of Jason and herself.

[c] She had saved her father from the general massacre of the men of Lemnos.

as I was when you set forth! If noble blood and generous lineage move you—lo, I am known as daughter of Minoan Thoas! Bacchus was my grandsire; the bride of Bacchus, with crown-encircled brow, outshines with her stars the lesser constellations. Lemnos will be my marriage portion, land kindly-natured to the husbandman; and me, too, you will possess among the subjects my dowry brings.

119 And now, too, I have brought forth; rejoice for us both, Jason! Sweet was the burden that I bore—its author had made it so. I am happy in the number, too, for by Lucina's kindly favour I have brought forth twin offspring, a pledge for each of us.[a] If you ask whom they resemble, I answer, yourself is seen in them. The ways of deceit they know not; for the rest, they are like their father. I almost gave them to be carried to you, their mother's ambassadors; but thought of the cruel stepdame turned me back from the path I would have trod. 'Twas Medea I feared. Medea is more than a stepdame; the hands of Medea are fitted for any crime.

129 Would she who could tear her brother limb from limb and strew him o'er the fields be one to spare my pledges?[b] Such is she, such the woman, O madman swept from your senses by the poisons of Colchis, for whom you are said to have slighted the marriage-bed with Hypsipyle! Base and shameless was the way that maid became your bride; but the bond that gave me to you, and you to me, was chaste. She betrayed her sire; I rescued from death my father Thoas.[c] She deserted the Colchians; my Lemnos has me still. What matters aught, if sin is

Quid refert, scelerata piam si vincet et ipso
crimine dotata est emeruitque virum ?
Lemniadum facinus culpo, non miror, Iason ;
quamlibet infirmis ipse [1] dat arma dolor.
dic age, si ventis, ut oportuit, actus iniquis
intrasses portus tuque comesque meos,
obviaque exissem fetu comitante gemello—
hiscere nempe tibi terra roganda fuit !—
quo vultu natos, quo me, scelerate, videres ?
perfidiae pretio qua nece dignus eras ?
ipse quidem per me tutus sospesque fuisses—
non quia tu dignus, sed quia mitis ego.
paelicis ipsa meos inplessem sanguine vultus,
quosque veneficiis abstulit illa suis !
Medeae Medea forem ! quodsi quid ab alto
iustus adest votis Iuppiter ipse [2] meis,
quod gemit Hypsipyle, lecti quoque subnuba nostri
maereat et leges sentiat ipsa suas ;
utque ego destituor coniunx materque duorum,
a totidem natis orba sit illa viro !
nec male parta diu teneat peiusque relinquat—
exulet et toto quaerat in orbe fugam !
quam fratri germana fuit miseroque parenti
filia, tam natis, tam sit acerba viro !

[1] ipse P_2: iste *Madv.*
[2] ipse *the MSS.*: illa *Hein. Bent. Pa.*

to be set before devotion, and she has won her husband with the very crime she brought him as her dower?

139 The vengeful deed of the Lemnian women I condemn, Jason, I do not marvel at it; passion itself drives the weak, however powerless, to take up arms. Come, say, what if, driven by unfriendly gales, you had entered my harbours, as 'twere fitting you had done, you and your companion, and I had come forth to meet you with my twin babes—surely you must have prayed earth to yawn for you—with what countenance could you have gazed upon your children, O wretched man, with what countenance upon me? What death would you not deserve as the price of your perfidy? And yet you yourself would have met with safety and protection at my hands—not that you deserved, but that I was merciful. But as for your mistress—with my own hand I would have dashed my face with her blood, and your face, that she stole away with her poisonous arts! I would have been Medea to Medea!

151 But if in any way just Jupiter himself from on high attends to my prayers, may the woman who intrudes upon my marriage-bed suffer the woes in which Hypsipyle groans, and feel the lot she herself now brings on me; and as I am now left alone, wife and mother of two babes, so may she one day be reft of as many babes, and of her husband! Nor may she long keep her ill-gotten gains, but leave them in worse hap—let her be an exile, and seek a refuge through the entire world! A bitter sister to her brother, a bitter daughter to her wretched sire, may she be as bitter to her children, and as bitter to her husband! When she shall have no hope more of

cum mare, cum terras consumpserit, aera temptet ;
erret inops, exspes, caede cruenta sua !
haec ego, coniugio fraudata Thoantias oro.
vivite, devoto nuptaque virque toro !

VII

Dido Aeneae

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abiectus in herbis
ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor.
Nec quia te nostra sperem prece posse moveri,
adloquor—adverso movimus ista deo ;
sed merita et famam corpusque animumque pudicum
cum male perdiderim, perdere verba leve est.
Certus es ire tamen miseramque relinquere Didon,
atque idem venti vela fidemque ferent ?
certus es, Aenea, cum foedere solvere naves,
quaeque ubi sint nescis, Itala regna sequi ?
nec nova Carthago, nec te crescentia tangunt
moenia nec sceptro tradita summa tuo ?
facta fugis, facienda petis ; quaerenda per orbem
altera, quaesita est altera terra tibi.

[a] The song preceding death.
[b] Ovid has the fourth book of the *Aeneid* in mind as he composes this letter.

refuge by the sea or by the land, let her make trial of the air; let her wander, destitute, bereft of hope, stained red with the blood of her murders! This fate do I, the daughter of Thoas, cheated of my wedded state, in prayer call down upon you. Live on, a wife and husband, accursed in your bed!

VII

Dido to Aeneas

Thus, at the summons of fate, casting himself down amid the watery grasses by the shallows of Maeander, sings the white swan.[a]

3 Not because I hope you may be moved by prayer of mine do I address you—for with God's will adverse I have begun the words you read; but because, after wretched losing of desert, of reputation, and of purity of body and soul, the losing of words is a matter slight indeed.

7 Are you resolved none the less to go, and to abandon wretched Dido,[b] and shall the same winds bear away from me at once your sails and your promises? Are you resolved, Aeneas, to break at the same time from your moorings and from your pledge, and to follow after the fleeting realms of Italy, which lie you know not where? and does new-founded Carthage not touch you, nor her rising walls, nor the sceptre of supreme power placed in your hand? What is achieved, you turn your back upon; what is to be achieved, you ever pursue. One land has been sought and gained, and ever must another be sought, through the wide world.

ut terram invenias, quis eam tibi tradet habendam?
quis sua non notis arva tenenda dabit?
alter habendus amor tibi restat et altera Dido;[1]
quamque iterum fallas altera danda fides.
quando erit, ut condas instar Carthaginis urbem
et videas populos altus ab arce tuos?
omnia ut eveniant, nec te tua vota morentur,
unde tibi, quae te sic amet, uxor erit?
Uror, ut inducto ceratae sulpure taedae,
ut pia fumosis addita tura focis.[2]
Aeneas oculis semper vigilantis inhaeret;
Aenean animo noxque diesque refert.
ille quidem male gratus et ad mea munera surdus,
et quo, si non sim stulta, carere velim;
non tamen Aenean, quamvis male cogitat, odi,
sed queror infidum questaque peius amo.
parce, Venus, nurui, durumque amplectere fratrem,
frater Amor, castris militet ille tuis!
aut ego, quem[3] coepi—neque enim dedignor—amare,
materiam curae praebeat ille meae!
Fallor, et ista mihi falso iactatur imago;
matris ab ingenio dissidet ille suae.
te lapis et montes innataque rupibus altis
robora, te saevae progenuere ferae,

[1] *So s Burm.*: alter amor tibi est habendus et *P*: a. a. t. et exstat habendus *G E s*: a. a. tibi restat? habendast altera Dido? *Birt Ehw.*

[2] *vv.* 24, 25 *defended by Hous., condemned by Pa. Ehw.*

[3] quem *ω early editions*: quae *P G E s Plan.*

Yet, even should you find the land of your desire, who will give it over to you for your own? Who will deliver his fields to unknown hands to keep? A second love remains for you to win, and a second Dido; a second pledge to give, and a second time to prove false. When will it be your fortune, think you, to found a city like to Carthage, and from the citadel on high to look down upon peoples of your own? Should your every wish be granted, even should you meet with no delay in the answering of your prayers, whence will come the wife to love you as I?

[23] I am all ablaze with love, like torches of wax tipped with sulphur, like pious incense placed on smoking altar-fires. Aeneas my eyes cling to through all my waking hours; Aeneas is in my heart through the night and through the day. 'Tis true he is an ingrate, and unresponsive to my kindnesses, and were I not fond I should be willing to have him go; yet, however ill his thought of me, I hate him not, but only complain of his faithlessness, and when I have complained I do but love more madly still. Spare, O Venus, the bride of thy son; lay hold of thy hard-hearted brother, O brother Love, and make him to serve in thy camp! Or make him to whom I have let my love go forth—I first, and with never shame for it—yield me himself, the object of my care!

[35] Ah, vain delusion! the fancy that flits before my mind is not the truth; far different his heart from his mother's. Of rocks and mountains were you begotten, and of the oak sprung from the lofty cliff, of savage wild beasts, or of the sea—such a sea as even now

aut mare, quale vides agitari nunc quoque ventis,
quo tamen adversis fluctibus ire paras.
quo fugis? obstat hiemps. hiemis mihi gratia prosit!
adspice, ut eversas concitet Eurus aquas!
quod tibi malueram, sine me debere procellis;
iustior est animo ventus et unda tuo.
Non ego sum tanti—quid non censeris inique?—
ut pereas, dum me per freta longa fugis.
exerces pretiosa odia et constantia magno,
si, dum me careas, est tibi vile mori.
iam venti ponent, strataque aequaliter unda
caeruleis Triton per mare curret equis.
tu quoque cum ventis utinam mutabilis esses!
et, nisi duritia robora vincis, eris.
quid, si nescires, insana quid aequora possunt?
expertae totiens quam[1] male credis aquae!
ut, pelago suadente etiam, retinacula solvas,
multa tamen latus tristia pontus habet.
nec violasse fidem temptantibus aequora prodest;
perfidiae poenas exigit ille locus,
praecipue cum laesus amor, quia mater Amorum
nuda Cytheriacis edita fertur aquis.
Perdita ne perdam, timeo, noceamve nocenti,
neu bibat aequoreas naufragus hostis aquas.
vive, precor! sic te melius quam funere perdam.
tu potius leti causa ferere mei.

[1] quam s *Merk.*

you look upon, tossed by the winds, on which you are none the less making ready to sail, despite the threatening floods. Whither are you flying? The tempest rises to stay you. Let the tempest be my grace! Look you, how Eurus tosses the rolling waters! What I had preferred to owe to you, let me owe to the stormy blasts; wind and wave are juster than your heart.

45 I am not worth enough—ah, why do I not wrongly rate you?—to have you perish flying from me over the long seas. 'Tis a costly and a dear-bought hate that you indulge if, to be quit of me, you account it cheap to die. Soon the winds will fall, and o'er the smooth-spread waves will Triton course with cerulean steeds. O that you too were changeable with the winds!—and, unless in hardness you exceed the oak, you will be so. What could you worse, if you did not know of the power of raging seas? How ill to trust the wave whose might you have so often felt! Even should you loose your cables at the persuasion of calm seas, there are none the less many woes to be met on the vasty deep. Nor is it well for those who have broken faith to tempt the billows. Yon is the place that exacts the penalty for faithlessness, above all when 'tis love has been wronged; for 'twas from the sea, in Cytherean waters, so runs the tale, that the mother of the Loves, undraped, arose.

61 Undone myself, I fear lest I be the undoing of him who is my undoing, lest I bring harm to him who brings harm to me, lest my enemy be wrecked at sea and drink the waters of the deep. O live; I pray it! Thus shall I see you worse undone than by death. You shall rather be reputed the cause of my own doom. Imagine, pray, imagine

finge, age, te rapido—nullum sit in omine pondus !—
turbine deprendi ; quid tibi mentis erit ?
protinus occurrent falsae periuria linguae,
et Phrygia Dido fraude coacta mori ;
coniugis ante oculos deceptae stabit imago
tristis et effusis sanguinolenta comis.
quid tanti est ut tum " merui ! concedite ! " dicas,
quaeque cadent, in te fulmina missa putes ?
Da breve saevitiae spatium pelagique tuaeque ;
grande morae pretium tuta futura via est.
nec mihi tu curae ; puero parcatur Iulo !
te satis est titulum mortis habere meae.
quid puer Ascanius, quid di meruere[1] Penates ?
ignibus ereptos obruet unda deos ?
sed neque fers tecum, nec, quae mihi, perfide, iactas,
presserunt umeros sacra paterque tuos.
omnia mentiris, neque enim tua fallere lingua
incipit a nobis, primaque plector ego.
si quaeras, ubi sit formosi mater Iuli—
occidit a duro sola relicta viro !
haec mihi narraras—sat me monuere ![2] merentem
ure ; minor culpa poena futura mea est.
Nec mihi mens dubia est, quin te tua numina damnent.
per mare, per terras septima iactat hiemps.

[1] *So G ω vulg.*: quid meruere *P* : quid commeruere *Pa.*
[2] at me novere *E ω* : at me movere *Merk. Pa.*: di me monuere *Madv.*: sat me monuere *Hous.*

[a] Another name for Ascanius, the son of Aeneas.

that you are caught—may there be nothing in the omen!—in the sweeping of the storm; what will be your thoughts? Straight will come rushing to your mind the perjury of your false tongue, and Dido driven to death by Phrygian faithlessness; before your eyes will appear the features of your deceived wife, heavy with sorrow, with hair streaming, and stained with blood. What now can you gain to recompense you then, when you will have to say: "'Tis my desert; forgive me, ye gods!" when you will have to think that whatever thunderbolts fall were hurled at you?

73 Grant a short space for the cruelty of the sea, and for your own, to subside; your safe voyage will be great reward for waiting. Nor is it you for whom I am anxious; only let the little Iulus[a] be spared! For you, enough to have the credit for my death. What has little Ascanius done, or what your Penates, to deserve ill fate? Have they been rescued from fire but to be overwhelmed by the wave? Yet neither are you bearing them with you; the sacred relics which are your pretext never rested on your shoulders, nor did your father. You are false in everything—and I am not the first your tongue has deceived, nor am I the first to feel the blow from you. Do you ask where the mother of pretty Iulus is?—she perished, left behind by her unfeeling lord! This was the story you told me—yes, and it was warning enough for me! Burn me; I deserve it! The punishment will be less than befits my fault.

87 And my mind doubts not that you, too, are under condemnation of your gods. Over sea and over land you are now for the seventh winter being

fluctibus eiectum tuta statione recepi
vixque bene audito nomine regna dedi.
his tamen officiis utinam contenta fuissem,
et mihi concubitus fama sepulta foret!
illa dies nocuit, qua nos declive sub antrum
caeruleus subitis compulit imber aquis.
audieram vocem; nymphas ululasse putavi—
Eumenides fatis signa dedere meis!
Exige, laese pudor, poenas! violate Sychaei[1] . . . .
ad quas, me miseram, plena pudoris eo.
est mihi marmorea sacratus in aede Sychaeus—
oppositae frondes velleraque alba tegunt.
hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari;
ipse sono tenui dixit "Elissa, veni!"
Nulla mora est, venio, venio tibi debita coniunx;
sum tamen admissi tarda pudore mei.
da veniam culpae! decepit idoneus auctor;
invidiam noxae detrahit ille meae.
diva parens seniorque pater, pia sarcina nati,
spem mihi mansuri rite dedere viri.[2]
si fuit errandum, causas habet error honestas;
adde fidem, nulla parte pigendus erit.
Durat in extremum vitaeque novissima nostrae
prosequitur fati, qui fuit ante, tenor.
occidit internas coniunx mactatus ad aras,
et sceleris tanti praemia frater habet;

[1] *Lacuna.* [2] tori *G Merk.*

[a] Dido's husband in Tyre.

tossed. You were cast ashore by the waves and I received you to a safe abiding-place; scarce knowing your name, I gave to you my throne. Yet would I had been content with these kindnesses, and that the story of our union were buried! That dreadful day was my ruin, when sudden downpour of rain from the deep-blue heaven drove us to shelter in the lofty grot. I had heard a voice; I thought it a cry of the nymphs—'twas the Eumenides sounding the signal for my doom!

97 Exact the penalty of me, O purity undone!—the penalty due Sychaeus.[a] To absolve it now I go—ah me, wretched that I am, and overcome with shame! Standing in shrine of marble is an image of Sychaeus I hold sacred—in the midst of green fronds hung about, and fillets of white wool. From within it four times have I heard myself called by a voice well known; 'twas he himself crying in faintly sounding tone: "Elissa, come!"

103 I delay no longer, I come; I come thy bride, thine own by right; I am late, but 'tis for shame of my fault confessed. Forgive me my offence! He was worthy who caused my fall; he draws from my sin its hatefulness. That his mother was divine and his aged father the burden of a loyal son gave hope he would remain my faithful husband. If 'twas my fate to err, my error had honourable cause; so only he keep faith, I shall have no reason for regret.

111 The lot that was mine in days past still follows me in these last moments of life, and will pursue to the end. My husband fell in his blood before the altars in his very house, and my brother possesses the fruits of the monstrous crime; myself am driven

exul agor cineresque viri patriamque relinquo,
et feror in duras hoste sequente vias.
adplicor ignotis fratrique elapsa fretoque
quod tibi donavi, perfide, litus emo.
urbem constitui lateque patentia fixi
moenia finitimis invidiosa locis.
bella tument ; bellis peregrina et femina temptor,
vixque rudis portas urbis et arma paro.
mille procis placui, qui me coiere querentes
nescio quem thalamis praeposuisse suis.
quid dubitas vinctam Gaetulo tradere Iarbae ?
praebuerim sceleri bracchia nostra tuo.
est etiam frater, cuius manus inpia possit
respergi nostro, sparsa cruore viri.
pone deos et quae tangendo sacra profanas !
non bene caelestis inpia dextra colit.
si tu cultor eras elapsis igne futurus,
paenitet elapsos ignibus esse deos.
Forsitan et gravidam Didon, scelerate, relinquas,
parsque tui lateat corpore clausa meo.
accedet fatis matris miserabilis infans,
et nondum nato[1] funeris auctor eris,
cumque parente sua frater morietur Iuli,
poenaque conexos auferet una duos.
" Sed iubet ire deus." vellem, vetuisset adire,
Punica nec Teucris pressa fuisset humus !

[1] nato *Heim.*: nati *Pa.*

into exile, compelled to leave behind the ashes of my lord and the land of my birth. Over hard paths I fly, and my enemy pursues. I land on shores unknown; escaped from my brother and the sea, I purchase the strand that I gave, perfidious man, to you. I establish a city, and lay about it the foundations of wide-reaching walls that stir the jealousy of neighbouring realms. Wars threaten: by wars, a stranger and a woman, I am assailed; hardly can I rear rude gates to the city and make ready my defence. A thousand suitors cast fond eyes on me, and have joined in the complaint that I preferred the hand of some stranger love. Why do you not bind me forthwith, and give me over to Gaetulian Iarbas? I should submit my arms to your shameful act. There is my brother, too, whose impious hand could be sprinkled with my blood, as it is already sprinkled with my lord's. Lay down those gods and sacred things; your touch profanes them! It is not well for an impious right hand to worship the dwellers in the sky. If 'twas fated for you to worship the gods that escaped the fires, the gods regret that they escaped the fires.

[133] Perhaps, too, it is Dido soon to be mother, O evil-doer, whom you abandon now, and a part of your being lies hidden in myself. To the fate of the mother will be added that of the wretched babe, and you will be the cause of doom to your yet unborn child; with his own mother will Iulus' brother die, and one fate will bear us both away together.

[139] "But you are bid to go—by your god!" Ah, would he had forbidden you to come; would Punic soil had never been pressed by Tenerian

hoc duce nempe deo ventis agitaris iniquis
et teris in rapido tempora longa freto?
Pergama vix tanto tibi erant repetenda labore,
Hectore si vivo quanta fuere forent.
non patrium Simoenta petis, sed Thybridas undas—
nempe ut pervenias, quo cupis, hospes eris;
utque latet vitatque tuas abstrusa carinas,
vix tibi continget terra petita seni.
Hos potius populos in dotem, ambage remissa,
accipe et advectas Pygmalionis opes.
Ilion in Tyriam transfer felicius urbem
resque loco[1] regis sceptraque sacra tene!
si tibi mens avida est belli, si quaerit Iulus,
unde suo partus Marte triumphus eat,
quem superet, nequid desit, praebebimus hostem;
hic pacis leges, hic locus arma capit.
tu modo, per matrem fraternaque tela, sagittas,
perque fugae comites, Dardana sacra, deos—
sic superent, quoscumque tua de gente reportas,
Mars ferus et damni sit modus ille tui,
Ascaniusque suos feliciter inpleat annos,
et senis Anchisae molliter ossa cubent!—
parce, precor, domui, quae se tibi tradit habendam!
quod crimen dicis praeter amasse meum?
non ego sum Phthias magnisque oriunda Mycenis,[a]
nec steterunt in te virque paterque meus.

[1] *So Pa.*: inque loco P_2 *over an erasure* GEs: iamque locum *Ehw.*: *etc.*

[a] The home of Achilles.

feet! Is this, forthsooth, the god under whose guidance you are tossed about by unfriendly winds, and pass long years on the surging seas? 'Twould scarce require such toil to return again to Pergamum, were Pergamum still what it was while Hector lived. 'Tis not the Simois of your fathers you seek, but the waves of Tiber—and yet, forsooth, should you arrive at the place you wish, you will be but a stranger; and the land of your quest so hides from your sight, so draws away from contact with your keels, that 'twill scarce be your lot to reach it in old age.

[149] Cease, then, your wanderings! Choose rather me, and with me my dowry—these peoples of mine, and the wealth of Pygmalion I brought with me. Transfer your Ilion to the Tyrian town, and give it thus a happier lot; enjoy the kingly state, and the sceptre's right divine. If your soul is eager for war, if Iulus must have field for martial prowess and the triumph, we shall find him foes to conquer, and naught shall lack; here there is place for the laws of peace, here place, too, for arms. Do you only, by your mother I pray, and by the weapons of your brother, his arrows, and by the divine companions of your flight, the gods of Dardanus—so may those rise above fate whom you are saving from out your race, so may that cruel war be the last of misfortunes to you, and so may Ascanius fill happily out his years, and the bones of old Anchises rest in peace!—do you only spare the house which gives itself without condition into your hand. What can you charge me with but love? I am not of Phthia,[a] nor sprung of great Mycenae, nor have I had a husband and a father who have

si pudet uxoris, non nupta, sed hospita dicar;
dum tua sit, Dido quidlibet esse feret.
Nota mihi freta sunt Afrum plangentia litus;
temporibus certis dantque negantque viam.
cum dabit aura viam, praebebis carbasa ventis;
nunc levis eiectam continet alga ratem.
tempus ut observem, manda mihi; serius ibis,
nec te, si cupies, ipsa manere sinam.
et socii requiem poscunt, laniataque classis
postulat exiguas semirefecta moras;
pro meritis et siqua tibi debebimus ultra,[1]
pro spe coniugii tempora parva peto—
dum freta mitescunt et amor, dum tempore et usu
fortiter edisco tristia posse pati.
Si minus, est animus nobis effundere vitam;
in me crudelis non potes esse diu.
adspicias utinam, quae sit scribentis imago!
scribimus, et gremio Troicus ensis adest,
perque genas lacrimae strictum labuntur in ensem,
qui iam pro lacrimis sanguine tinctus erit.
quam bene conveniunt fato tua munera nostro!
instruis inpensa nostra sepulcra brevi.
nec mea nunc primum feriuntur pectora telo;
ille locus saevi vulnus amoris habet.
Anna soror, soror Anna, meae male conscia culpae,
iam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos.

[1] ultro *P*.

stood against you. If you shame to have me your wife, let me not be called bride, but hostess; so she be yours, Dido will endure to be what you will.

169 Well do I know the seas that break upon African shores; they have their times of granting and denying the way. When the breeze permits, you shall give your canvas to the gale; now the light seaweed detains your ship by the strand. Entrust me with the watching of the skies; you shall go later, and I myself, though you desire it, will not let you to stay. Your comrades, too, demand repose, and your shattered fleet, but half refitted, calls for a short delay; by your past kindnesses, and by that other debt I still, perhaps, shall owe you, by my hope of wedlock, I ask for a little time—while the sea and my love grow calm, while through time and wont I learn the strength to endure my sorrows bravely.

181 If you yield not, my purpose is fixed to pour forth my life; you can not be cruel to me for long. Could you but see now the face of her who writes these words! I write, and the Trojan's blade is ready in my lap. Over my cheeks the tears roll, and fall upon the drawn steel—which soon shall be stained with blood instead of tears. How fitting is your gift in my hour of fate! You furnish forth my death at a cost but slight. Nor does my heart now for the first time feel a weapon's thrust; it already bears the wound of cruel love.

191 Anna my sister, my sister Anna, wretched sharer in the knowledge of my fault, soon shall you give to my ashes the last boon. Nor when I have

nec consumpta rogis inscribar Elissa Sychaei,
hoc tamen in tumuli marmore carmen erit :

PRAEBUIT AENEAS ET CAUSAM MORTIS ET ENSEM ;
IPSA SUA DIDO CONCIDIT USA MANU.

VIII[a]

Hermione Oresti

[1] Pyrrhus Achillides, animosus imagine patris,
inclusam contra iusque piumque tenet.
quod potui, renui, ne non invita tenerer ;
cetera femineae non valuere manus.
" quid facis, Aeacide ? non sum sine vindice," dixi :
" haec tibi sub domino est, Pyrrhe, puella suo ! "
surdior ille freto clamantem nomen Orestis
traxit inornatis in sua tecta comis.
quid gravius capta Lacedaemone serva tulissem,
si raperet Graias barbara turba nurus ?
parcius Andromachen vexavit Achaia victrix,
cum Danaus Phrygias ureret ignis opes.
At tu, cura mei si te pia tangit, Oreste,
inice non timidas in tua iura manus !

[1] *vv.* 1, 2 *spurious, but given in Ald. Burm.: see note to* V, *title.*

[a] A legal allusion : a *vindex* was one who undertook the defence of a person seized for debt.

[b] Andromache's son Astyanax was thrown from the walls

been consumed upon the pyre, shall my inscription read: ELISSA, WIFE OF SYCHAEUS; yet there shall be on the marble of my tomb these lines:

FROM AENEAS CAME THE CAUSE OF HER DEATH, AND FROM HIM THE BLADE; FROM THE HAND OF DIDO HERSELF CAME THE STROKE BY WHICH SHE FELL.

VIII

HERMIONE TO ORESTES

PYRRHUS, Achilles' son, in self-will the image of his sire, holds me in durance against every law of earth and heaven. All that lay in my power I have done—I have refused consent to be held; farther than that my woman's hands could not avail. "What art thou doing, son of Aeacus? I lack not one to take my part!"[a] I cried. "This is a woman, I tell thee, Pyrrhus, who has a master of her own!" Deafer to me than the sea as I shrieked out the name of Orestes, he dragged me with hair all disarrayed into his palace. What worse my lot had Lacedaemon been taken and I been made a slave, carried away by the barbarian rout with the daughters of Greece? Less misused by the victorious Achaeans was Andromache herself, what time the Danaän fire consumed the wealth of Phrygia.[b]

15 But do you, if your heart is touched with any natural care for me, Orestes, lay claim to your right with no timid hand. What! should anyone

of Troy, and she became the prize of Pyrrhus (also called Neoptolemus). She was afterwards given by him to Helenus.

an siquis rapiat stabulis armenta reclusis,
arma feras,[1] rapta coniuge lentus eris ?
sit socer exemplo nuptae repetitor ademptae,
cui pia militiae causa puella fuit !
si socer ignavus vidua stertisset in aula,
nupta foret Paridi mater, ut ante fuit.
Nec tu mille rates sinuosaque vela pararis
nec numeros Danai militis—ipse veni !
sic quoque eram repetenda tamen, nec turpe marito
aspera pro caro bella tulisse toro.
quid, quod avus nobis idem Pelopeius Atreus,
et, si non esses vir mihi, frater eras.
vir, precor, uxori, frater succurre sorori !
instant officio nomina bina tuo.
Me tibi Tyndareus, vita gravis auctor et annis,
tradidit ; arbitrium neptis habebat avus.
at pater Aeacidae promiserat inscius acti ;
plus quoque, qui prior est ordine, posset [2] avus.
cum tibi nubebam, nulli mea taeda nocebat ;
si iungar Pyrrho, tu mihi laesus eris.
et pater ignoscet nostro Menelaus amori—
succubuit telis praepetis ipse dei.
quem sibi permisit, genero concedet amorem ;
proderit exemplo mater amata suo.
tu mihi, quod matri pater est ; quas egerat olim
Dardanius partis advena, Pyrrhus agit.

[1] feras *P* : feres *s*.
[2] posset *P G ω* : possit *s and early editions* : pollet *Bent.*

[a] *Frater* is often so used.

break open your pens and steal away your herds, would you resort to arms? and when your wife is stolen away will you be slow to move? Let your father-in-law Menelaus be your example, he who demanded back the wife taken from him, and had in a woman righteous cause for war. Had he been spiritless, and drowsed in his deserted halls, my mother would still be wed to Paris, as she was before.

23 Yet make not ready a thousand ships with bellying sails, and hosts of Danaän soldiery—yourself come! Yet even thus I might well have been sought back, nor is it unseemly for a husband to have endured fierce combat for love of his marriage-bed. Remember, too, the same grandsire is ours, Atreus, Pelops' son, and, were you not husband to me, you would still be cousin.[a] Husband, I entreat, succour your wife; brother, your sister! Both bonds press you on to your duty.

31 I was given to you by Tyndareus, weighty of counsel both for his life and for his years: the grandsire was arbiter of the grandchild's fate. But my father, it might be said, had promised me to Aeacus' son, not knowing this; yet my grandsire, who is first in order, should also be first in power. When I was wed to you, my union brought harm to none; if I wed with Pyrrhus, I shall deal a wound to you. My father Menelaus, too, will pardon our love—he himself succumbed to the darts of the winged god. The love he allowed himself, he will concede to his daughter's chosen; my mother, loved by him, will aid with her precedent. You are to me what my sire is to my mother, and the part which once the Dardanian stranger played, Pyrrhus now plays. Let him be endlessly proud

ille licet patriis sine fine superbiat actis ;
et tu, quae referas facta parentis, habes.
Tantalides omnis ipsumque regebat Achillem.
hic pars militiae ; dux erat ille ducum.
tu quoque habes proavum Pelopem Pelopisque parentem ;
si melius numeres, a Iove quintus eris.
Nec virtute cares. arma invidiosa tulisti,
sed tibi—quid faceres ?—induit illa pater.[1]
materia vellem fortis meliore fuisses ;
non lecta est operi, sed data causa tuo.
hanc tamen inplesti ; iuguloque Aegisthus aperto
tecta cruentavit, quae pater ante tuus.
increpat Aeacides laudemque in crimina vertit—
et tamen adspectus sustinet ille meos.
rumpor, et ora mihi pariter cum mente tumescunt,
pectoraque inclusis ignibus usta dolent.
Hermione coram quisquamne obiecit Oresti,
nec mihi sunt vires, nec ferus ensis adest ?
flere licet certe ; flendo defundimus iram,
perque sinum lacrimae fluminis instar eunt.
has solas habeo semper semperque profundo ;
ument incultae fonte perenne genae.
Num generis fato, quod nostros errat in annos,
Tantalides matres apta rapina sumus ?

[1] *So Hous.*: Sed tu quid faceres? *others.*

[a] Jupiter, Tantalus, Pelops, Atreus, Agamemnon, Orestes —really sixth.

[b] During Agamemnon's absence, Aegisthus won Clytemnestra's heart, and the two compassed the king's death. After seven years of reigning, Aegisthus and Clytemnestra were slain by her son Orestes.

because of his father's deeds; you, too, have a sire's achievements of which to boast. The son of Tantalus was ruler over all, over Achilles himself. The one was but a part of the soldier band; the other was chief of chiefs. You, too, have ancestors—Pelops, and the father of Pelops; should you care to count more closely, you could call yourself fifth from Jove.[a]

49 Nor are you without your prowess. The arms you wielded were hateful—but what were you to do?—your father placed them in your hand. I could wish that fortune had given you more excellent matter for courage; but the cause that called forth your deed was not chosen — it was fixed. The call you none the less obeyed; and the pierced throat of Aegisthus stained with blood the dwelling your father's blood had reddened before.[b] The son of Aeacus assails your name, and turns your praise to blame—and yet shrinks not before my gaze. I burst with anger, and my face swells with passion no less than my heart, and my breast burns with the pains of pent-up wrath. Has anyone in hearing of Hermione said aught against Orestes, and have I no strength, and no keen sword at hand? I can weep, at least. In weeping I let pour forth my ire, and over my bosom course the tears like a flowing stream. These only I still have, and still do I let them gush; my cheeks are wet and unsightly from their never-ending fount.

65 Can it be some fate has come upon our house and pursued it through the years even to my time, that we Tantalid women are ever victims ready to the ravisher's hand? I shall not rehearse the lying

non ego fluminei referam mendacia cygni
nec querar in plumis delituisse Iovem.
qua duo porrectus longe freta distinet Isthmos,
vecta peregrinis Hippodamia rotis ;[1]
Taenaris Idaeo trans aequora ab hospite rapta
Argolicas pro se vertit in arma manus.
vix equidem memini, memini tamen. omnia luctus,
omnia solliciti plena timoris erant ;
flebat avus Phoebeque soror fratresque gemelli,
orabat superos Leda suumque Iovem.
ipsa ego, non longos etiamtunc scissa capillos,
clamabam : " sine me, me sine, mater, abis ? "
nam coniunx aberat ! ne non Pelopeia credar,
ecce, Neoptolemo praeda parata fui !
Pelides utinam vitasset Apollinis arcus !
damnaret nati facta proterva pater ;
nec quondam placuit nec nunc placuisset Achilli
abducta viduum coniuge flere virum.
quae mea caelestis iniuria fecit iniquos,
quodve mihi miserae sidus obesse querar ?
parva mea sine matre fui, pater arma ferebat,
et duo cum vivant, orba duobus eram.
non tibi blanditias primis, mea mater, in annis
incerto dictas ore puella tuli ;
non ego captavi brevibus tua colla lacertis
nec gremio sedi sarcina grata tuo.
non cultus tibi cura mei, nec pacta marito
intravi thalamos matre parante novos.

[1] 71, 72 *spurious Pa* :
Castori Amyclaeo et Amyclaeo Polluci
reddita Mopsopia Taenaris urbe soror ;

[a] The story of Leda and the swan. [b] Pelops won her in the race with Oenomaus, her father, whose death he compassed by tampering with Oenomaus' charioteer Myrtilus.
[c] Apollo directed the arrow of Paris which wounded Achilles in the heel, his only vulnerable part.

words of the swan upon the stream, nor complain of Jove disguised in plumage.[a] Where the sea is sundered in two by the far-stretched Isthmus, Hippodamia[b] was borne away in the car of the stranger; she of Taenarus, stolen away across the seas by the stranger-guest from Ida, roused to arms in her behalf all the men of Argos. I scarcely remember, to be sure, yet remember I do. All was grief, everywhere anxiety and fear; my grandsire wept, and my mother's sister Phoebe, and the twin brothers, and Leda fell to praying the gods above, and her own Jove. As for myself, tearing my locks, not yet long, I began to cry aloud: "Mother, will you go away, and will you leave me behind?" For her lord was gone. Lest I be thought none of Pelops' line, lo, I too have been left a ready prey for Neoptolemus!

83 Would that Peleus' son had escaped the bow of Apollo![c] The father would condemn the son for his wanton deed; 'twas not of yore the pleasure of Achilles, nor would it be now his pleasure, to see a widowed husband weeping for his stolen wife. What wrong have I done that heaven's hosts are against me? or what constellation shall I complain is hostile to my wretched self? In my childhood I had no mother; my father was ever in the wars—though the two were not dead, I was reft of both. You were not near in my first years, O my mother, to receive the caressing prattle from the tripping tongue of the little girl; I never clasped about your neck the little arms that would not reach, and never sat, a burden sweet, upon your lap. I was not reared and cared for by your hand; and when I was promised in wedlock I had no mother to make ready the new chamber for my coming. I went out to

obvia prodieram reduci tibi—vera fatebor—
nec facies nobis nota parentis erat!
te tamen esse Helenen, quod eras pulcherrima, sensi;
ipsa requirebas, quae tua nata foret!
Pars haec una mihi, coniunx bene cessit Orestes;
is quoque, ni pro se pugnat, ademptus erit.
Pyrrhus habet captam reduce et victore parente—
hoc munus! nobis[1] diruta Troia dedit!
cum tamen altus equis Titan radiantibus instat,
perfruor infelix liberiore malo;
nox ubi me thalamis ululantem et acerba gementem
condidit in maesto procubuique toro,
pro somno lacrimis oculi funguntur obortis,
quaque licet, fugio sicut ab hoste viro.
saepe malis stupeo rerumque oblita locique
ignara tetigi Scyria membra manu,
utque nefas sensi, male corpora tacta relinquo
et mihi pollutas credor habere manus.
saepe Neoptolemi pro nomine nomen Orestis
exit, et errorem vocis ut omen amo.
Per genus infelix iuro generisque parentem,
qui freta, qui terras et sua regna quatit;
per patris ossa tui, patrui mihi, quae tibi debent,
quod se sub tumulo fortiter ulta iacent—
aut ego praemoriar primoque exstinguar in aevo,
aut ego Tantalidae Tantalis uxor ero!

[1] *So G*^{1} *Merk. Pa.*: et minus a nobis *P*: munus et hoc nobis ^{1} *Plan.*: munus et a! nobis *Ehw.*

meet you when you came back home—what I shall say is truth—and the face of my mother was unknown to me! That you were Helen I none the less knew, because you were most beautiful; but you—you had to ask who your daughter was!

101 This one favour of fortune has been mine—to have Orestes for my wedded mate; but he, too, will be taken from me if he does not fight for his own. Pyrrhus holds me captive, though my father is returned and a victor—this is the boon brought me by the downfall of Troy! Yet my unhappy soul has the comfort, when Titan is urging aloft his radiant steeds, of being more free in its wretchedness; but when the dark of night has fallen and sent me to my chamber with wails and lamentation for my bitter lot, and I have stretched myself prostrate on my sorrowful bed, then springing tears, not slumber, is the service of mine eyes, and in every way I can I shrink from my mate as from a foe. Oft I am distraught with woe; I lose sense of where I am and what my fate, and with witless hand have touched the body of him of Scyrus; but when I have waked to the awful act, I draw my hand from the base contact, and look upon it as defiled. Oft, instead of Neoptolemus the name of Orestes comes forth, and the mistaken word is a treasured omen.

117 By our unhappy line I swear, and by the parent of our line, he who shakes the seas, the land, and his own realms on high; by the bones of your father, uncle to me, which owe it to you that bravely avenged they lie beneath their burial mound—either I shall die before my time and in my youthful years be blotted out, or I, a Tantalid, shall be the wife of him sprung from Tantalus!

IX

Deianira Herculi

Gratulor Oechaliam titulis accedere nostris;
victorem victae succubuisse queror.
fama Pelasgiadas subito pervenit in urbes,
decolor et factis infitianda tuis,
quem numquam Iuno seriesque immensa laborum
fregerit, huic Iolen inposuisse iugum.
hoc velit Eurystheus, velit hoc germana Tonantis,
laetaque sit vitae labe noverca tuae;
at non ille velit, cui nox—sic creditur—una
non tanta,[1] ut tantus conciperere, fuit.
Plus tibi quam Iuno, nocuit Venus: illa premendo
sustulit, haec humili[2] sub pede colla tenet.
respice vindicibus pacatum viribus orbem,
qua latam Nereus caerulus ambit humum.
se tibi pax terrae, tibi se tuta aequora debent;
inplesti meritis solis utramque domum.
quod te laturum est, caelum prius ipse tulisti;
Hercule supposito sidera fulsit Atlans.
quid nisi notitia est misero quaesita pudori,
si cumulus stupri facta priora notat?

[1] tanta *s Iahn Loers van Lennep*: tanti *P G ω*.
[2] humilis *P G ω Bent. Ehw.*

[a] The *Trachiniae* of Sophocles dramatizes the Deianira story, and Apollodorus contains it. See also Ovid, *Metam.* ix. 1–273, and Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*.

[b] Who imposed the twelve labours on Hercules at the instigation of Juno.

IX

Deianira to Hercules

[a] I render thanks that Oechalia has been added to the list of our honours; but that the victor has yielded to the vanquished, I complain. The rumour has suddenly spread to all the Pelasgian cities—a rumour unseemly, to which your deeds should give the lie—that on the man whom Juno's unending series of labours has never crushed, on him Iole has placed her yoke. This would please Eurystheus,[b] and it would please the sister of the Thunderer: stepdame[c] that she is, she would gladly know of the stain upon your life; but 'twould give no joy to him for whom, so 'tis believed, a single night did not suffice for the begetting of one so great.

[11] More than Juno, Venus has been your bane. The one, by crushing you down, has raised you up; the other has your neck beneath her humbling foot. Look but on the circle of the earth made peaceful by your protecting strength, wherever the blue waters of Nereus wind round the broad land. To you is owing peace upon the earth, to you safety on the seas; you have filled with worthy deeds both abodes of the sun.[d] The heaven that is to bear you, yourself once bore; Hercules bent to the load of the stars when Atlas was their stay. What have you gained but to spread the knowledge of your wretched shame, if a final act of baseness blots your former deeds? Can it be you that men say

[c] Jupiter was the father of Hercules by Alcmene.
[d] Farthest east and west.

tene ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter angues,
cum tener in cunis iam Iove dignus eras?
coepisti melius quam desinis; ultima primis
cedunt; dissimiles hic vir et ille puer.
quem non mille ferae, quem non Stheneleius hostis,
non potuit Iuno vincere, vincit amor.
At bene nupta feror, quia nominer Herculis uxor,
sitque socer, rapidis qui tonat altus equis.
quam male inaequales veniunt ad aratra iuvenci,
tam premitur magno coniuge nupta minor.
non honor est sed onus species laesura ferentis;
siqua voles apte nubere, nube pari.
vir mihi semper abest, et coniuge notior hospes,
monstraque terribiles persequiturque feras.
ipsa domo vidua votis operata pudicis
torqueor, infesto ne vir ab hoste cadat;
inter serpentes aprosque avidosque leones
iactor et haesuros terna per ora canes.
me pecudum fibrae simulacraque inania somni
omniaque arcana nocte petita movent.
aucupor infelix incertae murmura famae,
speque timor dubia spesque timore cadit.
mater abest queriturque deo placuisse potenti,
nec pater Amphitryon nec puer Hyllus adest;
arbiter Eurystheus irae Iunonis iniquae
sentitur nobis iraque longa deae.

clutched tight the serpents twain while a tender babe in the cradle, already worthy of Jove? You began better than you end; your last deeds yield to your first; the man you are and the child you were are not the same. He whom not a thousand wild beasts, whom not the Stheneleian foe, whom not Juno could overcome, love overcomes.

[27] Yet I am said to be well mated, because I am called the wife of Hercules, and because the father of my lord is he who thunders on high with impetuous steeds. As the ill-mated steer yoked miserably at the plough, so fares the wife who is less than her mighty lord. It is not honour, but mere fair-seeming, and brings dole to us who bear the load; would you be wedded happily, wed your equal. My lord is ever absent from me—he is better known to me as guest than husband—ever pursuing monsters and dreadful beasts. I myself, at home and widowed, am busied with chaste prayers, in torment lest my husband fall by the savage foe; with serpents and with boars and ravening lions my imaginings are full, and with hounds three-throated hard upon the prey. The entrails of slain victims stir my fears, the idle images of dreams, and the omen sought in the mysterious night. Wretchedly I catch at the uncertain murmurs of the common talk; my fear is lost in wavering hope, my hope again in fear. Your mother is away, and laments that she ever pleased the potent god, and neither your father Amphitryon is here, nor your son Hyllus; the acts of Eurystheus, the instrument of Juno's unjust wrath, and the long-continued anger of the goddess—I am the one to feel.

Haec mihi ferre parum? peregrinos addis amores,
et mater de te quaelibet esse potest.
non ego Partheniis temeratam vallibus Augen,
nec referam partus, Ormeni nympha, tuos;
non tibi crimen erunt, Teuthrantia turba, sorores,
quarum de populo nulla relicta tibi est.
una, recens crimen, referetur adultera nobis,
unde ego sum Lydo facta noverca Lamo.
Maeandros, terris totiens errator in isdem,
qui lassas in se saepe retorquet aquas,
vidit in Herculeo suspensa monilia collo
illo, cui caelum sarcina parva fuit.
non puduit fortis auro cohibere lacertos,
et solidis gemmas opposuisse toris?
nempe sub his animam pestis Nemeaea lacertis
edidit, unde umerus tegmina laevus habet!
ausus es hirsutos mitra redimire capillos!
aptior Herculeae populus alba comae.
nec te Maeonia lascivae more puellae
incingi zona dedecuisse pudet?[1]
non tibi succurrit crudi Diomedis imago,
efferus humana qui dape pavit equas?
si te vidisset cultu Busiris in isto,
huic victor victo[2] nempe pudendus eras.
detrahat Antaeus duro redimicula collo,
ne pigeat molli succubuisse viro.
Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas
diceris et dominae pertimuisse minas.

[1] pudet *P G ω*: putas *s Burm.*: putes *Leidensis*: patet *Pa.*
[2] Hic /// victor victo *P*; huic *ω*: victori victo . . . erat *Pa.*

[a] There were fifty of them, and their father Thespius wished for fifty grandchildren by Hercules.
[b] Hercules was the lover of Omphale, or Iardanis (v. 103), queen of Lydia, sold to her by Hermes as a slave.

47 Is this too little for me to endure? You add to it your stranger loves, and whoever will may be by you a mother. I will say nothing of Auge betrayed in the vales of Parthenius, or of thy travail, nymph sprung of Ormenus; nor will I charge against you the daughters of Teuthras' son, the throng of sisters from whose number none was spared by you.[a] But there is one love—a fresh offence of which I have heard—a love by which I am made stepdame to Lydian Lamus.[b] The Meander, so many times wandering in the same lands, who oft turns back upon themselves his wearied waters, has seen hanging from the neck of Hercules—the neck which found the heavens but slight burden—bejewelled chains! Felt you no shame to bind with gold those strong arms, and to set the gem upon that solid brawn? Ah, to think 'twas these arms that crushed the life from the Nemean pest, whose skin now covers your left side! You have not shrunk from binding your shaggy hair with a woman's turban! More meet for the locks of Hercules were the white poplar. And for you to disgrace yourself by wearing the Maeonian zone, like a wanton girl—feel you no shame for that? Did there come to your mind no image of savage Diomede, fiercely feeding his mares on human meat? Had Busiris seen you in that garb, he whom you vanquished would surely have reddened for such a victor as you. Antaeus would tear from the hard neck the turban-bands, lest he feel shame at having succumbed to an unmanly foe.

73 They say that you have held the wool-basket among the girls of Ionia, and been frightened at your mistress' threats. Do you not shrink, Alcides,

non fugis, Alcide, victricem mille laborum
rasilibus calathis inposuisse manum,
crassaque robusto deducis pollice fila,
aequaque formosae pensa rependis erae?
a, quotiens digitis dum torques stamina duris,
praevalidae fusos conminuere manus!
ante pedes dominae[1] . . . .
factaque narrabas dissimulanda tibi—
scilicet immanes elisis faucibus hydros
infantem caudis involuisse manum,
ut Tegeaeus aper cupressifero Erymantho
incubet et vasto pondere laedat humum.
non tibi Threiciis adfixa penatibus ora,
non hominum pingues caede tacentur equae;
prodigiumque triplex, armenti dives Hiberi
Geryones, quamvis in tribus unus erat;
inque canes totidem trunco digestus ab uno
Cerberos inplicitis angue minante comis;
quaeque redundabat fecundo vulnere serpens
fertilis et damnis dives ab ipsa suis;
quique inter laevumque latus laevumque lacertum
praegrave conpressa fauce pependit onus;
et male confisum pedibus formaque bimembri
pulsum Thessalicis agmen equestre iugis.
Haec tu Sidonio potes insignitus amictu
dicere? non cultu lingua retenta silet?
se quoque nympha tuis ornavit Iardanis armis
et tulit a capto nota tropaea viro.

[1] 81, *half of* 82, *and* 83, *spurious, Merk. Pa.*
crederis infelix scuticae tremefactus habenis
ante pedes dominae pertimuisse minas . . .
eximias pompas, inmania semina laudum.

from laying to the polished wool-basket the hand that triumphed over a thousand toils; do you draw off with stalwart thumb the coarsely spun strands, and give back to the hand of a pretty mistress the just portion she weighed out? Ah, how often, while with dour finger you twisted the thread, have your too strong hands crushed the spindle! Before your mistress' feet . . . . and told of the deeds of which you should now say naught—of enormous serpents, throttled and coiling their lengths about your infant hand; how the Tegeaean boar has his lair on cypress-bearing Erymanthus, and afflicts the ground with his vast weight. You do not omit the skulls nailed up in Thracian homes, nor the mares made fat with the flesh of slain men; nor the triple prodigy, Geryones, rich in Iberian cattle, who was one in three; nor Cerberus, branching from one trunk into a three-fold dog, his hair inwoven with the threatening snake; nor the fertile serpent that sprang forth again from the fruitful wound, grown rich from her own hurt; nor him whose mass hung heavy between your left side and left arm as your hand clutched his throat; nor the equestrian array that put ill trust in their feet and dual form, confounded by you on the ridges of Thessaly.

101 These deeds can you recount, gaily arrayed in a Sidonian gown? Does not your dress rob from your tongue all utterance? The nymph-daughter of Iardanus[a] has even tricked herself out in your arms, and won famous triumphs from the vanquished

[a] Omphale.

i nunc, tolle animos et fortia gesta recense ;
quo[1] tu non esses, iure vir illa fuit.
qua tanto minor es, quanto te, maxime rerum,
quam quos vicisti, vincere maius erat.
illi procedit rerum mensura tuarum—
cede bonis ; heres laudis amica tuae.
o pudor ! hirsuti costis exuta leonis
aspera texerunt vellera molle latus !
falleris et nescis—non sunt spolia illa leonis,
sed tua, tuque feri victor es, illa tui.
femina tela tulit Lernaeis atra venenis,
ferre gravem lana vix satis apta colum,
instruxitque manum clava domitrice ferarum,
vidit et in speculo coniugis arma sui !
Haec tamen audieram ; licuit non credere famae,
et venit ad sensus mollis ab aure dolor—
ante meos oculos adducitur advena paelex,
nec mihi, quae patior, dissimulare licet !
non sinis averti ; mediam captiva per urbem
invitis oculis adspicienda venit.
nec venit incultis captarum more capillis,
fortunam vultu fassa decente[2] suam ;
ingreditur late lato spectabilis auro,
qualiter in Phrygia tu quoque cultus eras.
dat vultum populo sublimis ut[3] Hercule victo ;
Oechaliam vivo stare parente putes.

[1] quo *Pa.*: quem P_1: quod $P_2 G \omega$: quom *Madv.*
[2] *So van Lennep*: vultu fassa tegente *P*.
[3] *So early editions, Plan*: sublime sub Hercule victo $P G \omega$.

[a] Iole.

hero. Go now, puff up your spirit and recount your brave deeds done; she has proved herself a man by a right you could not urge. You are as much less than she, O greatest of men, as it was greater to vanquish you than those you vanquished. To her passes the full measure of your exploits—yield up what you possess; your mistress is heir to your praise. O shame, that the rough skin stripped from the flanks of the shaggy lion has covered a woman's delicate side! You are mistaken, and know it not—that spoil is not from the lion, but from you; you are victor over the beast, but she over you. A woman has borne the darts blackened with the venom of Lerna, a woman scarce strong enough to carry the spindle heavy with wool; a woman has taken in her hand the club that overcame wild beasts, and in the mirror gazed upon the armour of her lord!

[119] These things, however, I had only heard; I could distrust men's words, and the pain hit on my senses softly, through the ear—but now my very eyes must look upon a stranger-mistress led before them, nor may I now dissemble what I suffer! You do not allow me to turn away; the woman comes a captive through the city's midst, to be looked upon by my unwilling eyes. Nor comes she after the manner of captive women, with hair unkempt, and with becoming countenance that tells to all her lot; she strides along, sightly from afar in plenteous gold, apparelled in such wise as you yourself in Phrygia. She looks straight out at the throng, with head held high, as if 'twere she had conquered Hercules; you might think Oechalia standing yet, and her father yet alive. Perhaps you

forsitan et pulsa Aetolide Deianira
nomine deposito paelicis uxor erit,
Eurytidosque Ioles atque Aonii [1] Alcidae
turpia famosus corpora iunget Hymen.
mens fugit admonitu, frigusque perambulat artus,
et iacet in gremio languida facta manus.
Me quoque cum multis, sed me sine crimine amasti.
ne pigeat, pugnae bis tibi causa fui.
cornua flens legit ripis Achelous in udis
truncaque limosa tempora mersit aqua ;
semivir occubuit in lotifero Eueno [2]
Nessus, et infecit sanguis equinus aquas.
sed quid ego haec refero ? scribenti nuntia venit
fama, virum tunicae tabe perire meae.
ei mihi ! quid feci ? quo me furor egit amantem ?
inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori ?
An tuus in media coniunx lacerabitur Oeta,
tu sceleris tanti causa superstes eris ?
siquid adhuc habeo facti, cur Herculis uxor
credar, coniugii mors mea pignus erit !
tu quoque cognosces in me, Meleagre, sororem !
inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori ?
Heu devota domus ! solio sedet Agrios alto ;
Oenea desertum nuda senecta premit.
exulat ignotis Tydeus germanus in oris ;
alter fatali vivus in igne fuit ;

[1] atque Aonii *Bent. Merk.*: et insanii *P*: insani *G*.
[2] lotifero *Bent.*: Eueno *Hein.*: letiferoque veneno *G*: in lorifero eueneno *Guelf.* 3: in letifero Eueno *Hein. Burm. etc.*

[a] His poisoned blood is in the robe she sends to Hercules.
[b] Agrius drove out Oeneus his brother after Meleager's death.
[c] By Oeneus, for slaying a brother.
[d] Meleager perished when his mother Althea, in revenge

will even drive away Aetolian Deianira, and her rival will lay aside the name of mistress, and be made your wife. Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, and Aonian Alcides will be basely joined in shameful bonds of Hymen. My mind fails me at the thought, a chill sweeps through my frame, and my hand lies nerveless in my lap.

137 Me, too, you have possessed among your many loves—but me with no reproach. Regret it not—twice you have fought for the sake of me. In tears Achelous gathered up his horns on the wet banks of his stream, and bathed in its clayey tide his mutilated brow; the half-man Nessus sank down in lotus-bearing Euenus, tingeing its waters with his equine blood.[a] But why am I reciting things like these? Even as I write comes rumour to me saying my lord is dying of the poison from my cloak. Alas me! what have I done? Whither has madness driven me in my love? O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

147 Shall thy lord be torn to death on midmost Oeta, and shalt thou, the cause of the monstrous deed, remain alive? If I have yet done aught to win the name of wife of Hercules, my death shall be the pledge of our union. Thou, Meleager, shalt also see in me a sister of thine own! O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

153 Alas, for my devoted house! Agrius sits on the lofty throne;[b] Oeneus is reft of all, and barren old age weighs heavy on him. Tydeus my brother is exiled on an unknown shore;[c] my second brother's life hung on the fateful fire;[d] our mother

for his slaying her brother, finally burned the brand on whose preservation the Fates had said his life depended.

exegit ferrum sua per praecordia mater.
inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
Deprecor hoc unum per iura sacerrima lecti,
ne videar fatis insidiata tuis.
Nessus, ut est avidum percussus harundine pectus,
"hic," dixit, "vires sanguis amoris habet."
inlita Nesseo misi tibi texta veneno.
inpia quid dubitas Deianira mori?
Iamque vale, seniorque pater germanaque Gorge,
et patria et patriae frater adempte tuae,
et tu lux oculis hodierna novissima nostris,
virque—sed o possis!—et puer Hylle, vale!

X

Ariadne Theseo

Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum;
credita non ulli quam tibi peius eram.
quae legis, ex illo, Theseu, tibi litore mitto
unde tuam sine me vela tulere ratem,
in quo me somnusque meus male prodidit et tu,
per facinus somnis insidiate meis.
Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina
spargitur et tectae fronde queruntur aves.
incertum vigilans a somno languida movi
Thesea prensuras semisupina manus—

drove the steel through her own heart. O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

159 This one thing I deprecate, by the most sacred bonds of our marriage-bed—that I seem to have plotted for your doom. Nessus, stricken with the arrow in his lustful heart, "This blood," he said, "has power over love." The robe of Nessus, saturate with poisonous gore, I sent to you. O wicked Deianira, why hesitate to die?

165 And now, fare ye well, O aged father, and O my sister Gorge, and O my native soil, and brother taken from thy native soil, and thou, O light that shinest to-day, the last to strike upon mine eyes; and thou my lord, O fare thou well—would that thou couldst!—and Hyllus, thou my son, farewell to thee!

X

Ariadne to Theseus

Gentler than you I have found every race of wild beasts; to none of them could I so ill have trusted as to you. The words you now are reading, Theseus, I send you from that shore from which the sails bore off your ship without me, the shore on which my slumber, and you, so wretchedly betrayed me—you, who wickedly plotted against me as I slept.

7 'Twas the time when the earth is first besprinkled with crystal rime, and songsters hid in the branch begin their plaint. Half waking only, languid from sleep, I turned upon my side and put forth hands to clasp my Theseus—he was not

nullus erat! referoque manus iterumque retempto,
perque torum moveo bracchia—nullus erat!
excussere metus somnum; conterrita surgo,
membraque sunt viduo praecipitata toro.
protinus adductis sonuerunt pectora palmis,
utque erat e somno turbida, rapta coma est.
Luna fuit; specto, siquid nisi litora cernam.
quod videant oculi, nil nisi litus habent.
nunc huc, nunc illuc, et utroque sine ordine, curro;
alta puellares tardat harena pedes.
interea toto clamanti [1] litore "Theseu!"
reddebant nomen concava saxa tuum,
et quotiens ego te, totiens locus ipse vocabat.
ipse locus miserae ferre volebat opem.
Mons fuit—apparent frutices in vertice rari;
hinc [2] scopulus raucis pendet adesus aquis.
adscendo—vires animus dabat—atque ita late
aequora prospectu metior alta meo.
inde ego—nam ventis quoque sum crudelibus usa—
vidi praecipiti carbasa tenta Noto.
ut vidi haut dignam [3] quae me vidisse putarem,
frigidior glacie semianimisque fui.
nec languere diu patitur dolor; excitor illo,
excitor et summa Thesea voce voco.
"quo fugis?" exclamo; "scelerate revertere Theseu!
flecte ratem! numerum non habet illa suum!"

[1] clamanti *s Plan.*: clamati//// *P*: clamanti in *G*: clamavi *V s Bent.*: clamavi in *Ehw.*

[2] hinc *G Burm.*: nunc *P V*: hic, huic *s*.

[3] *So Hous.*: aut vidi a///uam quae me *P*: aut vidi aut tamquam quae me *G*.

there! I drew back my hands, a second time I made essay, and o'er the whole couch moved my arms—he was not there! Fear struck away my sleep; in terror I arose, and threw myself headlong from my abandoned bed. Straight then my palms resounded upon my breasts, and I tore my hair, all disarrayed as it was from sleep.

17 The moon was shining; I bend my gaze to see if aught but shore lies there. So far as my eyes can see, naught do they find but shore. Now this way, and now that, and ever without plan, I course; the deep sand stays my girlish feet. And all the while I cried out "Theseus!" along the entire shore, and the hollow rocks sent back your name to me; as often as I called out for you, so often did the place itself call out your name. The very place felt the will to aid me in my woe.

25 There was a mountain, with bushes rising here and there upon its top; a cliff hangs over from it, gnawed into by deep-sounding waves. I climb its slope—my spirit gave me strength—and thus with prospect broad I scan the billowy deep. From there—for I found the winds cruel, too—I beheld your sails stretched full by the headlong southern gale. As I looked on a sight methought I had not deserved to see, I grew colder than ice, and life half left my body. Nor does anguish allow me long to lie thus quiet; it rouses me, it stirs me up to call on Theseus with all my voice's might. "Whither dost fly?" I cry aloud. "Come back, O wicked Theseus! Turn about thy ship! She hath not all her crew!"

Haec ego ; quod voci deerat, plangore replebam ;
verbera cum verbis mixta fuere meis.
si non audires, ut saltem cernere posses,
iactatae late signa dedere manus ;
candidaque inposui longae velamina virgae—
scilicet oblitos admonitura mei !
iamque oculis ereptus eras. tum denique flevi ;
torpuerant molles ante dolore genae.
quid potius facerent, quam me mea lumina flerent,
postquam desieram[1] vela videre tua ?
aut ego diffusis erravi sola capillis,
qualis ab Ogygio concita Baccha deo,
aut mare prospiciens in saxo frigida sedi,
quamque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui.
saepe torum repeto, qui nos acceperat ambos,
sed non acceptos exhibiturus erat,
et tua, quae possum pro te, vestigia tango
strataque quae membris intepuere tuis.
incumbo, lacrimisque toro manante profusis,
" pressimus," exclamo, " te duo—redde duos !
venimus huc ambo ; cur non discedimus ambo ?
perfide, pars nostri, lectule, maior ubi est ? "
Quid faciam ? quo sola ferar ? vacat insula cultu.
non hominum video, non ego facta boum.
omne latus terrae cingit mare ; navita nusquam,
nulla per ambiguas puppis itura vias.
finge dari comitesque mihi ventosque ratemque—
quid sequar ? accessus terra paterna negat.

[1] desieram $P\omega$: desierant s *Plan.* : desierat *G.*

37 Thus did I cry, and what my voice could not avail, I filled with beating of my breast; the blows I gave myself were mingled with my words. That you at least might see, if you could not hear, with might and main I sent you signals with my hands; and upon a long tree-branch I fixed my shining veil—yes, to put in mind of me those who had forgotten! And now you had been swept beyond my vision. Then at last I let flow my tears; till then my tender eyeballs had been dulled with pain. What better could my eyes do than weep for me, when I had ceased to see your sails? Alone, with hair loose flying, I have either roamed about, like to a Bacchant roused by the Ogygian god, or, looking out upon the sea, I have sat all chilled upon the rock, as much a stone myself as was the stone I sat upon. Oft do I come again to the couch that once received us both, but was fated never to show us together again, and touch the imprint left by you—'tis all I can in place of you!—and the stuffs that once grew warm beneath your limbs. I lay me down upon my face, bedew the bed with pouring tears, and cry aloud: "We were two who pressed thee—give back two! We came to thee both together; why do we not depart the same? Ah, faithless bed—the greater part of my being, oh, where is he?

59 What am I to do? Whither shall I take myself—I am alone, and the isle untilled. Of human traces I see none; of cattle, none. On every side the land is girt by sea; nowhere a sailor, no craft to make its way over the dubious paths. And suppose I did find those to go with me, and winds, and ship—yet where am I to go?

ut rate felici pacata per aequora labar,
  temperet ut ventos Aeolus—exul ero!
non ego te, Crete centum digesta per urbes,
  adspiciam, puero cognita terra Iovi!
at pater et tellus iusto regnata parenti
  prodita sunt facto, nomina cara, meo,
cum tibi, ne victor tecto morerere recurvo,
  quae regerent passus, pro duce fila dedi,
cum mihi dicebas: "per ego ipsa pericula iuro,
  te fore, dum nostrum vivet uterque, meam."
Vivimus, et non sum, Theseu, tua—si modo vivit
  femina periuri fraude sepulta viri.
me quoque, qua fratrem, mactasses, inprobe, clava;
  esset, quam dederas, morte soluta fides.
nunc ego non tantum, quae sum passura, recordor,
  sed quaecumque potest ulla relicta pati.
occurrunt animo pereundi mille figurae,
  morsque minus poenae quam mora mortis habet.
iam iam venturos aut hac aut suspicor illac,
  qui lanient avido viscera dente, lupos.
quis scit an et [1] fulvos tellus alat ista leones?
  forsitan et saevas tigridas insula habet.[2]
et freta dicuntur magnas expellere phocas!
  quis vetat et gladios per latus ire meum?
Tantum ne religer dura captiva catena,
  neve traham serva grandia pensa manu,

[1] Quis scit an *made to change places with* forsitan et, *for the sake of syntax Hous.*

[2] saevas tigridas insula habet *G*: trigides insula habent *P*: et saevam tigrida Dia ferat *editor of E.*

[a] Her aid to Theseus in his slaying of the Minotaur her brother, and his escape from the Labyrinth.

My father's realm forbids me to approach. Grant I do glide with fortunate keel over peaceful seas, that Aeolus tempers the winds—I still shall be an exile! 'Tis not for me, O Crete composed of the hundred cities, to look upon thee, land known to the infant Jove! No, for my father and the land ruled by my righteous father—dear names!—were betrayed by my deed[a] when, to keep you, after your victory, from death in the winding halls, I gave into your hand the thread to direct your steps in place of guide—when you said to me: "By these very perils of mine, I swear that, so long as both of us shall live, thou shalt be mine!"

75 We both live, Theseus, and I am not yours!—if indeed a woman lives who is buried by the treason of a perjured mate. Me, too, you should have slain, O false one, with the same bludgeon that slew my brother; then would the oath you gave me have been absolved by my death. Now, I ponder over not only what I am doomed to suffer, but all that any woman left behind can suffer. There rush into my thought a thousand forms of perishing, and death holds less of dole for me than the delay of death. Each moment, now here, now there, I look to see wolves rush on me, to rend my vitals with their greedy fangs. Who knows but that this shore breeds, too, the tawny lion? Perchance the island harbours the savage tiger as well. They say, too, that the waters of the deep cast up the mighty seal! And who is to keep the swords of men from piercing my side?

89 But I care not, if I am but not left captive in hard bonds, and not compelled to spin the long task with servile hand—I, whose father is

cui pater est Minos, cui mater filia Phoebi,
quodque magis memini, quae tibi pacta fui!
si mare, si terras porrectaque litora vidi,
multa mihi terrae, multa minantur aquae.
caelum restabat—timeo simulacra deorum!
destituor rapidis praeda cibusque feris;
sive colunt habitantque viri, diffidimus illis—
externos didici laesa timere viros.
Viveret Androgeos utinam! nec facta luisses
inpia funeribus, Cecropi terra, tuis;
nec tua mactasset nodoso stipite, Theseu,
ardua parte virum dextera, parte bovem;
nec tibi, quae reditus monstrarent, fila dedissem,
fila per adductas saepe recepta manus.
non equidem miror, si stat victoria tecum,
strataque Cretaeam belua planxit[1] humum.
non poterant figi praecordia ferrea cornu;
ut te non tegeres, pectore tutus eras.
illic tu silices, illic adamanta tulisti,
illic qui silices, Thesea, vincat, habes.
Crudeles somni, quid me tenuistis inertem?
aut semel aeterna nocte premenda fui.
vos quoque crudeles, venti, nimiumque parati
flaminaque in lacrimas officiosa meas.
dextera crudelis, quae me fratremque necavit,
et data poscenti, nomen inane, fides!

[1] planxit *Bent.*: stravit PG_2 *Plan.*: texit G_1 *Merk.*: pressit *s Sedl.*: tinxit *ω Burm.*

[a] Androgeos, Ariadne's brother, was accidentally killed at Athens.

Minos, whose mother the child of Phoebus, and who —what memory holds more close—was promised bride to you! When I have looked on the sea, and on the land, and on the wide-stretching shore, I know many dangers threaten me on land, and many on the waters. The sky remains—yet there I fear visions of the gods! I am left helpless, a prey to the maws of ravening beasts; and if men dwell in the place and keep it, I put no trust in them—my hurts have taught me fear of stranger-men.

99 O, that Androgeos were still alive, and that thou, O Cecropian land, hadst not been made to atone for thy impious deeds with the doom of thy children![a] and would that thy upraised right hand, O Theseus, had not slain with knotty club him that was man in part, and in part bull; and I had not given thee the thread to show the way of thy return—thread oft caught up again and passed through the hands led on by it. I marvel not—ah, no!—if victory was thine, and the monster smote with his length the Cretan earth. His horn could not have pierced that iron heart of thine; thy breast was safe, even didst thou naught to shield thyself. There barest thou flint, there barest thou adamant; there hast thou a Theseus harder than any flint!

111 Ah, cruel slumbers, why did you hold me thus inert? Or, better had I been weighed down once for all by everlasting night. You, too, were cruel, O winds, and all too well prepared, and you breezes, eager to start my tears. Cruel the right hand that has brought me and my brother to our death, and cruel the pledge—an empty word—that you gave at my demand! Against me conspiring

in me iurarunt somnus ventusque fidesque;
prodita sum causis una puella tribus!
Ergo ego nec lacrimas matris moritura videbo,
nec, mea qui digitis lumina condat, erit?
spiritus infelix peregrinas ibit in auras,
nec positos artus unguet amica manus?
ossa superstabunt volucres inhumata marinae?
haec sunt officiis digna sepulcra meis?
ibis Cecropios portus patriaque receptus,
cum steteris turbae [1] celsus in ore [2] tuae
et bene narraris letum taurique virique
sectaque per dubias saxea tecta vias,
me quoque narrato sola tellure relictam!
non ego sum titulis subripienda tuis.
nec pater est Aegeus, nec tu Pittheidos Aethrae
filius; auctores saxa fretumque tui! [3]
Di facerent, ut me summa de puppe videres;
movisset vultus maesta figura tuos!
nunc quoque non oculis, sed, qua potes, adspice
mente
haerentem scopulo, quem vaga pulsat aqua.
adspice demissos lugentis more capillos
et tunicas lacrimis sicut ab imbre gravis.
corpus, ut impulsae segetes aquilonibus, horret,
litteraque articulo pressa tremente labat.
non te per meritum, quoniam male cessit, adoro;
debita sit facto gratia nulla meo.
sed ne poena quidem! si non ego causa salutis,
non tamen est, cur sis tu mihi causa necis.

[1] turbae $G\omega$: turbes P_3: urbis $P_2 s$: urbes P_1.
[2] in ore G_1 *Jahn Merk. Ehw.*: in aure P_1: in arce $P_2 V s$: urbis . . . arce *Pa.*
[3] *vv.* 131, 132 *after* 110 *Birt Ehw.*

were slumber, wind, and treacherous pledge—treason three-fold against one maid!

[119] Am I, then, to die, and, dying, not behold my mother's tears; and shall there be no one's finger to close my eyes? Is my unhappy soul to go forth into stranger-air, and no friendly hand compose my limbs and drop on them the unguent due? Are my bones to lie unburied, the prey of hovering birds of the shore? Is this the entombment due to me for my kindnesses? You will go to the haven of Ceerops; but when you have been received back home, and have stood in pride before your thronging followers, gloriously telling the death of the man-and-bull, and of the halls of rock cut out in winding ways, tell, too, of me, abandoned on a solitary shore—for I must not be stolen from the record of your honours! Neither is Aegeus your father, nor are you the son of Pittheus' daughter Aethra; they who begot you were the rocks and the deep!

[133] Ah, I could pray the gods that you had seen me from the high stern; my sad figure had moved your heart! Yet look upon me now—not with eyes, for with them you cannot, but with your mind—clinging to a rock all beaten by the wandering wave. Look upon my locks, let loose like those of one in grief for the dead, and on my robes, heavy with tears as if with rain. My body is a-quiver like standing corn struck by the northern blast, and the letters I am tracing falter beneath my trembling hand. 'Tis not for my desert—for that has come to naught—that I entreat you now; let no favour be due for my service. Yet neither let me suffer for it! If I am not the cause of your deliverance, yet neither is it right that you should cause my death.

Has tibi plangendo lugubria pectora lassas
infelix tendo trans freta longa manus;
hos tibi—qui superant—ostendo maesta capillos!
per lacrimas oro, quas tua facta movent—
flecte ratem, Theseu, versoque relabere vento!
si prius occidero, tu tamen ossa feres!

XI

Canace Macareo

Siqua tamen caecis errabunt scripta lituris,
oblitus a dominae caede libellus erit.
dextra tenet calamum, strictum tenet altera ferrum,
et iacet in gremio charta soluta meo.
haec est Aeolidos fratri scribentis imago;
sic videor duro posse placere patri.
Ipse necis cuperem nostrae spectator adesset,
auctorisque oculis exigeretur opus!
ut ferus est multoque suis truculentior Euris,
spectasset siccis vulnera nostra genis.
scilicet est aliquid, cum saevis vivere ventis;
ingenio populi convenit ille sui.
ille Noto Zephyroque et Sithonio Aquiloni
imperat et pinnis, Eure proterve, tuis.
imperat heu! ventis, tumidae non imperat irae,
possidet et vitiis regna minora suis.

145 These hands, wearied with beating of my sorrowful breast, unhappy I stretch toward you over the long seas ; these locks—such as remain—in grief I bid you look upon ! By these tears I pray you—tears moved by what you have done—turn about your ship, reverse your sail, glide swiftly back to me ! If I have died before you come, 'twill yet be you who bear away my bones !

XI

Canace to Macareus

If aught of what I write is yet blotted deep and escapes your eye, 'twill be because the little roll has been stained by its mistress' blood. My right hand holds the pen, a drawn blade the other holds, and the paper lies unrolled in my lap. This is the picture of Aeolus' daughter writing to her brother ; in this guise, it seems, I may please my hard-hearted sire.

7 I would he himself were here to view my end, and the deed were done before the eyes of him who orders it ! Fierce as he is, far harsher than his own east-winds, he would look dry-eyed upon my wounds. Surely, something comes from a life with savage winds ; his temper is like that of his subjects. It is Notus, and Zephyrus, and Sithonian Aquilo, over whom he rules, and over thy pinions, wanton Eurus. He rules the winds, alas ! but his swelling wrath he does not rule, and the realms of his possession are less wide than his faults. Of what

quid iuvat admotam per avorum nomina caelo
inter cognatos posse referre Iovem?
num minus infestum, funebria munera, ferrum
feminea teneo, non mea tela, manu?
O utinam, Macareu, quae nos commisit in unum,
venisset leto serior hora meo!
cur umquam plus me, frater, quam frater amasti,
et tibi, non debet quod soror esse, fui?
ipsa quoque incalui, qualemque audire solebam,
nescio quem sensi corde tepente deum.
fugerat ore color; macies adduxerat artus;
sumebant minimos ora coacta cibos;
nec somni faciles et nox erat annua nobis,
et gemitum nullo laesa dolore dabam.
nec, cur haec facerem, poteram mihi reddere causam
nec noram, quid amans esset; at illud eram.
Prima malum nutrix animo praesensit anili;
prima mihi nutrix "Aeoli," dixit, "amas!"
erubui, gremioque pudor deiecit ocellos;
haec satis in tacita signa fatentis erant.
iamque tumescebant vitiati pondera ventris,
aegraque furtivum membra gravabat onus.
quas mihi non herbas, quae non medicamina nutrix
attulit audaci supposuitque manu,
ut penitus nostris—hoc te celavimus unum—
visceribus crescens excuteretur onus!
a, nimium vivax admotis restitit infans
artibus et tecto tutus ab hoste fuit!

avail for me through my grandsires' names to reach even to the skies, to be able to number Jove among my kin? Is there less deadliness in the blade—my funeral gift!—that I hold in my woman's hand, weapon not meet for me?

[21] Ah, Macareus, would that the hour that made us two as one had come after my death! Oh why, my brother, did you ever love me more than brother, and why have I been to you what a sister should not be? I, too, was inflamed by love; I felt some god in my glowing heart, and knew him from what I used to hear he was. My colour had fled from my face; wasting had shrunk my frame; I scarce took food, and with unwilling mouth; my sleep was never easy, the night was a year for me, and I groaned, though stricken with no pain. Nor could I render myself a reason why I did these things; I did not know what it was to be in love—yet in love I was.

[33] The first to perceive my trouble, in her old wife's way, was my nurse; she first, my nurse, said: "Daughter of Aeolus, thou art in love!" I blushed, and shame bent down my eyes into my bosom; I said no word, but this was sign enough that I confessed. And presently there grew apace the burden of my wayward bosom, and my weakened frame felt the weight of its secret load. What herbs and what medicines did my nurse not bring to me, applying them with bold hand to drive forth entirely from my bosom—this was the only secret we kept from you—the burden that was increasing there! Ah, too full of life, the little thing withstood the arts employed against it, and was kept safe from its hidden foe!

Iam noviens erat orta soror pulcherrima Phoebi,
denaque[1] luciferos Luna movebat equos.
nescia, quae faceret subitos mihi causa dolores,
et rudis ad partus et nova miles eram.
nec tenui vocem. "quid," ait, "tua crimina prodis?"
oraque clamantis conscia pressit anus.
quid faciam infelix? gemitus dolor edere cogit,
sed timor et nutrix et pudor ipse vetant.
contineo gemitus elapsaque verba reprendo
et cogor lacrimas conbibere ipsa meas.
mors erat ante oculos, et opem Lucina negabat—
et grave, si morerer, mors quoque crimen erat—
cum super incumbens scissa tunicaque comaque
pressa refovisti pectora nostra tuis,
et mihi "vive, soror, soror o carissima," aisti;
"vive nec unius corpore perde duos!
spes bona det vires; fratri nam nupta futura es.[2]
illius, de quo mater, et uxor eris."
Mortua, crede mihi, tamen ad tua verba revixi:
et positum est uteri crimen onusque mei.
quid tibi grataris? media sedet Aeolus aula;
crimina sunt oculis subripienda patris.
frugibus[3] infantem ramisque albentis olivae
et levibus vittis sedula celat anus,
fictaque sacra facit dicitque precantia verba;
dat populus sacris, dat pater ipse viam.
iam prope limen erat—patrias vagitus ad auris
venit, et indicio proditur ille suo!

[1] nonaque *P s Ehw.*: denaque *others*: pronaque *Bent.*
[2] *So G ω Merk.*: fratri es nam nuptura P_2: fratris nam nupta futura es *Pa.*: germano nupta futura es *Ehw.*
[3] frugibus *P*: frondibus *G V Plan.*

45 And now for the ninth time had Phoebus' fairest sister risen, and for the tenth time the moon was driving on her light-bearing steeds. I knew not what caused the sudden pangs in me; to travail I was unused, a soldier new to the service. I could not keep from groans. "Why betray thy fault?" said the ancient dame who knew my secret, and stopped my crying lips. What shall I do, unhappy that I am? The pains compel my groans, but fear, the nurse, and shame itself forbid. I repress my groans, and try to take back the words that slip from me, and force myself to drink my very tears. Death was before my eyes; and Lucina denied her aid—death, too, were I to die, would fasten upon me heavy guilt—when leaning over me, you tore my robe and my hair away, and warmed my bosom back to life with the pressure of your own, and said: "Live, sister, sister O most dear; live, and do not be the death of two beings in one! Let good hope give thee strength; for now thou shalt be thy brother's bride. He who made thee mother will also make thee wife."

63 Dead that I am, believe me, yet at your words I live again, and have brought forth the reproach and burden of my womb. But why rejoice? In the midst of the palace hall sits Aeolus; the sign of my fault must be removed from my father's eyes. With fruits and whitening olive-branches, and with light fillets, the careful dame attempts to hide the babe, and makes pretence of sacrifice, and utters words of prayer; the people give way to let her pass, my father himself gives way. She is already near the threshold —my father's ears have caught the crying sound, and the babe is lost, betrayed by his own sign! Aeolus

eripit infantem mentitaque sacra revelat
Aeolus; insana regia voce sonat.
ut mare fit tremulum, tenui cum stringitur aura,
ut quatitur tepido fraxina virga [1] Noto,
sic mea vibrari pallentia membra videres;
quassus ab inposito corpore lectus erat.
inruit et nostrum vulgat clamore pudorem,
et vix a misero continet ore manus.
ipsa nihil praeter lacrimas pudibunda profudi;
torpuerat gelido lingua retenta metu.
Iamque dari parvum canibusque avibusque nepotem
iusserat, in solis destituique locis.
vagitus dedit ille miser—sensisse putares—
quaque suum poterat voce rogabat avum.
quid mihi tunc animi credis, germane, fuisse—
nam potes ex animo colligere ipse tuo—
cum mea me coram silvas inimicus in altas
viscera montanis ferret edenda lupis?
exierat thalamo; tunc demum pectora plangi
contigit inque meas unguibus ire genas.
Interea patrius vultu maerente satelles
venit et indignos edidit ore sonos:
"Aeolus hunc ensem mittit tibi"—tradidit
ensem—
"et iubet ex merito scire, quid iste velit."
scimus, et utemur violento fortiter ense;
pectoribus condam dona paterna meis.
his mea muneribus, genitor, conubia donas?
hac tua dote, pater, filia dives erit?

[1] *The usual MSS. reading*: fraxinçies virga *P*: fraxinus icta *Pa*.

catches up the child and reveals the pretended sacrifice ; the whole palace resounds with his maddened cries. As the sea is set a-trembling when a light breeze passes o'er, as the ashen branch is shaken by the tepid breeze from the south, so might you have seen my blanching members quiver; the couch was a-quake with the body that lay upon it. He rushes in and with cries makes known my shame to all, and scarce restrains his hand from my wretched face. Myself in my confusion did naught but pour forth tears ; my tongue had grown dumb with the icy chill of fear.

[83] And now he had ordered his little grandchild thrown to the dogs and birds, to be abandoned in some solitary place. The hapless babe broke forth in wailings—you would have thought he understood —and with what utterance he could entreated his grandsire. What heart do you think was mine then, O my brother—for you can judge from your own—when the enemy before my eyes bore away to the deep forests the fruit of my bosom to be devoured by mountain wolves? My father had gone out of my chamber ; then at length could I beat my breasts and furrow my cheeks with the nail.

[93] Meanwhile with sorrowful air came one of my father's guards, and pronounced these shameful words: "Aeolus sends this sword to you"—he handed me the sword—"and bids you know from your desert what it may mean." I do know, and shall bravely make use of the violent blade ; I shall bury in my breast my father's gift. Is it presents like this, O my sire, you give me on my marriage? With this dowry from you, O father, shall your daughter be made rich? Take away afar, deluded

tolle procul, decepte, faces, Hymenaee, maritas
et fuge turbato tecta nefanda pede!
ferte faces in me quas fertis, Erinyes atrae,
et meus ex isto luceat igne rogus!
nubite felices Parca meliore sorores,
amissae memores sed tamen este mei!
Quid puer admisit tam paucis editus horis?
quo laesit facto vix bene natus avum?
si potuit meruisse necem, meruisse putetur—
a, miser admisso plectitur ille meo!
nate, dolor matris, rapidarum[1] praeda ferarum,
ei mihi! natali dilacerate tuo;
nate, parum fausti miserabile pignus amoris—
haec tibi prima dies, haec tibi summa fuit.
non mihi te licuit lacrimis perfundere iustis,
in tua non tonsas ferre sepulcra comas;
non super incubui, non oscula frigida carpsi,
diripiunt avidae viscera nostra ferae.
Ipsa quoque infantis cum vulnere prosequar umbras
nec mater fuero dicta nec orba diu.
tu tamen, o frustra miserae sperate sorori,
sparsa, precor, nati collige membra tui,
et refer ad matrem socioque inpone sepulcro,
urnaque nos habeat quamlibet arta duos!
vive memor nostri, lacrimasque in vulnera funde,
neve reformida corpus amantis amans.
tu, rogo,[2] dilectae nimium mandata sororis
perfer; mandatum persequar ipsa patris!

[1] rabidarum *s Bent.*
[2] tura rogo placitae . . . tu fer *Pa.*

Hymenaeus, thy wedding-torches, and fly with frightened foot from these nefarious halls! Bring for me the torches ye bear, Erinyes dark, and let my funeral pyre blaze bright from the fires ye give! Wed happily under a better fate, O my sisters, but yet remember me though lost!

107 What crime could the babe commit, with so few hours of life? With what act could he, scarce born, do harm to his grandsire? If it could be he deserved his death, let it be judged he did—ah, wretched child, it is my fault he suffers for! O my son, grief of thy mother, prey of the ravening beasts, ah me! torn limb from limb on thy day of birth; O my son, miserable pledge of my unhallowed love—this was the first of days for thee, and this for thee the last. Fate did not permit me to shed o'er thee the tears I owed, nor to bear to thy tomb the shorn lock; I have not bent o'er thee, nor culled the kiss from thy cold lips. Greedy wild beasts are rending in pieces the child my womb put forth.

119 I, too, shall follow the shades of my babe—shall deal myself the stroke—and shall not long have been called or mother or bereaved. Do thou, nevertheless, O hoped for in vain by thy wretched sister, collect, I entreat, the scattered members of thy son, and bring them again to their mother to share her sepulchre, and let one urn, however scant, possess us both! O live, and forget me not; pour forth thy tears upon my wounds, nor shrink from her thou once didst love, and who loved thee! Do thou, I pray, fulfil the behests of the sister thou didst love too well; the behest of my father I shall myself perform!

XII

Medea Iasoni

At tibi Colchorum, memini, regina vacavi,
ars mea cum peteres ut tibi ferret opem.
tunc quae dispensant mortalia fata [1] sorores
debuerant fusos evoluisse meos.
tum potui Medea mori bene! quidquid ab illo
produxi vitam [2] tempore, poena fuit.
Ei mihi! cur umquam iuvenalibus acta lacertis
Phrixeam petiit Pelias arbor ovem?
cur umquam Colchi Magnetida vidimus Argon,
turbaque Phasiacam Graia bibistis aquam?
cur mihi plus aequo flavi placuere capilli
et decor et linguae gratia ficta tuae?
aut, semel in nostras quoniam nova puppis harenas
venerat audacis attuleratque viros,
isset anhelatos non praemedicatus in ignes
inmemor Aesonides oraque adusta boum;
semina iecisset,[3] totidemque et [4] semina et hostes,
ut caderet cultu cultor ab ipse suo!
quantum perfidiae tecum, scelerate, perisset,
dempta forent capiti quam mala multa meo!

[1] fata $G\omega$: facta P: fila s *Hein. Pa.* [2] vitae ω.
[3] iecisset $P\,G$: sensisset s: sevisset *Hein. Merk. Pa.*
[4] totidemque et P: totidem quod G: quot *Pa.*

[a] Medea begins suddenly, as if in answer to a refusal of Jason to listen to her plea.
Euripides wrote a *Medea*, and was followed by Ennius,

XII

Medea to Jason

And yet[a] for you, I remember, I the queen of Colchis could find time, when you besought that my art might bring you help. Then was the time when the sisters who pay out the fated thread of mortal life should have unwound for aye my spindle. Then could Medea have ended well! Whatever of life has been lengthened out for me from that time forth has been but punishment.

7 Ah me! why was the ship from the forests of Pelion ever driven over the seas by strong young arms in quest of the ram of Phrixus?[b] Why did we Colchians ever cast eye upon Magnesian Argo, and why did your Greek crew ever drink of the waters of the Phasis? Why did I too greatly delight in those golden locks of yours, in your comely ways, and in the false graces of your tongue? Yet delight too greatly I did—else, when once the strange craft had been beached upon our sands and brought us her bold crew, all unanointed would the unremembering son of Aeson have gone forth to meet the fires exhaled from the flame-scorched nostrils of the bulls; he would have scattered the seeds—as many as the seeds were the enemy, too—for the sower himself to fall in strife with his own sowing! How much perfidy, vile wretch, would have perished with you, and how many woes been averted from my head!

[a] Accius, and Ovid himself, whose play is lost, and Seneca. In this letter Ovid draws from Euripides and Apollonius Rhodius, *Argonautica* III and IV. [b] See Index.

Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas.
hac fruar ; haec de te gaudia sola feram.
iussus inexpertam Colchos advertere puppim
intrasti patriae regna beata meae.
hoc illic Medea fui, nova nupta quod hic est ;
quam pater est illi, tam mihi dives erat.
hic Ephyren bimarem, Scythia tenus ille nivosa
omne tenet, Ponti qua plaga laeva iacet.
Accipit hospitio iuvenes Aeeta Pelasgos,
et premitis pictos, corpora Graia, toros.
tunc ego te vidi, tunc coepi scire, quis esses ;
illa fuit mentis prima ruina meae.
et vidi et perii ; nec notis ignibus arsi,
ardet ut ad magnos pinea taeda deos.
et formosus eras, et me mea fata trahebant ;
abstulerant oculi lumina nostra tui.
perfide, sensisti—quis enim bene celat amorem ?
eminet indicio prodita flamma suo.
Dicitur interea tibi lex ut dura ferorum
insolito premeres vomere colla boum.
Martis erant tauri plus quam per cornua saevi,
quorum terribilis spiritus ignis erat ;
aere pedes solidi praetentaque naribus aera,
nigra per adflatus haec quoque facta suos.
semina praeterea populos genitura iuberis
spargere devota lata per arva manu,
qui peterent natis secum tua corpora telis ;
illa est agricolae messis iniqua suo.

[a] Corinth.

21 'Tis some pleasure to reproach the ungrateful with favours done. That pleasure I will enjoy; that is the only delight I shall win from you. Bidden to turn the hitherto untried craft to the shores of Colchis, you set foot in the rich realms of my native land. There I, Medea, was what here your new bride is; as rich as her sire is, so rich was mine. Hers holds Ephyre,[a] washed by two seas; mine, all the country which lies along the left strand of the Pontus e'en to the snows of Scythia.

29 Aeëtes welcomes to his home the Pelasgian youths, and you rest your Greek limbs upon the pictured couch. Then 'twas that I saw you, then began to know you; that was the first impulse to the downfall of my soul. I saw you, and I was undone; nor did I kindle with ordinary fires, but like the pine-torch kindled before the mighty gods. Not only were you noble to look upon, but my fates were dragging me to doom; your eyes had robbed mine of their power to see. Traitor, you saw it—for who can well hide love? Its flame shines forth its own betrayer.

39 Meanwhile the condition is imposed that you press the hard necks of the fierce bulls at the unaccustomed plow. To Mars the bulls belonged, raging with more than mere horns, for their breathing was of terrible fire; of solid bronze were their feet, wrought round with bronze their nostrils, made black, too, by the blasts of their own breath. Besides this, you are bidden to scatter with obedient hand over the wide fields the seeds that should beget peoples to assail you with weapons born with themselves; a baneful harvest, that, to its own husbandman. The eyes of the guardian that

lumina custodis succumbere nescia somno,
ultimus est aliqua decipere arte labor.
Dixerat Aeetes; maesti consurgitis omnes,
mensaque purpureos deserit alta toros.
quam tibi tunc longe regnum dotale Creusae
et socer et magni nata Creontis erat?
tristis abis; oculis abeuntem prosequor udis,
et dixit tenui murmure lingua: "vale!"
ut positum tetigi thalamo male saucia lectum,
acta est per lacrimas nox mihi, quanta fuit;
ante oculos taurique meos segetesque nefandae,
ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat.
hinc amor, hinc timor est; ipsum timor auget amorem.
mane erat, et thalamo cara recepta soror
disiectamque comas adversaque[1] in ora iacentem
invenit, et lacrimis omnia plena meis.
orat opem Minyis. alter petit, alter habebit;[2]
Aesonio iuveni quod rogat illa, damus.
Est nemus et piceis et frondibus ilicis atrum;
vix illuc radiis solis adire licet.
sunt in eo—fuerant certe—delubra Dianae;
aurea barbarica stat dea facta manu.
noscis? an exciderunt mecum loca? venimus illuc.
orsus es infido sic prior ore loqui:
"ius tibi et arbitrium nostrae fortuna salutis
tradidit, inque tua est vitaque morsque manu.

[1] adversaque *P G ω Merk Ehw.*: aversaque *V s Burm. Sedl.*
[2] *So P*$_2$ *Sedl.*: petit altera et altera habebit *P*$_2$ *G s Burm.*: petit altera et altera habebat *ω Jahn*.

[a] Chalciope.

know not yielding to sleep—by some art to elude them is your final task.

51 Aeëtes had spoken; in gloom you all rise up, and the high table is removed from the purple-spread couches. How far away then from your thought were Creusa's dowry-realm, and the daughter of great Creon, and Creon the father of your bride! With foreboding you depart; and as you go my moist eyes follow you, and in faint murmur comes from my tongue: "Fare thou well!" Laying myself on the ordered couch within my chamber, grievously wounded, in tears I passed the whole night long; before my eyes appeared the bulls and the dreadful harvest, before my eyes the unsleeping serpent. On the one hand was love, on the other, fear; and fear increased my very love. Morning came, and my dear sister,[a] admitted to my chamber, found me with loosened hair and lying prone upon my face, and everywhere my tears. She implores aid for your Minyae. What one asks, another is to receive; what she petitions for the Aesonian youth, I grant.

67 There is a grove, sombre with pine-trees and the fronds of the ilex; into it scarce can the rays of the sun find way. There is in it—there was, at least—a shrine to Diana, wherein stands the goddess, a golden image fashioned by barbaric hand. Do you know the place? or have places fallen from your mind along with me? We came to the spot. You were the first to speak, with those faithless lips, and these were your words: "To thy hand fortune has committed the right of choosing or not my deliverance, and in thy hand are the ways of life and death for me. To have power to ruin

perdere posse sat est, siquem iuvet ipsa potestas ;
  sed tibi servatus gloria maior ero.
per mala nostra precor, quorum potes esse levamen,
  per genus, et numen cuncta videntis avi,
per triplicis vultus arcanaque sacra Dianae,
  et si forte aliquos gens habet ista deos—
o virgo, miserere mei, miserere meorum ;
  effice me meritis tempus in omne tuum !
quodsi forte virum non dedignare Pelasgum—
  sed mihi tam faciles unde meosque deos ?—
spiritus ante meus tenues vanescat in auras
  quam thalamo nisi tu nupta sit ulla meo !
conscia sit Iuno sacris praefecta maritis,
  et dea marmorea cuius in aede sumus ! "
Haec animum—et quota pars haec sunt !—movere puellae
  simplicis, et dextrae dextera iuncta meae.
vidi etiam lacrimas—an pars est fraudis[1] in illis ?
  sic cito sum verbis capta puella tuis.
iungis et aeripedes inadusto corpore tauros
  et solidam iusso vomere findis humum.
arva venenatis pro semine dentibus inples ;
  nascitur et gladios scutaque miles habet.
ipsa ego, quae dederam medicamina, pallida sedi,
  cum vidi subitos arma tenere viros ;
donec terrigenae, facinus mirabile, fratres
  inter se strictas conseruere manus.

[1] a! pars est *L. Mueller* : an et ars est *Sedl.*: an et est pars *some of the early editions.*

is enough, if anyone delight in power for itself; but to save me will be greater glory. By our misfortunes, which thou hast power to relieve, I pray, by thy line, and by the godhead of thy all-seeing grandsire the sun, by the three-fold face and holy mysteries of Diana, and by the gods of that race of thine—if so be gods it have—by all these, O maiden, have pity upon me, have pity on my men; be kind to me and make me thine for ever! And if it chance thou dost not disdain a Pelasgian suitor—but how can I hope the gods will be so facile to my wish?—may my spirit vanish away into thin air before another than thou shall come a bride to my chamber! My witness be Juno, ward of the rites of wedlock, and the goddess in whose marble shrine we stand!"

89 Words like these—and how slight a part of them is here!—and your right hand clasped with mine, moved the heart of the simple maid. I saw even tears—or was there in the tears, too, part of your deceit? Thus quickly was I ensnared, girl that I was, by your words. You yoke together the bronze-footed bulls with your body unharmed by their fire, and cleave the solid mould with the share, as you were bid. The ploughed fields you sow full with envenomed teeth in place of seed; and there rises out of the earth, with sword and shield, a warrior band. Myself, the giver of the charmèd drug, sat pallid there at sight of men all suddenly arisen and in arms; until the earth-born brothers—O deed most wonderful!—drew arms and came to the grapple each with each.

Insopor ecce vigil [1] squamis crepitantibus horrens
sibilat et torto pectore verrit humum !
dotis opes ubi erant ? ubi erat tibi regia coniunx,
quique maris gemini distinet Isthmos aquas ?
illa ego, quae tibi sum nunc denique barbara facta,
nunc tibi sum pauper, nunc tibi visa nocens,
flammea subduxi medicato lumina somno,
et tibi, quae raperes, vellera tuta dedi.
proditus est genitor, regnum patriamque reliqui ;
munus, in exilio quod licet esse, tuli !
virginitas facta est peregrini praeda latronis ;
optima eum cara matre relicta soror.
At non te fugiens sine me, germane, reliqui !
deficit hoc uno littera nostra loco.
quod faeere ausa mea est, non audet scribere dextra.
sic ego, sed tecum, dilaceranda fui.
nec tamen extimui—quid enim post illa timerem ?—
credere me pelago, femina iamque nocens.
numen ubi est ? ubi di ? meritas subeamus in alto,
tu fraudis poenas, credulitatis ego !
Compressos utinam Symplegades elisissent,
nostraque adhaererent ossibus ossa tuis ;
aut nos Scylla rapax canibus mersisset [2] edendos—
debuit ingratis Scylla nocere viris ;
quaeque vomit totidem fluctus totidemque resorbet,
nos quoque Trinacriae supposuisset aquae !

[1] *So* P_1 G_1 *Merk.*: Pervigil ecce draco P_2 *ω Burm.*: insuper ecce vigil *Hein.*: insopor ecce draco *Pa.*
[2] mersisset *Pa.*: misisset *MSS.*

[a] The dismemberment of her brother Absyrtus.

101 Then, lo and behold! all a-bristle with rattling scales, comes the unsleeping sentinel, hissing and sweeping the ground with winding belly. Where then was your rich dowry? Where then your royal consort, and the Isthmus that sunders the waters of two seas? I, the maiden who am now at last become a barbarian in your eyes, who now am poor, who now seem baneful—I closed the lids of the flame-like eyes in slumber wrought by my drug, and gave into your hand the fleece to steal away unharmed. I betrayed my sire, I left my throne and my native soil; the reward I get is leave to live in exile! My maidenly innocence has become the spoil of a pirate from overseas; beloved mother and best of sisters I have left behind.

113 But thee, O my brother, I did not leave behind as I fled! In this one place my pen fails. Of the deed my right hand was bold enough to do,[a] it is not bold enough to write. So I, too, should have been torn limb from limb—but with thee! And yet I did not fear—for what, after that, could I fear?—to trust myself to the sea, woman though I was, and now with guilt upon me. Where is heavenly justice? Where the gods? Let the penalty that is our due overtake us on the deep—you for your treachery, me for my trustfulness!

121 Would the Symplegades had caught and crushed us out together, and that my bones were clinging now to yours; or Scylla the ravening submerged us in the deep to be devoured by her dogs—fit were it for Scylla to work woe to ingrate men! And she who spews forth so many times the floods, and sucks them so many times back in again—would she had brought us, too, beneath the Trinacrian

sospes ad Haemonias victorque reverteris urbes;
ponitur ad patrios aurea lana deos.
Quid referam Peliae natas pietate nocentes
caesaque virginea membra paterna manu?
ut culpent alii, tibi me laudare necesse est,
pro quo sum totiens esse coacta nocens.
ausus es—o, iusto desunt sua verba dolori!—
ausus es "Aesonia," dicere, "cede domo!"
iussa domo cessi natis comitata duobus
et, qui me sequitur semper, amore tui.
ut subito nostras Hymen cantatus ad aures
venit, et accenso lampades igne micant,
tibiaque effundit socialia carmina vobis,
at mihi funerea flebiliora tuba,
pertimui, nec adhuc tantum scelus esse putabam;
sed tamen in toto pectore frigus erat.
turba ruunt et "Hymen," clamant, "Hymenaee!"
frequenter—
quo propior vox haec, hoc mihi peius erat.
diversi flebant servi lacrimasque tegebant—
quis vellet tanti nuntius esse mali?
me quoque, quidquid erat, potius nescire iuvabat;
sed tamquam scirem, mens mea tristis erat,
cum minor e pueris iussus[1] studioque videndi
constitit ad geminae limina prima foris.
"hinc"[2] mihi "mater, abi![3] pompam pater,"
inquit, "Iason
ducit et adiunctos aureus urget equos!"

[1] iussus *P G Plan.*: lassus *Pa.*
[2] hic *s Hein.* [3] abi *P*: adi *Ehw.*

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[a] At the persuasion of Medea, who wished to avenge Jason, they attempted the rejuvenation of their father by dismembering and boiling him in a supposed magic cauldron.

[b] They were still in the palace. Palmer, who reads *lassus* and *abi*, pictures Medea and her son in the street.

wave! Yet unharmed and victorious you return to Haemonia's towns, and the golden fleece is laid before your fathers' gods.

129 Why rehearse the tale of Pelias' daughters, by devotion led to evil deeds—of how their maiden hands laid knife to the members of their sire?[a] I may be blamed by others, but you perforce must praise me—you, for whom so many times I have been driven to crime. Yet you have dared—O, fit words fail me for my righteous wrath!—you have dared to say: "Withdraw from the palace of Aeson's line!" At your bidding I have withdrawn from your palace, taking with me our two children, and—what follows me evermore—my love for you. When, all suddenly, there came to my ears the chant of Hymen, and to my eyes the gleam of blazing torches, and the pipe poured forth its notes, for you a wedding-strain, but for me a strain more tearful than the funeral trump, I was filled with fear; I did not yet believe such monstrous guilt could be; but all my breast none the less grew chill. The throng pressed eagerly on, crying "Hymen, O Hymenaeus!" in full chorus—the nearer the cry, for me the more dreadful. My slaves turned away and wept, seeking to hide their tears—who would be willing messenger of tidings so ill? Whatever it was, 'twas better, indeed, that I not know; but my heart was heavy, as if I really knew, when the younger of the children, at my bidding, and eager for the sight, went and stood at the outer threshold of the double door. "Here, mother, come out!"[b] he cries to me. "A procession is coming, and my father Jason leading it. He's all in gold, and driving a team of horses!" Then straight I rent my cloak

protinus abscissa planxi mea pectora veste,
tuta nec a digitis ora fuere meis.
ire animus mediae suadebat in agmina turbae
sertaque compositis demere rapta comis;
vix me continui, quin sic laniata capillos
clamarem "meus est!" iniceremque manus.
Laese pater, gaude! Colchi gaudete relicti!
inferias umbrae fratris habete mei;
deseror amissis regno patriaque domoque
coniuge, qui nobis omnia solus erat!
serpentis igitur potui taurosque furentes;
unum non potui perdomuisse virum,
quaeque feros populi doctis medicatibus ignes,
non valeo flammas effugere ipsa meas.
ipsi me cantus herbaeque artesque relinquunt;
nil dea, nil Hecates sacra potentis agunt.
non mihi grata dies; noctes vigilantur amarae,
et tener a misero pectore somnus abit.[1]
quae me non possum, potui sopire draconem;
utilior cuivis quam mihi cura mea est.
quos ego servavi, paelex amplectitur artus,
et nostri fructus illa laboris habet.
Forsitan et, stultae dum te iactare maritae
quaeris et iniustis auribus apta loqui,
in faciem moresque meos nova crimina fingas.
rideat et vitiis laeta sit illa meis!
rideat et Tyrio iaceat sublimis in ostro—
flebit et ardores vincet adusta meos!
dum ferrum flammaeque aderunt sucusque veneni,
hostis Medeae nullus inultus erit!

[1] *So Pa.*: nec ten//ra misero pectore somnus habet *P*: nec tener ah miserae pectora somnus habet *or* alit *Hein.*

[a] Creusa and her father will really be consumed in the fire, with the palace.

and beat my breast and cried aloud, and my cheeks were at the mercy of my nails. My heart impelled me to rush into the midst of the moving throng, to tear off the wreaths from my ordered locks; I scarce could keep from crying out, thus with hair all torn, "He is mine!" and laying hold on you.

159 Ah, injured father, rejoice! Rejoice, ye Colchians whom I left! Shades of my brother, receive in my fate your sacrifice due; I am abandoned; I have lost my throne, my native soil, my home, my husband—who alone for me took the place of all! Dragons and maddened bulls, it seems, I could subdue; a man alone I could not; I, who could beat back fierce fire with wise drugs, have not the power to escape the flames of my own passion. My very incantations, herbs, and arts abandon me; naught does my goddess aid me, naught the sacrifice I make to potent Hecate. I take no pleasure in the day; my nights are watches of bitterness, and gentle sleep is far departed from my wretched soul. I, who could charm the dragon to sleep, can bring none to myself; my effort brings more good to any one else soever than to me. The limbs I saved, a wanton now embraces; 'tis she who reaps the fruit of my toil.

175 Perhaps, too, when you wish to make boast to your stupid mate and say what will pleasure her unjust ears, you will fashion strange slanders against my face and against my ways. Let her make merry and be joyful over my faults! Let her make merry, and lie aloft on the Tyrian purple—she shall weep, and the flames[a] that consume her will surpass my own! While sword and fire are at my hand, and the juice of poison, no foe of Medea shall go unpunished!

Quodsi forte preces praecordia ferrea tangunt,
nunc animis audi verba minora meis!
tam tibi sum supplex, quam tu mihi saepe fuisti,
nec moror ante tuos procubuisse pedes.
si tibi sum vilis, communis respice natos;
saeviet in partus dira noverca meos.
et nimium similes tibi sunt, et imagine tangor,
et quotiens video, lumina nostra madent.
per superos oro, per avitae lumina flammae,
per meritum et natos, pignora nostra, duos—
redde torum, pro quo tot res insana reliqui;
adde fidem dictis auxiliumque refer!
non ego te inploro contra taurosque virosque,
utque tua serpens victa quiescat ope;
te peto, quem merui, quem nobis ipse dedisti,
cum quo sum pariter facta parente parens.
Dos ubi sit, quaeris? campo numeravimus illo,
qui tibi laturo vellus arandus erat.
aureus ille aries villo spectabilis alto
dos mea, quam, dicam si tibi "redde!" neges.
dos mea tu sospes; dos est mea Graia iuventus!
i nunc, Sisyphias, inprobe, confer opes!
quod vivis, quod habes nuptam socerumque potentis,
hoc ipsum, ingratus quod potes esse, meum est.
quos equidem actutum—sed quid praedicere poenam
attinet? ingentis parturit ira minas.

183 But if it chance my entreaties touch a heart of iron, list now to my words—words too humble for my proud soul! I am as much a suppliant to you as you have often been to me, and I hesitate not to cast myself at your feet. If I am cheap in your eyes, be kind to our common offspring; a hard stepdame will be cruel to the fruitage of my womb. Their resemblance to you is all too great, and I am touched by the likeness; and as often as I see them, my eyes drop tears. By the gods above, by the light of your grandsire's beams, by my favours to you, and by the two children who are our mutual pledge—restore me to the bed for which I madly left so much behind; be faithful to your promises, and come to my aid as I came to yours! I do not implore you to go forth against bulls and men, nor ask your aid to quiet and overcome a dragon; it is you I ask for,—you, whom I have earned, whom you yourself gave to me, by whom I became a mother, as you by me a father.

199 Where is my dowry, you ask? On the field I counted it out—that field which you had to plough before you could bear away the fleece. The famous golden ram, sightly for deep flock, is my dowry—the which, should I say to you "Restore it!" you would refuse to render up. My dowry is yourself—saved; my dowry is the band of Grecian youth! Go now, wretch, compare with that your wealth of Sisyphus! That you are alive, that you take to wife one who, with the father she brings you, is of kingly station, that you have the very power of being ingrate—you owe to me. Whom, hark you, I will straight—but what boots it to foretell your penalty? My ire is in travail with mighty threats. Whither

quo feret ira, sequar ! facti fortasse pigebit—
et piget infido consuluisse viro.
viderit ista deus, qui nunc mea pectora versat !
nescio quid certe mens mea maius agit !

XIII

Laudamia Protesilao.

Mittit et optat amans, quo mittitur, ire salutem
Haemonis Haemonio Laudamia[1] viro.
Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari.
a, me cum fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat ?
tum freta debuerant vestris obsistere remis ;
illud erat saevis utile tempus aquis.
oscula plura viro mandataque plura dedissem ;
et sunt quae volui dicere multa tibi.
raptus es hinc praeceps, et qui tua vela vocaret,
quem cuperent nautae, non ego, ventus erat ;
ventus erat nautis aptus, non aptus amanti.
solvor ab amplexu, Protesilae, tuo,
linguaque mandantis verba inperfecta reliquit ;
vix illud potui dicere triste " vale ! "
Incubuit Boreas abreptaque vela tetendit,
iamque meus longe Protesilaus erat.
dum potui spectare virum, spectare iuvabat,
sumque tuos oculos usque secuta meis ;

[1] Laudamia $G\omega$: Laudomia P V.

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[a] Homer, *Il.* ii. 695 ff., refers to the story of Protesilaus, and Euripides uses it in his *Protesilaus*. Compare also Hyginus, *Fab.* ciii.

[b] With the rest of the Greek fleet, which was under divine

my ire leads, will I follow. Mayhap I shall repent me of what I do—but I repent me, too, of regard for a faithless husband's good. Be that the concern of the god who now embroils my heart! Something portentous, surely, is working in my soul!

XIII

Laodamia to Protesilaus

Greetings and health Haemonian Laodamia sends her Haemonian lord,[a] and desires with loving heart they go where they are sent.

[3] Report says you are held at Aulis by the wind.[b] Ah, when you were leaving me behind, where then was this wind? Then should the seas have risen to stay your oars; that was the fitting time for the floods to rage. I could have given my lord more kisses and laid upon him more behests: and many are the things I wished to say to you. But you were swept headlong hence; and the wind that invited forth your sails was one your seamen longed for, not I; it was a wind suited to seamen, not to one who loved. I must needs loose myself from your embrace, Protesilaus, and my tongue leave half unsaid what I would enjoin; scarce had I time to say that sad "Farewell!"

[15] Boreas came swooping down, seized on and stretched your sails, and my Protesilaus soon was far away. As long as I could gaze upon my lord, to gaze was my delight, and I followed your eyes ever

displeasure because Agamemnon had killed a stag in the grove of Diana.

ut te non poteram, poteram tua vela videre,
vela diu vultus detinuere meos.
at postquam nec te nec vela fugacia vidi,
et quod spectarem nil nisi pontus erat,
lux quoque tecum abiit, tenebrisque exanguis obortis
succiduo dicor procubuisse genu.
vix socer Iphiclus, vix me grandaevus Acastus,
vix mater gelida maesta refecit aqua;
officium fecere pium, sed inutile nobis.
indignor miserae non licuisse mori!
Ut rediit animus, pariter rediere dolores.
pectora legitimus casta momordit amor.
nec mihi pectendos cura est praebere capillos,
nec libet aurata corpora veste tegi.
ut quas pampinea tetigisse Bicorniger hasta,
creditur, huc illuc, qua furor egit, eo.
conveniunt matres Phylaceides[1] et mihi clamant:
"Indue regales, Laudamia, sinus!"
scilicet ipsa geram saturatas murice vestes,
bella sub Iliacis moenibus ille geret?
ipsa comas pectar, galea caput ille premetur?
ipsa novas vestes, dura vir arma feret?
qua[2] possum, squalore tuos imitata labores
dicar, et haec belli tempora tristis agam.
Dyspari Priamide, damno formose tuorum,
tam sis hostis iners, quam malus hospes eras!

[1] phylaceides $P_2\omega$: phyleides P_1: phylleides *Hein. Phyllos was a well known town in Thessaly.*
[2] Qua P_1: quo $P_2\omega$.

[a] The bacchic frenzy.

with my own; when I could no longer see you, I still could see your sails, and long your sails detained my eyes. But after I descried no more either you or your flying sails, and what my eyes rested on was naught but only sea, the light, too, went away with you, the darkness rose about me, my blood retreated, and with failing knee I sank, they say, upon the ground. Scarce your sire Iphiclus, scarce mine, the aged Acastus, scarce my mother, stricken with grief, could bring me back to life with water icy-cold. They did their kindly task, but it had no profit for me. 'Tis shame I had not in my misery the right to die!

29 When consciousness returned, my pain returned as well. The wifely love I bore you has torn at my faithful heart. I care not now to let my hair be dressed, nor does it pleasure me to be arrayed in robes of gold. Like those whom he of the two horns is believed to have touched with his vine-leafed rod, hither and thither I go, where madness drives.[a] The matrons of Phylace gather about, and cry to me: "Put on thy royal robes, Laodamia!" Shall I, then, go clad in stuffs that are saturate with costly purple, while my lord goes warring under the walls of Ilion? Am I to dress my hair, while his head is weighed down by the helm? Am I to wear new apparel while my lord wears hard and heavy arms? In what I can, they shall say I imitate your toils—in rude attire; and these times of war I will pass in gloom.

43 Ill-omened Paris, Priam's son, fair at cost of thine own kin, mayst thou be as inert a foe as thou wert a faithless guest! Would that either

aut te Taenariae faciem culpasse maritae,
aut illi vellem displicuisse tuam !
tu, qui pro rapta nimium, Menelae, laboras,
ei mihi, quam multis flebilis ultor eris !
di, precor, a nobis omen removete sinistrum,
et sua det Reduci vir meus arma Iovi !
sed timeo, quotiens subiit miserabile bellum ;
more nivis lacrimae sole madentis eunt.
Ilion et Tenedos Simoisque et Xanthus et Ide
nomina sunt ipso paene timenda sono.
nec rapere ausurus, nisi se defendere posset,
hospes erat ; vires noverat ille suas.
venerat, ut fama est, multo spectabilis auro
quique suo Phrygias corpore ferret opes,
classe virisque potens, per quae fera bella geruntur—
et sequitur regni pars quotacumque sui ?
his ego te vietam, consors Ledaea gemellis,
suspicor ; haec Danais posse nocere puto.[1]
Hectora, quisquis is est, si sum tibi cara, caveto ;
signatum memori pectore nomen habe !
hunc ubi vitaris, alios vitare memento
et multos illic Hectoras esse puta ;
et facito ut dicas, quotiens pugnare parabis :
"parcere me iussit Laudamia sibi."
si cadere Argolico fas est sub milite Troiam,
te quoque non ullum vulnus habente cadat !
pugnet et adversos tendat Menelaus in hostis ;[2]
hostibus e mediis nupta petenda viro est.

[1] 63, 64 *spurious Pa.* :
Hectora nescio quem timeo : Paris Hectora dixit
ferrea sanguinea bella movere manu ;

[2] 74, 75 *spurious Merk. Pa.* :
ut rapiat Paridi quam Paris ante sibi
inruat et causa quem vicit, vincat et armis :

thou hadst seen fault in the face of the Taenarian wife, or she had taken no pleasure in thine! Thou, Menelaus, who dost grieve o'ermuch for the stolen one, ah me, how many shall shed tears for thy revenge! Ye gods, I pray, keep from us the sinister omen, and let my lord hang up his arms to Jove-of-Safe-Return! But I am fearful as oft as the wretched war comes to my thoughts: my tears come forth like snow that melts beneath the sun. Ilion and Tenedos and Simois and Xanthus and Ida are names to be feared from their very sound. Nor would the stranger have dared the theft if he had not power to defend himself; his own strength he well knew. He arrived, they say, sightly in much gold, bearing upon his person the wealth of Phrygia, and potent in ships and men, with which fierce wars are fought —and how great a part of his princely power came with him? With means like these were you overcome, I suspect, O Leda's daughter, sister to the Twins; these are the things I feel may be working the Danaäns woe.

65 Of Hector, whoe'er he be, if I am dear to you, be ware; keep his name stamped in ever mindful heart! When you have shunned him, remember to shun others; think that many Hectors are there: and see that you say, as oft as you make ready for the fight: "Laodamia bade me spare herself." If it be fated Troy shall fall before the Argolic host, let it also fall without your taking a single wound! Let Menelaus battle, let him press to meet the foe; to seek the wife from the midst of the foe is the

causa tua est dispar ; tu tantum vivere pugna,
inque pios dominae posse redire sinus.
Parcite, Dardanidae, de tot, precor, hostibus uni,
ne meus ex illo corpore sanguis eat !
non est quem deceat nudo concurrere ferro,
saevaque in oppositos pectora ferre viros ;
fortius ille potest multo, quam pugnat, amare.
bella gerant alii ; Protesilaus amet !
Nunc fateor—volui revocare, animusque ferebat ;
substitit auspicii lingua timore mali.
cum foribus velles ad Troiam exire paternis,
pes tuus offenso limine signa dedit.
ut vidi, ingemui, tacitoque in pectore dixi :
" signa reversuri sint, precor, ista viri ! "
haec tibi nunc refero, ne sis animosus in armis ;
fac, meus in ventos hic timor omnis eat !
Sors quoque nescio quem fato designat iniquo,
qui primus Danaum Troada tangat humum.
infelix, quae prima virum lugebit ademptum !
di faciant, ne tu strenuus esse velis !
inter mille rates tua sit millensima puppis,
iamque fatigatas ultima verset aquas !
hoc quoque praemoneo : de nave novissimus exi ;
non est, quo properas, terra paterna tibi.
cum venies, remoque move veloque carinam
inque tuo celerem litore siste gradum !
Sive latet Phoebus seu terris altior exstat,
tu mihi luce dolor, tu mihi nocte venis,

husband's part. Your case is not the same; do you fight merely to live, and to return to your faithful queen's embrace.

[79] O ye sons of Dardanus, spare, I pray, from so many foes at least one, lest my blood flow from that body! He is not one it befits to engage with bared steel in the shock of battle, to present a savage breast to the opposing foe; his might is greater far in love than on the field. Let others go to the wars; let Protesilaus love!

[85] I confess now, I would have called you back, and my spirit strove; but my tongue stood still for fear of evil auspice. When you would fare forth from your paternal doors to Troy, your foot, stumbling upon the threshold, gave ill sign. At the sight I groaned, and in my secret heart I said: "May this, I pray, be omen that my lord return!" Of this I tell you now, lest you be too forward with your arms. See you make this fear of mine all vanish to the winds!

[93] There is a prophecy, too, that marks someone for an unjust doom—the first of the Danaäns to touch the soil of Troy. Unhappy she who first shall weep for her slain lord! The gods keep you from being too eager! Among the thousand ships let yours be the thousandth craft, and the last to stir the already wearied wave! This, too, I warn you of: be last to leave your ship; the land to which you haste is not your father's soil. When you return, then speed your keel with oar and sail at once, and on your own shore stay your hurried pace.

[103] Whether Phoebus be hid, or high above the earth he rise, you are my care by day, you come to me in the night; and yet more by night than in the

nocte tamen quam luce magis—nox grata puellis
quarum suppositus colla lacertus habet.
aucupor in lecto mendaces caelibe somnos;
dum careo veris gaudia falsa iuvant.
Sed tua cur nobis pallens occurrit imago?
cur venit a labris[1] multa querela tuis?
excutior somno simulacraque noctis adoro;
nulla caret fumo Thessalis ara meo;
tura damus lacrimamque super, qua sparsa relucet,
ut solet adfuso surgere flamma mero.
quando ego, te reducem cupidis amplexa lacertis,
languida laetitia solvar ab ipsa mea?
quando erit, ut lecto mecum bene innctus in uno
militiae referas splendida facta tuae?
quae mihi dum referes, quamvis audire iuvabit,
multa tamen capies oscula, multa dabis.
semper in his apte narrantia verba resistunt;
promptior est dulci lingua referre mora.
Sed cum Troia subit, subeunt ventique fretumque;
spes bona sollicito victa timore cadit.
hoc quoque, quod venti prohibent exire carinas,
me movet—invitis ire paratis aquis.
quis velit in patriam vento prohibente reverti?
a patria pelago vela vetante datis!
ipse suam non praebet iter Neptunus ad urbem.
quo ruitis? vestras quisque redite domos!
quo ruitis, Danai? ventos audite vetantis!
non subiti casus, numinis ista mora est.

[1] a labris *Birt. Sedl. Jackson* (*Trans. Camb. Phil. Soc. I, p.* 377 *n.*).

[a] The final flare when the fire at the altar is quenched.

light of day—night is welcome to women beneath whose necks an embracing arm is placed. I, in my widowed couch, can only court a sleep with lying dreams; while true joys fail me, false ones must delight.

109 But why does your face, all pale, appear before me? Why from your lips comes many a complaint? I shake slumber from me, and pray to the apparitions of night; there is no Thessalian altar without smoke of mine; I offer incense, and let fall upon it my tears, and the flame brightens up again as when wine has been sprinkled o'er.[a] When shall I clasp you, safe returned, in my eager arms, and lose myself in languishing delight? When will it be mine to have you again close joined to me on the same couch, telling me your glorious deeds in the field? And while you are telling them, though it delight to hear, you will snatch many kisses none the less, and will give me many back. The words of well-told tales meet ever with such stops as this; more ready for report is the tongue refreshed by sweet delay.

123 But when Troy rises in my thoughts, I think of the winds and sea; fair hope is overcome by anxious fear, and falls. This, too, moves me, that the winds forbid your keels to fare forth—yet you make ready to sail despite the seas. Who would be willing to return homeward with the wind saying nay? Yet you trim sail to leave your homes, though the sea forbids! Neptune himself will open up no way for you against his own city. Whither your headlong course? Return ye all to your own abodes! Whither your headlong course, O Danaäns? Heed the winds that say you nay! No sudden chance, but God himself, sends

quid petitur tanto nisi turpis adultera bello?
dum licet, Inachiae vertite vela rates!
sed quid ago? revoco? revocaminis omen abesto,
blandaque conpositas aura secundet aquas!
Troasin invideo, quae sic lacrimosa suorum
funera conspicient, nec procul hostis erit.
ipsa suis manibus forti nova nupta marito
inponet galeam Dardanaque arma dabit.
arma dabit, dumque arma dabit, simul oscula sumet—
hoc genus officii dulce duobus erit—
producetque virum, dabit et mandata reverti
et dicet: "referas ista fac arma Iovi!"
ille ferens dominae mandata recentia secum
pugnabit caute respicietque domum.
exuet haec reduci clipeum galeamque resolvet,
excipietque suo corpora lassa sinu.
Nos sumus incertae; nos anxius omnia cogit,
quae possunt fieri, facta putare timor.
dum tamen arma geres diverso miles in orbe,
quae referat vultus est mihi cera tuos;
illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba
dicimus, amplexus accipit illa meos.
crede mihi, plus est, quam quod videatur, imago;
adde sonum cerae, Protesilaus erit.
hanc specto teneoque sinu pro coniuge vero,
et, tamquam possit verba referre, queror.

that delay of yours. What is your quest in so great a war but a shameful wanton? While you may, reverse your sails, O ships of Inachus! But what am I doing? Do I call you back? Far from me be the omen of calling back; may caressing gales second a peaceful sea!

137 I envy the women who dwell in Troy, who will thus behold the tearful fates of them they love, with the foe not far away. With her own hand the newly wedded bride will set the helmet upon her valiant husband's head, and give into his hands the Dardanian arms. She will give him his arms, and the while she gives him arms will receive his kisses—a kind of office sweet to both—and will lead her husband forth, and lay on him the command to return, and say: "See that you bring once more those arms to Jove!" He, bearing fresh in mind with him the command of his mistress, will fight with caution, and be mindful of his home. When safe returned, she will strip him of his shield, unloose his helm, and receive to her embrace his wearied frame.

149 But we are left uncertain; we are forced by anxious fear to fancy all things befallen which may befall. None the less, while you, a soldier in a distant world, will be bearing arms, I keep a waxen image to give back your features to my sight; it hears the caressing phrase, it hears the words of love that are yours by right, and it receives my embrace. Believe me, the image is more than it appears; add but a voice to the wax, Protesilaus it will be. On this I look, and hold it to my heart in place of my real lord, and complain to it, as if it could speak again.

Per reditus corpusque tuum, mea numina, iuro,
perque pares animi coniugiique faces,[1] 160
me tibi venturam comitem, quocumque vocaris, 163
sive—quod heu! timeo—sive superstes eris.
ultima mandato claudetur epistula parvo :
si tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui!

XIV

Hypermestra Lynceo

Mittit Hypermestra de tot modo fratribus uni—
cetera nuptarum crimine turba iacet.
clausa domo teneor gravibusque coercita vinclis ;
est mihi supplicii causa fuisse piam.
quod manus extimuit iugulo demittere ferrum, 5
sum rea ; laudarer, si scelus ausa forem.
esse ream praestat, quam sic placuisse parenti ;
non piget immunes caedis habere manus.
me pater igne licet, quem non violavimus, urat,
quaeque aderant sacris, tendat in ora faces ; 10
aut illo iugulet, quem non bene tradidit ensem,
ut, qua non cecidit vir nece, nupta cadam—
non tamen, ut dicant morientia "paenitet!" ora,
efficiet. non est, quam piget esse piam.
paeniteat sceleris Danaum saevasque sorores ; 15
hic solet eventus facta nefanda sequi.

[1] 161, 162 *spurious Pa.* :
perque, quod ut videam canis albere capillis,
quod tecum possis ipse referre, caput.

159 By thy return and by thyself, who art my god, I swear, and by the torches alike of our love and our wedding-day, I will come to be thy comrade whithersoever thou dost call, whether that which, alas, I fear, shall come to pass, or whether thou shalt still survive. The last of my missive, ere it close, shall be the brief behest: if thou carest ought for me, then care thou for thyself!

XIV

Hypermnestra to Lynceus

Hypermnestra sends this letter to the one brother left of so many but now alive—the rest of the company lie dead by the crime of their brides. Kept close in the palace am I, bound with heavy chains; and the cause of my punishment is that I was faithful. Because my hand shrank from driving into your throat the steel, I am charged with crime; I should be praised, had I but dared the deed. Better be charged with crime than thus to have pleased my sire; I feel no regret at having hands free from the shedding of blood. My father may burn me with the flame [a] I would not violate, and hold to my face the torches that shone at my marriage rites; or he may lay to my throat the sword he falsely gave me, so that I, the wife, may die the death my husband did not die—yet he will not bring my dying lips to say "I repent me!" She is not faithful who regrets her faith. Let repentance for crime come to Danaus and my cruel sisters; this is the wonted event that follows on wicked deeds.

[a] Of the marriage-altar.

Cor pavet admonitu temeratae sanguine noctis,
et subitus dextrae praepedit ossa tremor.
quam tu caede putes fungi potuisse mariti,
scribere de facta non sibi caede timet!
Sed tamen experiar. modo facta crepuscula terris;
ultima pars lucis primaque noctis erat.
ducimur Inachides magni sub tecta Pelasgi,
et socer armatas accipit ipse nurus.
undique conlucent praecinctae lampades auro;
dantur in invitos inpia tura focos;
vulgus "Hymen, Hymenaee!" vocant. fugit ille vocantis;
ipsa Iovis coniunx cessit ab urbe sua!
ecce, mero dubii, comitum clamore frequentes,
flore novo madidas inpediente comas,
in thalamos laeti—thalamos, sua busta!—feruntur
strataque corporibus funere digna premunt.
Iamque cibo vinoque graves somnoque iacebant,
securumque quies alta per Argos erat—
circum me gemitus morientum audire videbar;
et tamen audibam,[1] quodque verebar erat.
sanguis abit, mentemque calor corpusque relinquit,
inque novo iacui frigida facta toro.
ut leni Zephyro graciles vibrantur aristae,
frigida populeas ut quatit aura comas,
aut sic, aut etiam tremui magis. ipse iacebas,
quaeque tibi dederam, vina[2] soporis erant.

[1] audibam *P Burm.*: audieram *s G*?: auditum *s*.
[2] vina *P G V ω*: plena *Pa*.

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[a] Inachus, Io, Epaphus, Libya, Belus, Danaus—was their descent. [b] King of Argos. [c] Aegyptus.

17 My heart is struck with fear at remembrance of that night profaned with blood, and sudden trembling fetters the bones of my right hand. She you think capable of having compassed her husband's death fears even to write of murder done by hands not her own!

21 Yet I shall essay to write. Twilight had just settled on the earth; it was the last part of day and the first of night. We daughters of Inachus[a] are escorted beneath the roof of great Pelasgus,[b] and our husbands' father[c] himself receives the armed brides of his sons. On every side shine bright the lamps girt round with gold; unholy incense is scattered on unwilling altar-fires; the crowd cry "Hymen, Hymenaeus!" The god shuns their cry; Jove's very consort has withdrawn from the city of her choice! Then, look you, confused with wine, they come in rout amidst the cries of their companions; with fresh flowers in their dripping locks, all joyously they burst into the bridal chambers —the bridal chambers, their own tombs!—and with their bodies press the couches that deserve to be funeral beds.

33 And now, heavy with food and wine they lay in sleep, and deep repose had settled on Argos, free from care—when round about me I seemed to hear the groans of dying men; nay, I heard indeed, and what I feared was true. My blood retreated, warmth left my body and soul, and on my newly-wedded couch all chill I lay. As the gentle zephyr sets a-quiver the slender stalk of grain, as wintry breezes shake the poplar leaves, even thus—yea, even more—did I tremble. Yourself lay quiet; the wine I had given you was the wine of sleep.

Excussere metum violenti iussa parentis ;
erigor et capio tela tremente manu.
non ego falsa loquar : ter acutum sustulit ensem,
ter male sublato reccidit ense manus.
admovi iugulo—sine me tibi vera fateri !—
admovi iugulo tela paterna tuo ;
sed timor et pietas crudelibus obstitit ausis,
castaque mandatum dextra refugit opus.
purpureos laniata sinus, laniata capillos
exiguo dixi talia verba sono :
" saevus, Hypermestra, pater est tibi ; iussa parentis
effice ; germanis sit comes iste suis !
femina sum et virgo, natura mitis et annis ;
non faciunt molles ad fera tela manus.
quin age, dumque iacet, fortis imitare sorores—
credibile est caesos omnibus esse viros !
si manus haec aliquam posset committere caedem,
morte foret dominae sanguinolenta suae.
hanc meruere necem patruelia regna tenendo ;
cum sene nos inopi turba vagamur inops.[1]
finge viros meruisse mori—quid fecimus ipsae ?
quo mihi commisso non licet esse piae ?
quid mihi cum ferro ? quo bellica tela puellae ?
aptior est digitis lana colusque meis."
Haec ego ; dumque queror, lacrimae sua verba sequuntur
deque meis oculis in tua membra cadunt.
dum petis amplexus sopitaque bracchia iactas,
paene manus telo saucia facta tua est.

[1] 114 *placed here by Hous. who omits* 62 *and* 113, *fabricated to accommodate the misplaced* 114.

43 Thought of my violent father's mandates struck away my fear. I rise, and clutch with trembling hand the steel. I will not tell you aught untrue: thrice did my hand raise high the piercing blade, and thrice, having basely raised it, fell again. I brought it to your throat—let me confess to you the truth!—I brought my father's weapon to your throat; but fear and tenderness kept me from daring the cruel stroke, and my chaste right hand refused the task enjoined. Rending the purple robes I wore, rending my hair, I spoke with scant sound such words as these: "A cruel father, Hypermnestra, thine; perform thy sire's command, and let thy husband there go join his brethren! A woman am I, and a maid, gentle in nature and in years; my tender hands ill suit fierce weapons. But come, while he lies there, do like as thy brave sisters—it well may be that all have slain their husbands! Yet had this hand power to deal out murder at all, it would be bloody with the death of its own mistress. They have deserved this end for seizing on their uncle's realms; we, helpless band, must wander in exile with our aged, helpless sire. Yet suppose our husbands have deserved to die—what have we done ourselves? What crime have I committed that I must not be free from guilt? What have swords to do with me? What has a girl to do with the weapons of war? More suited to my hands are the distaff and the wool."

67 Thus I to myself; and while I utter my complaint, my tears follow forth the words that start them, and from my eyes fall down upon your body. While you grope for my embrace and toss your slumbrous arms, your hand is almost wounded by

iamque patrem famulosque patris lucemque timebam
expulerunt somnos haec mea dicta tuos :
" surge age, Belide, de tot modo fratribus unus !
nox tibi, ni properas, ista perennis erit ! "
territus exsurgis ; fugit omnis inertia somni ;
adspicis in timida fortia tela manu.
quaerenti causam " dum nox sinit, effuge ! " dixi.
dum nox atra sinit, tu fugis, ipsa moror.
Mane erat, et Danaus generos ex caede iacentis
dinumerat. summae criminis unus abes.
fert male cognatae iacturam mortis in uno
et queritur facti sanguinis esse parum.
abstrahor a patriis pedibus, raptamque capillis—
haec meruit pietas praemia !—carcer habet.
Scilicet ex illo Iunonia permanet ira
cum bos ex homine est, ex bove facta dea.
at satis est poenae teneram mugisse puellam
nec, modo formosam, posse placere Iovi.
adstitit in ripa liquidi nova vacca parentis,
cornuaque in patriis non sua vidit aquis,
conatoque queri mugitus edidit ore
territaque est forma, territa voce sua.
quid furis, infelix ? quid te miraris in umbra ?
quid numeras factos ad nova membra pedes ?
illa Iovis magni paelex metuenda sorori
fronde levas nimiam caespitibusque famem,

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[a] Belus, Aegyptus, Lynceus.
[b] The story of Io, daughter of the river Inachus.

Vos modo venando, modo rus geniale colendo
ponitis in varia tempora longa mora.
aut fora vos retinent aut unctae dona [1] palaestrae,
flectitis aut freno colla sequacis equi;
nunc volucrem laqueo, nunc piscem ducitis hamo;
diluitur posito serior hora mero.
his mihi summotae, vel si minus acriter urar,
quod faciam, superest praeter amare nihil.
quod superest facio, teque, o mea sola voluptas,
plus quoque, quam reddi quod mihi possit, amo!
aut ego cum cara de te nutrice susurro,
quaeque tuum, miror, causa moretur iter;
aut mare prospiciens odioso concita vento
corripio verbis aequora paene tuis;
aut, ubi saevitiae paulum gravis unda remisit,
posse quidem, sed te nolle venire, queror;
dumque queror lacrimae per amantia lumina manant,
pollice quas tremulo conscia siccat anus.
saepe tui specto si sint in litore passus,
impositas tamquam servet harena notas;
utque rogem de te et scribam tibi, siquis Abydo
venerit, aut, quaero, siquis Abydon eat.
quid referam, quotiens dem vestibus oscula, quas tu
Hellespontiaca ponis iturus aqua?
Sic ubi lux acta est et noctis amicior hora
exhibuit pulso sidera clara die,
protinus in summo vigilantia lumina tecto
ponimus, adsuetae signa notamque viae,

[1] mane *Bent.*

[9] You men, now in the chase, and now husbanding the genial acres of the country, consume long hours in the varied tasks that keep you. Either the market-place holds you, or the sports of the supple wrestling-ground, or you turn with bit the neck of the responsive steed ; now you take the bird with the snare, now the fish with the hook ; and the later hours you while away with the wine before you. For me who am denied these things, even were I less fiercely aflame, there is nothing left to do but love. What there is left, I do ; and you, O sole delight of mine, I love with even greater love than could be returned to me ! Either with my dear nurse I whisper of you, and marvel what can keep you from your way ; or, looking forth upon the sea, I chide the billows stirred by the hateful wind, in words almost your own ; or, when the heavy wave has a little laid aside its fierce mood, I complain that you indeed could come, but will not ; and while I complain tears course from the eyes that love you, and the ancient dame who shares my secret dries them with tremulous hand. Often I look to see whether your footprints are on the shore, as if the sand would keep the marks impressed on it ; and, that I may inquire about you, and write to you, I still am asking if anyone has come from Abydos, or if anyone is going to Abydos. Why tell how many times I kiss the garments you lay aside when making ready to stem the waters of the Hellespont ?

[33] Thus, when the light is done and night's more friendly hour has driven out day and set forth the gleaming stars, straightway I place in the highest of our abode my watchful lamps, the signals to guide you on the accustomed way. Then, draw-

tortaque versato ducentes stamina fuso
feminea tardas fallimus arte moras.
Quid loquar interea tam longo tempore, quaeris?
nil nisi Leandri nomen in ore meo est.
"iamne putas exisse domo mea gaudia, nutrix,
an vigilant omnes, et timet ille suos?
iamne suas umeris illum deponere vestes,
pallade iam pingui tinguere membra putas?"
adnuit illa fere;[1] non nostra quod oscula curet,
sed movet obrepens somnus anile caput.
postque morae minimum "iam certe navigat,"
inquam,
"lentaque dimotis bracchia iactat aquis."
paucaque cum tacta perfeci stamina terra,
an medio possis, quaerimus, esse freto.
et modo prospicimus, timida modo voce precamur,
ut tibi det faciles utilis aura vias;
auribus incertas voces captamus, et omnem
adventus strepitum credimus esse tui.
Sic ubi deceptae pars est mihi maxima noctis
acta, subit furtim lumina fessa sopor.
forsitan invitus mecum tamen, inprobe, dormis,
et, quamquam non vis ipse venire, venis.
nam modo te videor prope iam spectare natantem,
bracchia nunc umeris umida ferre meis,
nunc dare, quae soleo, madidis velamina membris,
pectora nunc iuncto nostra fovere sinu
multaque praeterea linguae reticenda modestae,
quae fecisse iuvat, facta referre pudet.
me miseram! brevis est haec et non vera voluptas;
nam tu cum somno semper abire soles.

[1] fore *P V* ω.

ing with whirling spindle the twisted thread, with woman's art we beguile the slow hours of waiting.

39 What, meanwhile, I say through so long a time, you ask? Naught but Leander's name is on my lips. "Do you think my joy has already come forth from his home, my nurse? or are all waking, and does he fear his kin? Now do you think he is putting off the robe from his shoulders, and now rubbing the rich oil into his limbs?" She signs assent, most likely; not that she cares for my kisses, but slumber creeps upon her and lets nod her ancient head. Then, after slightest pause, "Now surely he is setting forth on his voyage," I say, "and is parting the waters with the stroke of his pliant arms." And when I have finished a few strands and the spindle has touched the ground, I ask whether you can be mid way of the strait. And now I look forth, and now in timid tones I pray that a favouring breeze will give you an easy course; my ears catch at uncertain notes, and at every sound I am sure that you have come.

55 When the greatest part of the night has gone by for me in such delusions, sleep steals upon my wearied eyes. Perhaps, false one, you yet pass the night with me, though against your will; perhaps you come, though yourself you do not wish to come. For now I seem to see you already swimming near, and now to feel your wet arms about my neck, and now to throw about your dripping limbs the accustomed coverings, and now to warm our bosoms in the close embrace—and many things else a modest tongue should say naught of, whose memory delights, but whose telling brings a blush. Ah me! brief pleasures these, and not the truth; for you are

firmius, o, cupidi tandem coeamus amantes,
nec careant vera gaudia nostra fide!
cur ego tot viduas exegi frigida noctes?
cur totiens a me, lente morator,[1] abes?
est mare, confiteor, nondum tractabile nauti;
nocte sed hesterna lenior aura fuit.
cur ea praeterita est? cur non ventura timebas?
tam bona cur periit, nec tibi rapta via est?
protinus ut similis detur tibi copia cursus,
hoc melior certe, quo prior, illa fuit.
At cito mutata est iactati forma profundi.
tempore, cum properas, saepe minore venis.
hic, puto, deprensus nil, quod quererēris, haberes,
meque tibi amplexo nulla noceret hiemps.
certe ego tum ventos audirem laeta sonantis,
et numquam placidas esse precarer aquas.
quid tamen evenit, cur sis metuentior undae
contemptumque prius nunc vereare fretum?
nam memini, cum te saevum veniente minaxque
non minus, aut multo non minus, aequor erat;
cum tibi clamabam: "sic tu temerarius esto,
ne miserae virtus sit tua flenda mihi!"
unde novus timor hic, quoque illa audacia fugit?
magnus ubi est spretis ille natator aquis?
Sis tamen hoc potius, quam quod prius esse solebas,
et facias placidum per mare tutus iter—
dummodo sis idem, dum sic, ut scribis, amemur,
flammaque non fiat frigidus illa cinis.

[1] morator VP_1 *s*: natator *ω* P_2.

ever wont to go when slumber goes. O more firmly let our eager loves be knit, and our joys be faithful and true! Why have I passed so many cold and lonely nights? Why, O tardy loiterer, are you so often away from me? The sea, I grant, is not yet fit for the swimmer; but yesternight the gale was gentler. Why did you let it pass? Why did you fear what was not to come? Why did so fair a night go by for naught, and you not seize upon the way? Grant that like chance for coming be given you soon; this chance was the better, surely, since 'twas the earlier.

77 But swiftly, you may say, the face of the storm-tossed deep was changed. Yet you often come in less time, when you are in haste. Overtaken here, you would have, methinks, no reason to complain, and while you held me close no storm would harm you. I surely should hear the sounding winds with joy, and should pray for the waters never to be calm. But what has come to pass, that you are grown more fearful of the wave, and dread the sea you before despised? For I call to mind your coming once when the flood was not less fierce and threatening—or not much less; when I cried to you: "Be ever rash with such good fortune, lest wretched I may have to weep for your courage!" Whence this new fear, and whither has that boldness fled? Where is that mighty swimmer who scorned the waters?

91 But no, be rather as you are than as you were wont to be before; make your way when the sea is placid, and be safe—so you are only the same, so we only love each other, as you write, and that flame of ours turn not to chill ashes. I do not fear so much

non ego tam ventos timeo mea vota morantes,
quam similis vento ne tuus erret amor,
ne non sim tanti, superentque pericula causam,
et videar merces esse labore minor.
Interdum metuo, patria ne laedar et inpar
dicar Abydeno Thressa puella toro.
ferre tamen possum patientius omnia, quam si
otia nescio qua paelice captus agis,
in tua si veniunt alieni colla lacerti,
fitque novus nostri finis amoris amor.
a, potius peream, quam crimine vulnerer isto,
fataque sint culpa nostra priora tua!
nec, quia venturi dederis mihi signa doloris,
haec loquor aut fama sollicitata nova.
omnia sed vereor—quis enim securus amavit?
cogit et absentes plura timere locus.
felices illas, sua quas praesentia nosse
crimina vera iubet, falsa timere vetat!
nos tam vana movet, quam facta iniuria fallit,
incitat et morsus error uterque pares.
o utinam venias, aut ut ventusve paterve
causaque sit certe femina nulla morae!
quodsi quam sciero, moriar, mihi crede, dolendo;
iamdudum pecca, si mea fata petis!
Sed neque peccabis, frustraque ego terreor istis,
quoque minus venias, invida pugnat hiemps.
me miseram! quanto planguntur litora fluctu,
et latet obscura condita nube dies!

the winds that hinder my vows as I fear that like the wind your love may wander—that I may not be worth it all, that your perils may outweigh their cause, and I seem a reward too slight for your toils.

99 Sometimes I fear my birthplace may injure me, and I be called no match, a Thracian maid, for a husband from Abydos. Yet could I bear with greater patience all things else than have you linger in the bonds of some mistress's charms, see other arms clasped round your neck, and a new love end the love we bear. Ah, may I rather perish than be wounded by such a crime, may fate overtake me ere you incur that guilt! I do not say these words because you have given sign that such grief will come to me, or because some recent tale has made me anxious, but because I fear everything—for who that loved was ever free from care? The fears of the absent, too, are multiplied by distance. Happy they whom their own presence bids know the true charge, and forbids to fear the false! Me wrongs imaginary fret, while the real I cannot know, and either error stirs equal gnawings in my heart. O, would you only come! or did I only know that the wind, or your father—at least, no woman—kept you back! Were it a woman, and I should know, I should die of grieving, believe me; sin against me at once, if you desire my death!

119 But you will not sin against me, and my fears of such troubles are vain. The reason you do not come is the jealous storm that beats you back. Ah, wretched me! with what great waves the shores are beaten, and what dark clouds envelop and hide the day! It may be the loving mother of

forsitan ad pontum mater pia venerit Helles,
mersaque roratis nata fleatur aquis—
an mare ab inviso privignae nomine dictum
vexat in aequoream versa noverca deam?
non favet, ut nunc est,[1] teneris locus iste puellis;
hac Helle periit, hac ego laedor aqua.
at tibi flammarum memori, Neptune, tuarum
nullus erat ventis inpediendus amor—
si neque Amymone nec, laudatissima forma,
criminis est Tyro fabula vana tui,
lucidaque Alcyone Calyceque Hecataeone nata,[2]
et nondum nexis angue Medusa comis,
flavaque Laudice caeloque recepta Celaeno,
et quarum memini nomina lecta mihi.
has certe pluresque canunt, Neptune, poetae
molle latus lateri conposuisse tuo.
cur igitur, totiens vires expertus amoris,
adsuetum nobis turbine claudis iter?
parce, ferox, latoque mari tua proelia misce!
seducit terras haec brevis unda duas.
te decet aut magnas magnum iactare carinas,
aut etiam totis classibus esse trucem;
turpe deo pelagi iuvenem terrere natantem,
gloriaque est stagno quolibet ista minor.
nobilis ille quidem est et clarus origine, sed non
a tibi suspecto ducit Ulixe genus.
da veniam servaque duos! natat ille, sed isdem
corpus Leandri, spes mea pendet aquis."

[1] utcumque est *Dilthey Ehw.*

[2] ceuceque et aveone *P*: celiceque et aveone *G*: ceyce et aveone *V*: Calyceque Ecatheone (Hecataeone) *Hein.*

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[a] Nephele, mother of Phrixus and Helle.

[b] Ino, second wife of Helle's father Athamas.

[c] "Such learned enumerations of the love adventures of

Helle has come to the sea, and is lamenting in down-pouring tears the drowning of her child [a]—or is the step-dame, turned to a goddess of the waters, vexing the sea that is called by her step-child's hated name? [b] This place, such as 'tis now, is aught but friendly to tender maids; by these waters Helle perished, by them my own affliction comes. Yet, Neptune, wert thou mindful of thine own heart's flames, thou oughtst let no love be hindered by the winds—if neither Amymone, nor Tyro much bepraised for beauty, are stories idly charged to thee, nor shining Alcyone, and Calycee, child of Hecataeon, nor Medusa when her locks were not yet twined with snakes, nor golden-haired Laodice and Celaeno taken to the skies, nor those whose names I mind me of having read.[c] These, surely, Neptune, and many more, the poets say in their songs have mingled their soft embraces with thine own. Why, then, dost thou, who hast felt so many times the power of love, close up with whirling storm the way we have learned to know? Spare us, impetuous one, and mingle thy battles out upon the open deep! These waters, that separate two lands, are scant. It befits thee, who art mighty, either to toss about the mighty keel, or to be fierce even with entire fleets; 'tis shame for the god of the great sea to terrify a swimming youth—that glory is less than should come from troubling any pond. Noble he is, to be sure, and of a famous stock, but he does not trace his line from the Ulysses thou dost not trust. Have mercy on him, and save us both! It is he who swims, but the limbs of Leander and all my hopes hang on the selfsame wave.

gods appear to have been a form of poetry cultivated by the Alexandrines." Purser, in Palmer p. 475.

Sternuit en [1] lumen !—posito nam scribimus illo—
sternuit et nobis prospera signa dedit.
ecce, merum nutrix faustos instillat in ignes,
"cras" que "crimus plures," inquit, et ipsa bibit.
effice nos plures, evicta per aequora lapsus,
o penitus toto corde recepte mihi !
in tua castra redi, socii desertor amoris ;
ponuntur medio cur mea membra toro ?
quod timeas, non est ! auso Venus ipsa favebit,
sternet et aequoreas aequore nata vias.
ire libet medias ipsi mihi saepe per undas,
sed solet hoc maribus tutius esse fretum.
nam cur hac vectis Phrixo Phrixique sorore
sola dedit vastis femina nomen aquis ?
Forsitan ad reditum metuas ne tempora desint,
aut gemini nequeas ferre laboris onus.
at nos diversi medium coeamus in aequor
obviaque in summis oscula demus aquis,
atque ita quisque suas iterum redeamus ad urbes ;
exiguum, sed plus quam nihil illud erit !
vel pudor hic utinam, qui nos clam cogit amare,
vel timidus famae cedere vellet amor !
nunc male res iunctae, calor et reverentia, pugnant.
quid sequar, in dubio est ; haec decet, ille iuvat.
ut semel intravit Colchos Pagasaeus Iason,
impositam celeri Phasida puppe tulit ;
ut semel Idaeus Lacedaemona venit adulter,
cum praeda rediit protinus ille sua.

[1] et *MSS.*: en *Bent. Hein.*

[a] She drops water into the flame of the lamp, either to clear the wick or to honour the omen.

151 My lamp has sputtered, see!—for I am writing with it near—it has sputtered and given us favouring sign. Look, nurse is pouring drops into auspicious fires.[a] "To-morrow," she says, "we shall be more," and herself drinks of the wine. Ah, do make us more, glide over the conquered wave, O you whom I have welcomed to all my inmost heart! Come back to camp, deserter of your ally love; why must I lay my limbs in the mid space of my couch? There is naught for you to fear! Venus' self will smile upon your venture; child of the sea, the paths of the sea she will make smooth. Oft am I prompted myself to go through the midst of the waves, but 'tis the wont of this strait to be safer for men. For why, though Phrixus and Phrixus' sister both rode this way, did the maiden alone give name to these wide waters?

165 Perhaps you fear the time may fail you for return, or you may not endure the effort of the twofold toil. Then let us both from diverse ways come together in mid sea, and give each other kisses on the waters' crest, and so return again each to his own town; 'twill be little, but more than naught! Would that either this shame that compels us to secret loving would cease, or else the love that fears men's speech. Now, two things that ill go together, passion and regard for men, are at strife. Which I shall follow is in doubt; the one becomes, the other delights. Once had Jason of Pagasae entered Colchis, and he set the maid of the Phasis in his swift ship and bore her off; once had the lover from Ida come to Lacedaemon, and he straight returned together with his prize. But you, as oft

tu quam saepe petis, quod amas, tam saepe relinquis,
et quotiens grave sit [1] puppibus ire, natas.
Sic tamen, o iuvenis tumidarum victor aquarum,
sic facito spernas, ut vereare, fretum!
arte laboratae merguntur ab aequore naves;
tu tua plus remis bracchia posse putas?
quod cupis, hoc nautae metuunt, Leandre, natare;
exitus hic fractis puppibus esse solet.
me miseram! cupio non persuadere, quod hortor,
sisque, precor, monitis fortior ipse meis—
dummodo pervenias excussaque saepe per undas
inicias umeris bracchia lassa meis!
Sed mihi, caeruleas quotiens obvertor ad undas,
nescio quae pavidum frigora [2] pectus habet.
nec minus hesternae confundor imagine noctis,
quamvis est sacris illa piata meis.
namque sub aurora, iam dormitante lucerna,
somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent,
stamina de digitis cecidere sopore remissis,
collaque pulvino nostra ferenda dedi.
hic ego ventosas nantem delphina per undas
cernere non dubia sum mihi visa fide,
quem postquam bibulis inlisit fluctus harenis,
unda simul miserum vitaque deseruit.
quidquid id est, timeo; nec tu mea somnia ride
nec nisi tranquillo bracchia crede mari!
si tibi non parcis, dilectae parce puellae,
quae numquam nisi te sospite sospes ero!

[1] sit *Vs Bent. Hous.*: fit *PG*.
[2] *So Burm.*: quod *P*: quae *VG*: quid G_2: frigora *V*: frigore *PG*: habent *s*: ha/// *V*: habet *PG*.

as you seek your love, so oft you leave her, and whene'er 'tis peril for boats to go, you swim.

181 Yet, O my young lover, though victor over the swollen waters, so spurn the sea as still to be in fear of it! Ships wrought with skill are overwhelmed by the wave; do you think your arms more powerful than oars? What you are eager for, Leander—to swim—is the sailor's fear; 'tis that follows ever on the wreck of ships. Ah, wretched me! I am eager not to persuade you to what I urge; may you be too strong, I pray, to yield to my admonition—only so you come to me, and cast about my neck the wearied arms oft beaten by the wave!

191 But, as often as I turn my face toward the dark blue wave, my fearful breast is seized by some hidden chill. Nor am I the less perturbed by a dream I had yesternight, though I have cleared myself of its threat by sacrifice. For, just before dawn, when my lamp was already dying down, at the time when dreams are wont to be true, my fingers were relaxed by sleep, the threads fell from them, and I laid my head down upon the pillow to rest. There in vision clear I seemed to see a dolphin swimming through the wind-tossed waters; and after the flood had cast it forth upon the thirsty sands, the wave, and at the same time life, abandoned the unhappy thing. Whatever it may mean, I fear; and you—nor smile at my dreams, nor trust your arms except to a tranquil sea! If you spare not yourself, spare the maid beloved by you, who never will be safe unless you are so! I have hope none the less that the waves

spes tamen est fractis vicinae pacis in undis;
tu[1] placidas toto[2] pectore finde vias!
interea nanti,[3] quoniam freta pervia non sunt,
leniat invisas littera missa moras.

XX

Acontius Cydippae

Pone metum! nihil hic iterum iurabis amanti;
promissam satis est te semel esse mihi.
perlege! discedat sic corpore languor ab isto,
quod meus est ulla parte dolere dolor!
Quid pudor ante subit? nam, sicut in aede Dianae,
suspicor ingenuas erubuisse genas.
coniugium pactamque fidem, non crimina posco;
debitus ut coniunx, non ut adulter amo.
verba licet repetas, quae demptus ab arbore fetus
pertulit ad castas me iaciente manus;
invenies illic, id te spondere, quod opto
te potius, virgo, quam meminisse deam.
nunc quoque idem timeo, sed idem tamen acrius illud;
adsumpsit vires auctaque flamma mora est,
quique fuit numquam parvus, nunc tempore longo
et spe, quam dederas tu mihi, crevit amor.

[1] tu $PG\omega$: tum Pa. [2] toto $PV\omega$: tuto $G_1 s$.
[3] nanti s: nandi PG_1.

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[a] In the temple of Diana at Delos, Acontius threw before Cydippe an apple inscribed: "I swear by the sanctuary

are broken and peace is near; do you cleave their paths while placid with all your might! Meanwhile, since the billows will not let the swimmer come, let the letter that I send you soften the hated hours of delay.

XX

Acontius to Cydippe

Lay aside your fears! here you will give no second oath to your lover; that you have pledged yourself to me once is enough.[a] Read to the end, and so may the languor leave that body of yours; that it feel pain in any part is pain to me!

[5] Why do your blushes rise before you read?—for I suspect that, just as in the temple of Diana, your modest cheeks have reddened. It is wedlock with you that I ask, and the faith you pledged me, not a crime; as your destined husband, not as a deceiver, do I love. You may recall the words which the fruit I plucked from the tree and threw to you brought to your chaste hands; you will find that in them you promise me what I pray that you, maiden, rather than the goddess, will remember. I am still as fearful as ever, but my fear has grown keener than it was; for the flame of my love has waxed with being delayed, and taken on strength, and the passion that was never slight has now grown great, fed by long time and the hope that you had given. Hope you had given; my ardent

of Diana that I will wed Acontius," which she read aloud, thus inadvertently pledging herself.

spem mihi tu dederas, meus hic tibi credidit ardor.
non potes hoc factum teste negare dea.
adfuit et, praesens ut erat, tua verba notavit
et visa est mota dicta tulisse[1] coma.
Deceptam dicas nostra te fraude licebit,
dum fraudis nostrae causa feratur amor.
fraus mea quid petiit, nisi uti tibi iungerer, unum?
id te, quod quereris, conciliare potest.
non ego natura nec sum tam callidus usu;
sollertem tu me, crede, puella, facis.
te mihi compositis—siquid tamen egimus—a me
adstrinxit verbis ingeniosus Amor.
dictatis ab eo feci sponsalia verbis,
consultoque fui iuris Amore vafer.
sit fraus huic facto nomen, dicarque dolosus,
si tamen est, quod ames, vèlle tenere dolus!
En, iterum scribo mittoque rogantia verba!
altera fraus haec est, quodque queraris habes.
si noceo, quod amo, fateor, sine fine nocebo
teque petam; caveas tu licet, usque[2] petam.
per gladios alii placitas rapuere puellas:
scripta mihi caute[3] littera crimen erit?
di faciant, possim plures inponere nodos,
ut tua sit nulla libera parte fides!
mille doli restant—clivo sudamus in imo;
ardor inexpertum nil sinet esse meus.
sit dubium, possisne capi; captabere certe.
exitus in dis est, sed capiere tamen.

[1] tulisse $PG\omega$ *Plan.*(?): probasse ω.
[2] usque s: ipse $P\omega$: ipsa GVs. [3] astute *Bent.*

heart put trust in you. You cannot deny that this was so—the goddess is my witness. She was there, and, present as she was, marked your words, and seemed, by the shaking of her locks, to have accepted them.

[21] I will give you leave to say you were deceived, and by wiles of mine, if only of those wiles my love be counted cause. What was the object of my wiles but the one thing—to be united with you? The thing you complain of has power to join you to me. Neither by nature nor by practice am I so cunning; believe me, maid, it is you who make me skilful. It was ingenious Love who bound you to me, with words—if I, indeed, have gained aught—that I myself drew up. In words dictated by him I made our betrothal bond; Love was the lawyer that taught me knavery. Let wiles be the name you give my deed, and let me be called crafty—if only the wish to possess what one loves be craft!

[33] Look, a second time I write, inditing words of entreaty! A second stratagem is this, and you have good ground for complaint. If I wrong you by loving, I confess I shall wrong you for ever, and strive to win you; though you shun my suit, I shall ever strive. With the sword have others stolen away the maids they loved; shall this letter, discreetly written, be called a crime? May the gods give me power to lay more bonds on you, so that your pledge may nowhere leave you free! A thousand wiles remain—I am only perspiring at the foot of the steep; my ardour will leave nothing unessayed. Grant 'tis doubtful whether you can be taken; the taking shall at least be tried. The issue rests with the gods, but you will be

ut partem effugias, non omnia retia falles,
quae tibi, quam credis, plura tetendit Amor.
si non proficient artes, veniemus ad arma,
inque [1] tui cupido rapta ferere sinu.
non sum, qui soleam Paridis reprehendere factum,
nec quemquam, qui vir, posset ut esse, fuit.
nos quoque—sed taceo! mors huius poena rapinae
ut sit, erit, quam te non habuisse, minor.
aut esses formosa minus, peterere modeste;
audaces facie cogimur esse tua.
tu facis hoc oculique tui, quibus ignea cedunt
sidera, qui flammae causa fuere meae;
hoc faciunt flavi crines et eburnea cervix,
quaeque, precor, veniant in mea colla manus,
et decor et vultus [2] sine rusticitate pudentes,
et, Thetidis qualis vix rear esse, pedes.
cetera si possem laudare, beatior essem,
nec dubito, totum quin sibi par sit opus.
hac ego conpulsus, non est mirabile, forma
si pignus volui vocis habere tuae.
Denique, dum captam tu te cogare fateri,
insidiis esto capta puella meis.
invidiam patiar; passo sua praemia dentur.
cur suus a tanto crimine fructus abest?
Hesionen Telamon, Briseida cepit Achilles;
utraque victorem nempe secuta virum.
quamlibet accuses et sis irata licebit,
irata liceat dum mihi posse frui.

[1] inque *MSS.*: vique *Pa.* [2] motus *Dilthey.*

taken none the less. You may evade a part, but you will not escape all the nets which Love, in greater number than you think, has stretched for you. If art will not serve, I shall resort to arms, and you will be seized and borne away in the embrace that longs for you. I am not the one to chide Paris for what he did, nor any one who, to become a husband, has been a man.[a] I, too—but I say nothing! Allow that death is fit punishment for this theft of you, it will be less than not to have possessed you. Or you should have been less beautiful, would you be wooed by modest means; 'tis by your charms I am driven to be bold. This is your work—your work, and that of your eyes, brighter than the fiery stars, and the cause of my burning love; this is the work of your golden tresses and that ivory throat, and the hands which I pray to have clasp my neck, and your comely features, modest yet not rustic, and feet which Thetis' own methinks could scarcely equal. If I could praise the rest of your charms, I should be happier; yet I doubt not that the work is like in all its parts. Compelled by beauty such as this, it is no cause for marvel if I wished the pledge of your word.

65 In fine, so only you are forced to confess yourself caught, be, if you will, a maid caught by my treachery. The reproach I will endure—only let him who endures have his just reward. Why should so great a charge lack its due profit? Telamon won Hesione, Briseis was taken by Achilles; each of a surety followed the victor as her lord. You may chide and be angry as much as you will, if only you let me enjoy you while you are angry. I who cause

[a] "Vir" is used in two senses—"husband" and "man of courage."

idem, qui facimus, factam tenuabimus iram,
copia placandi sit modo parva tui.
ante tuos liceat flentem[1] consistere vultus
et liceat lacrimis addere verba sua,[2]
utque solent famuli, cum verbera saeva verentur,
tendere submissas ad tua crura manus!
ignoras tua iura; voca! cur arguor absens?
iamdudum dominae more venire iube.
ipsa meos scindas licet imperiosa capillos,
oraque sint digitis livida nostra tuis.
omnia perpetiar; tantum fortasse timebo,
corpore laedatur ne manus ista meo.
Sed neque conpedibus nec me conpesce catenis—
servabor firmo vinctus amore tui!
cum bene se quantumque volet satiaverit ira,
ipsa tibi dices: "quam patienter amat!"
ipsa tibi dices, ubi videris omnia ferre:
"tam bene qui servit, serviat iste mihi!"
nunc reus infelix absens agor, et mea, cum sit
optima, non ullo causa tuente perit.
Hoc quoque—quantumvis[3] sit scriptum iniuria nostrum,
quod de me solo, nempe queraris habes.
non meruit falli mecum quoque Delia; si non
vis mihi promissum reddere, redde deae.
adfuit et vidit, cum tu decepta rubebas,
et vocem memori condidit aure tuam.
omina re careant! nihil est violentius illa,
cum sua, quod nolim, numina laesa videt.

[1] flentem *G Vs Plan.*: flentes P_1: flentem liceat ω.
[2] sua *Pa.*: sui *P*: suis *G*: meis ω: tuis *s*.
[3] quantumvis *Pa. at first*: quod tu via *G Pa.*

it will likewise assuage the wrath I stirred, let me but have a slight chance of appeasing you. Let me have leave to stand weeping before your face, and my tears have leave to add their own speech; and let me, like a slave in fear of bitter stripes, stretch out submissive hands to touch your feet! You know not your own right; call me! Why am I accused in absence? Bid me come, forthwith, after the manner of a mistress. With your own imperious hand you may tear my hair, and make my face livid with your fingers. I will endure all; my only fear perhaps will be lest that hand of yours be bruised on me.

[85] But bind me not with shackles nor with chains—I shall be kept in bonds by unyielding love for you. When your anger shall have had full course, and is sated well, you will say to yourself: "How enduring is his love!" You will say to yourself, when you have seen me bearing all: "He who is a slave so well, let him be slave to me!" Now, unhappy, I am arraigned in my absence, and my cause, though excellent, is lost because no one appears for me.

[93] This further—however much that writing of mine was a wrong to you, it is not I alone, you must know, of whom you have cause to complain. She of Delos was not deserving of betrayal with me; if faith with me you cannot keep, keep faith with the goddess. She was present and saw when you blushed at being ensnared, and stored away your word in a remembering ear. May your omens be groundless! Nothing is more violent than she when she sees—what I hope will not be!—her godhead wronged. The boar of Calydon

testis erit Calydonis aper, sic saevus, ut illo
  sit magis in natum saeva reperta parens.
testis et Actaeon, quondam fera creditus illis,
  ipse dedit leto cum quibus ante feras ;
quaeque superba parens saxo per corpus oborto
  nunc quoque Mygdonia flebilis adstat humo.
Ei mihi ! Cydippe, timeo tibi dicere verum,
  ne videar causa falsa monere mea ;
dicendum tamen est. hoc est,[1] mihi crede, quod aegra
  ipso nubendi tempore saepe iaces.
consulit ipsa tibi, neu sis periura, laborat,
  et salvam salva te cupit esse fide.
inde fit ut, quotiens existere perfida temptas,
  peccatum totiens corrigat illa tuum.
parce movere feros animosae virginis arcus ;
  mitis adhuc fieri, si patiare, potest.
parce, precor, teneros corrumpere febribus artus ;
  servetur facies ista fruenda mihi.
serventur vultus ad nostra incendia nati,
  quique subest niveo lenis[2] in ore rubor.
hostibus et siquis, ne fias nostra, repugnat,
  sic sit ut invalida te solet esse mihi !
torqueor ex aequo vel te nubente vel aegra
  dicere nec possum, quid minus ipse velim ;
maceror interdum, quod sim tibi causa dolendi
  teque mea laedi calliditate puto.
in caput ut nostrum dominae periuria quaeso
  eveniant ; poena tuta sit illa mea !

[1] tu *Ehw*. [2] lenis *P s* : levis *ω* : laetus *s*.

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[a] Meleager, whose mother Althaea's anger was inspired by Diana.

[b] Niobe, with the children of whom she boasted, was slain

will be my witness—fierce, yet so that a mother[a] was found to be fiercer than he against her own son. Actaeon, too, will witness, once on a time thought a wild beast by those with whom himself had given wild beasts to death: and the arrogant mother, her body turned to rock, who still sits weeping on Mygdonian soil.[b]

[107] Alas me! Cydippe, I fear to tell you the truth, lest I seem to warn you falsely, for the sake of my plea; yet tell it I must. This is the reason, believe me, why you oft lie ill on the eve of marriage.[c] It is the goddess herself, looking to your good, and striving to keep you from a false oath; she wishes you kept whole by the keeping whole of your faith. This is the reason why, as oft as you attempt to break your oath, she corrects your sin. Cease to invite forth the cruel bow of the spirited virgin; she still may be appeased, if only you allow. Cease, I entreat, to waste with fevers your tender limbs; preserve those charms of yours for me to enjoy. Preserve those features that were born to kindle my love, and the gentle blush that rises to grace your snowy cheek. May my enemies, and any who would keep you from my arms, so fare as I when you are ill! I am alike in torment whether you wed, or whether you are ill, nor can I say which I should wish the less; at times I waste with grief at thought that I may be cause of pain to you, and my wiles the cause of your wounds. May the false swearing of my lady come upon my head, I pray; mine be the penalty, and she thus be safe!

by Diana and Apollo. A "weeping Niobe" rock was pointed out in Mygdonia, a province of Phrygia.

[c] The day was often postponed.

Ne tamen ignorem, quid agas, ad limina crebro
anxius huc illuc dissimulanter eo ;
subsequor ancillam furtim famulumque requirens,
profuerint somni quid tibi quidve cibi.
me miserum, quod non medicorum iussa ministro,
effingoque manus, insideoque toro !
et rursus miserum, quod me procul inde remoto,
quem minime vellem, forsitan alter adest !
ille manus istas effingit, et adsidet aegrae
invisus superis cum superisque mihi,
dumque suo temptat salientem pollice venam,
candida per causam bracchia saepe tenet,
contrectatque sinus, et forsitan oscula iungit.
officio merces plenior ista suo est !
Quis tibi permisit nostras praecerpere messes ?
ad spes alterius quis tibi fecit iter ?
iste sinus meus est ! mea turpiter oscula sumis !
a mihi promisso corpore tolle manus !
inprobe, tolle manus ! quam tangis, nostra futura
est ;
postmodo si facies istud, adulter eris.
elige de vacuis quam non sibi vindicet alter ;
si nescis, dominum res habet ista suum.
nec mihi credideris—recitetur formula pacti ;
neu falsam dicas esse, fac ipsa legat !
alterius thalamo, tibi nos, tibi dicimus, exi !
quid facis hic ? exi ! non vacat iste torus !

129 Nevertheless, that I may not be ignorant of how you fare, now here, now there, I oft walk anxiously in secret before your door; I follow stealthily the maid-slave and the lackey, asking what change for good your sleep has brought, or what your food. Ah me, wretched, that I may not be the one to carry out the bidding of your doctors,[a] and may not stroke your hands and sit at the side of your bed! and again wretched, because when I am far removed from you, perhaps that other, he whom I least could wish, is with you! He is the one to stroke those dear hands, and to sit by you while ill, hated by me and by the gods above—and while he feels with his thumb your throbbing artery, he oft makes this the excuse for holding your fair, white arm, and touches your bosom, and, it may be, kisses you. A hire like this is too great for the service given!

143 Who gave you leave to reap my harvests before me? Who laid open the road for you to enter upon another's hopes? That bosom is mine! mine are the kisses you take! Away with your hands from the body pledged to me! Scoundrel, away with your hands! She whom you touch is to be mine; henceforth, if you do that, you will be adulterous. Choose from those who are free one whom another does not claim; if you do not know, those goods have a master of their own. Nor need you take my word—let the formula of our pact be recited; and, lest you say 'tis false, have her read it herself! Out with you from another's chamber, out with you, I say! What are you doing there? Out! That couch is not free! Because you, too,

[a] Administer the prescriptions.

nam quod habes et tu gemini verba altera pacti,
non erit idcirco par tua causa meae.
haec mihi se pepigit, pater hanc tibi, primus ab illa;
sed propior certe quam pater ipsa sibi est.
promisit pater hanc, haec et iuravit amanti;
ille homines, haec est testificata deam.
hic metuit mendax,[1] haec et periura vocari;
an dubitas, hic sit maior an ille metus?
denique, ut amborum conferre pericula possis,
respice ad eventus—haec cubat, ille valet.
nos quoque dissimili certamina mente subimus;
nec spes par nobis nec timor aequus adest.
tu petis ex tuto; gravior mihi morte repulsa est,
idque ego iam, quod tu forsan amabis, amo.
si tibi iustitiae, si recti cura fuisset,
cedere debueras ignibus ipse meis.
Nunc, quoniam ferus hic pro causa pugnat iniqua,
ad quid, Cydippe, littera nostra redit?
hic facit ut iaceas et sis suspecta Dianae;
hunc tu, si sapias, limen adire vetes.
hoc faciente subis tam saeva pericula vitae—
atque utinam pro te, qui movet illa, cadat!
quem si reppuleris, nec, quem dea damnat, amaris,
tu tunc continuo, certe ego salvus ero.
siste metum, virgo! stabili potiere salute,
fac modo polliciti conscia templa colas;
non bove mactato caelestia numina gaudent,
sed, quae praestanda est et sine teste, fide.

[1] *So* $P_2GV\omega$: ille timet mendax *Dilthey* P_1 *in erasure.*

have the words of a second pact, the twin of mine, your case will not on that account be equal with mine. She promised herself to me, her father her to you; he is first after her, but surely she is nearer to herself than her father is. Her father but gave promise of her, while she, too, made oath—to her lover; he called men to witness, she a goddess. He fears to be called false, she to be called forsworn also; do you doubt which—this or that—is the greater fear? In a word, even grant you could compare their hazards, regard the issue—for she lies ill, and he is strong. You and I, too, are entering upon a contest with different minds; our hopes are not equal, nor are our fears the same. Your suit is without risk; for me, repulse is heavier than death, and I already love her whom you, perhaps, will come to love. If you had cared for justice, or cared for what was right, you yourself should have given my passion the way.

171 Now, since his hard heart persists in its unjust course, Cydippe, to what conclusion does my letter come? It is he who is the cause of your lying ill and under suspicion of Diana; he is the one you would forbid your doors, if you were wise. It is his doing that you are facing such dire hazards of life—and would that he who causes them might perish in your place! If you shall have repulsed him and refused to love one the goddess damns, then straightway you—and I assuredly—will be whole. Stay your fears, maiden! You will possess abiding health, if only you honour the shrine that is witness of your pledge; not by slain oxen are the spirits of heaven made glad, but by good faith, which should be kept even though

ut valeant aliae, ferrum patiuntur et ignes,
fert aliis tristem sucus amarus opem.
nil opus est istis; tantum periuria vita
teque simul serva meque datamque fidem!
praeteritae veniam dabit ignorantia culpae—
exciderant animo foedera lecta tuo.
admonita es modo voce mea cum[1] casibus istis,
quos, quotiens temptas fallere, ferre soles.
his quoque vitatis in partu nempe rogabis,
ut tibi luciferas adferat illa manus?
audiet haec—repetens quae sunt audita, requiret,
iste tibi de quo coniuge partus eat.
promittes votum—scit te promittere falso;
iurabis—scit te fallere posse deos!
Non agitur de me; cura maiore laboro.
anxia sunt vitae pectora nostra tuae.
cur modo te dubiam pavidi flevere parentes,
ignaros culpae quos facis esse tuae?
et cur ignorent? matri licet omnia narres.
nil tua, Cydippe, facta ruboris[2] habent.
ordine fac referas ut sis mihi cognita primum
sacra pharetratae dum facit ipsa deae;
ut te conspecta subito, si forte notasti,
restiterim fixis in tua membra genis;
et, te dum nimium miror, nota certa furoris,
deciderint umero pallia lapsa meo[3];
postmodo nescio qua venisse volubile malum,
verba ferens doctis insidiosa notis.

[1] cum *Hous.*: modo *MSS.* [2] pudoris *s.*
[3] humeris . . . meis *Plan.(?) Merk. Sedl. Ehw.*

[a] A frequent epithet of Diana.

without witness. To win their health, some maids submit to steel and fire; to others, bitter juices bring their gloomy aid. There is no need of these; only shun false oaths, preserve the pledge you have given—and so yourself, and me! Excuse for past offence your ignorance will supply—the agreement you read had fallen from your mind. You have but now been admonished not only by word of mine, but as well by those mishaps of health you are wont to suffer as oft as you try to evade your promise. Even if you escape these ills, in child-birth will you dare pray for aid from her light-bringing[a] hands? She will hear these words—and then, recalling what she has heard, will ask of you from what husband come those pangs. You will promise a votive gift—she knows your promises are false; you will make oath—she knows you can deceive the gods!

197 'Tis not a matter of myself; the care I labour with is greater. It is concern for your life that fills my heart. Why, but now when your life was in doubt, did your frightened parents weep with fear, whom you keep ignorant of your crime? And why should they be ignorant?—you could tell your mother all. What you have done, Cydippe, needs no blush. See you relate in order how you first became known to me, while she was herself making sacrifice to the goddess of the quiver; how at sight of you, if perchance you noticed, I straight stood still with eyes fixed on your charms; and how, while I gazed on you too eagerly—sure mark of love's madness—my cloak slipped from my shoulder and fell; how, after that, in some way came the rolling apple, with its treacherous words in clever

quod quia sit lectum sancta praesente Diana,
esse tuam vinctam numine teste fidem
ne tamen ignoret, scripti sententia quae sit,
lecta tibi quondam nunc quoque verba refer.
"nube, precor," dicet, "cui te bona numina iungunt;
quem fore iurasti, sit gener ille mihi.
quisquis is est, placeat, quoniam placet ante Dianae!"
talis erit mater, si modo mater erit.
Sed tamen ut quaerat[1] quis sim qualisque, videto.
inveniet vobis consuluisse deam.
insula, Coryciis quondam celeberrima nymphis,
cingitur Aegaeo, nomine Cea, mari.
illa mihi patria est; nec, si generosa probatis
nomina, despectis arguor ortus avis.
sunt et opes nobis, sunt et sine crimine mores;
amplius utque nihil, me tibi iungit Amor.
appeteres talem vel non iurata maritum;
iuratae vel non talis habendus erat.
Haec tibi me in somnis iaculatrix scribere Phoebe;
haec tibi me vigilem scribere iussit Amor;
e quibus alterius mihi iam nocuere sagittae,
alterius noceant ne tibi tela, cave!
iuncta salus nostra est—miserere meique tuique;
quid dubitas unam ferre duobus opem?
quod si contigerit, cum iam data signa sonabunt,
tinctaque votivo sanguine Delos erit,

[1] ut quaerat *s*: et quaerat *ω*.

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[a] For the beginning of the ceremony.
[b] The sacrifices attendant upon Acontius' marriage to Cydippe.

character; and how, because they were read in holy Diana's presence, you were bound by a pledge with deity to witness. For fear that after all she may not know the import of the writing, repeat now again to her the words once read by you. "Wed, I pray," she will say, "him to whom the good gods join you; the one you swore should be, let be my son-in-law. Whoever he is, let him be our choice, since he was Diana's choice before!" Such will be your mother's word, if only she is a mother.

219 And yet, see that she seeks out who I am, and of what ways. She will find that the goddess had you and yours at heart. An isle once thronged by the Corycian nymphs is girdled by the Aegean sea; its name is Cea. That is the land of my fathers; nor, if you look with favour on high-born names, am I to be charged with birth from grandsires of no repute. We have wealth, too, and we have a name above reproach; and, though there were nothing else, I am bound to you by Love. You would aspire to such a husband even though you had not sworn; now that you have sworn, even though he were not such, you should accept him.

229 These words Phoebe, she of the darts, bade me in my dreams to write you; these words in my waking hours Love bade me write. The arrows of the one of them have already wounded me; that the darts of the other wound not you, take heed! Your safety is joined with mine — have compassion on me and on yourself; why hesitate to aid us both at once? If you shall do this, in the day when the sounding signals[a] will be given and Delos be stained with votive blood,[b] a golden image

aurea ponetur mali felicis imago,
causaque versiculis scripta duobus erit :

EFFIGIE POMI TESTATUR ACONTIUS HUIUS QUAE FUERINT IN EO SCRIPTA FUISSE RATA.

Longior infirmum ne lasset epistula corpus
clausaque consueto sit sibi fine : vale !

XXI

Cydippe Acontio

Pertimui, scriptumque tuum sine murmure legi,
iuraret ne quos inscia lingua deos.
et puto captasses iterum, nisi, ut ipse fateris,
promissam scires me satis esse semel.
nec lectura fui, sed, si tibi dura fuissem,
aucta foret saevae forsitan ira deae.
omnia cum faciam, cum dem pia tura Dianae,
illa tamen iusta plus tibi parte favet,
utque cupis credi, memori te vindicat ira ;
talis in Hippolyto vix fuit illa suo.
at melius virgo favisset virginis annis,
quos vereor paucos ne velit esse mihi.[1]
Languor enim causis non apparentibus haeret ;
adiuvor et nulla fessa medentis ope.
quam tibi nunc gracilem vix haec rescribere quamque
pallida vix cubito membra levare putas ?

[1] *Good MSS. and Plan. do not contain* 13—*end.*

[a] The chaste favourite of the goddess, courted by Phaedra, who compassed his death because of his refusal. See iv.

of the blessed apple shall be offered up, and the cause of its offering shall be set forth in verses twain :

BY THIS IMAGE OF THE APPLE DOTH ACONTIUS DECLARE THAT WHAT ONCE WAS WRITTEN ON IT NOW HATH HAD FULFILMENT FAIR.

That too long a letter may not weary your weakened frame, and that it may close with the accustomed end : fare well !

XXI

Cydippe to Acontius

All fearful, I read what you wrote without so much as a murmur, lest my tongue unwittingly might swear by some divinity. And I believe you would have tried to snare me a second time, did you not know, as you yourself confess, that one pledge from me was enough. I should not have read at all ; but had I been hard with you, the anger of the cruel goddess might have grown. Though I do everything, though I offer duteous incense to Diana, she none the less favours you more than your due, and, as you are eager for me to believe, avenges you with unforgetting anger ; scarce was she such toward her own Hippolytus.[a] Yet the maiden goddess had done better to favour the years of a maiden like me —years which I fear she wishes few for me.

13 For the languor clings to me, for causes that do not appear ; worn out, I find no help in the physician's art. How thin and wasted am I now, think you, scarce able to write this answer to you ?

nunc timor accedit, ne quis nisi conscia nutrix
colloquii nobis sentiat esse vices.
ante fores sedet haec quid agamque rogantibus intus,
ut possim tuto scribere, "dormit," ait.
mox, ubi, secreti longi causa optima, somnus
credibilis tarda desinit esse mora,
iamque venire videt quos non admittere durum est,
excreat et ficta dat mihi signa nota.
sicut erant, properans verba inperfecta relinquo,
et tegitur trepido littera coepta[1] sinu.
inde meos digitos iterum repetita fatigat;
quantus sit nobis adspicis ipse labor.
quo peream si dignus eras, ut vera loquamur;
sed melior iusto quamque mereris ego.
Ergo te propter totiens incerta salutis
commentis poenas doque dedique tuis?
haec nobis formae te laudatore superbae
contingit merces? et placuisse nocet?
si tibi deformis, quod mallem, visa fuissem,
culpatum nulla corpus egeret ope;
nunc laudata gemo, nunc me certamine vestro
perditis, et proprio vulneror ipsa bono.
dum neque tu cedis, nec se putat ille secundum,
tu votis obstas illius, ille tuis.
ipsa velut navis iactor quam certus in altum
propellit Boreas, aestus et unda refert,

[1] cauta *MSS.*: coepta *Dilthey.*

and how pale the body I scarce can raise upon my arm? And now I feel an added fear, lest someone besides the nurse who shares my secret may see that we are interchanging words. She sits before the door, and when they ask how I do within, answers, "She sleeps," that I may write in safety. Presently, when sleep, the excellent excuse for my long retreat, no longer wins belief because I tarry so, and now she sees those coming whom not to admit is hard, she clears her throat and thus gives me the sign agreed upon. Just as they are, in haste I leave my words unfinished, and the letter I have begun is hid in my trembling bosom. Taken thence, a second time it fatigues my fingers; how great the toil to me, yourself can see. May I perish if, to speak truth, you were worthy of it; but I am kinder than is just or you deserve.

31 So, then, 'tis on your account that I am so many times uncertain of health, and 'tis for your lying tricks that I am and have been punished? Is this the reward that falls to my beauty, proud in your praise? Must I suffer for having pleased? If I had seemed misshapen to you—and would I had!—you would have thought ill of my body, and now it would need no help; but I met with praise, and now I groan; now you two with your strife are my despair, and my own beauty itself wounds me. While neither you yield to him nor he deems him second to you, you hinder his prayers, he hinders yours. I myself am tossed like a ship which steadfast Boreas drives out into the deep, and tide and wave bring back, and when the

cumque dies caris optata parentibus instat,
inmodicus pariter corporis ardor adest—
ei mihi, coniugii tempus crudelis ad ipsum
Persephone nostras pulsat acerba fores!
iam pudet, et timeo, quamvis mihi conscia non sim,
offensos videar ne meruisse deos.
accidere haec aliquis casu contendit, at alter
acceptum superis hunc negat esse virum;
neve nihil credas in te quoque dicere famam,
facta veneficiis pars putat ista tuis.
causa latet, mala nostra patent; vos pace movetis
aspera submota proelia, plector ego!
Dic mihi [1] nunc, solitoque tibi ne decipe more:
quid facies odio, sic ubi amore noces?
si laedis, quod amas, hostem sapienter amabis—
me, precor, ut serves, perdere velle velis!
aut tibi iam nulla est speratae cura puellae,
quam ferus indigna tabe perire sinis,
aut, dea si frustra pro me tibi saeva rogatur,
quid mihi te iactas? gratia nulla tua est!
elige, quid fingas: non vis placare Dianam—
inmemor es nostri; non potes—illa tui est!
Vel numquam mallem vel non mihi tempore in illo
esset in Aegaeis cognita Delos aquis!
tunc mea difficili deducta est aequore navis,
et fuit ad coeptas hora sinistra vias.
quo pede processi! quo me pede limine movi!
picta citae tetigi quo pede texta ratis!

[1] dicam *MSS.*: dic a! *Pa.*: dic mihi *Bent.*

[a] Eager and spirited.

day longed for by my parents dear draws nigh, at the same time unmeasured burning seizes on my frame—ah me, at the very time of marriage cruel Persephone knocks at my door before her day! I already am shamed, and in fear, though I feel no guilt within, lest I appear to have merited the displeasure of the gods. One contends that my affliction is the work of chance; another says that my destined husband finds not favour with the gods; and, lest you think yourself untouched by what men say, there are also some who think you the cause, by poisonous arts. Their source is hidden, but my ills are clear to see; you two stir up fierce strife and banish peace, and the blows are mine!

[55] Tell me now, and deceive me not in your wonted way: what will you do from hatred, when you harm me so from love? If you injure one you love, 'twill be reason to love your foe—to save me, I pray you, will to wish my doom! Either you care no longer for the hoped-for maid, whom with hard heart you are letting waste away to an unworthy death, or if in vain you beseech for me the cruel goddess, why boast yourself to me?—you have no favour with her! Choose which case you will: you do not wish to placate Diana—you have forgotten me; you have no power with her—'tis she has forgotten you!

[65] I would I had either never—or not at that time—known Delos in the Aegean waters! That was the time my ship set forth on a difficult sea, and I entered on a voyage in ill-omened hour. With what step I came forth! With what step I started from my threshold! The painted deck of the swift ship—with what step I trod it! Twice,

bis tamen adverso redierunt carbasa vento—
mentior, a demens! ille secundus erat!
ille secundus erat qui me referebat euntem,
quique parum felix inpediebat iter.
atque utinam constans contra mea vela fuisset—
sed stultum est venti de levitate queri.
Mota loci fama properabam visere Delon
et facere ignava puppe videbar iter.
quam saepe ut tardis feci convicia remis,
questaque sum vento lintea parca dari!
et iam transieram Myconon, iam Tenon et Andron,
inque meis oculis candida Delos erat;
quam procul ut vidi, "quid me fugis, insula," dixi,
"laberis in magno numquid, ut ante, mari?"
Institeram terrae, cum iam prope luce peracta
demere purpureis sol iuga vellet equis.
quos idem solitos postquam revocavit ad ortus,
comuntur nostrae matre iubente comae.
ipsa dedit gemmas digitis et crinibus aurum,
et vestes umeris induit ipsa meis.
protinus egressae superis, quibus insula sacra est,[1]
flava salutatis tura merumque damus;
dumque parens aras votivo sanguine tingit,
festaque fumosis ingerit exta focis,
sedula me nutrix alias quoque ducit in aedes,
erramusque vago per loca sacra pede.
et modo porticibus spatior modo munera regum
miror et in cunctis stantia signa locis;

[1] grata est *Ps Bent.*

none the less, my canvas put about before an adverse wind—ah, senseless that I am, I lie!—a favouring wind was that! A favouring wind it was that brought me back from my going, and hindered the way that had little happiness for me. Ah, would it had been constant against my sails—but it is foolish to complain of fickle winds.

[77] Moved by the fame of the place, I was in eager haste to visit Delos, and the craft in which I sailed seemed spiritless. How oft did I chide the oars for being slow, and complain that sparing canvas was given to the wind! And now I had passed Myconos, now Tenos and Andros, and Delos gleamed[a] before my eyes. When I beheld it from afar, "Why dost thou fly from me, O isle?" I cried; "art thou afloat in the great sea, as in days of yore?"

[85] I had set foot upon land; the light was almost gone, and the sun was making ready to take their yokes from his shining steeds. When he has likewise called them once more to their accustomed rising, my hair is dressed at the bidding of my mother. With her own hand she sets gems upon my fingers and gold in my tresses, and with her own hand places the robes about my shoulders. Straightway setting forth, we greet the deities to whom the isle is consecrate, and offer up the golden incense and the wine; and while my mother stains the altars with votive blood, and piles the solemn entrails on the smoking altar-flames, my busy nurse conducts me to other temples also, and we stray with wandering step about the holy precincts. And now I walk in the porticoes, now look with wonder on the gifts of kings, and the statues standing everywhere; I

[a] The Greek islands are masses of limestone.

miror et innumeris structam de cornibus aram,
et de qua pariens arbore nixa dea est,
et quae praeterea—neque enim meminive libetve
quidquid ibi vidi dicere—Delos habet.
Forsitan haec spectans a te spectabar, Aconti,
visaque simplicitas est mea posse capi.
in templum redeo gradibus sublime Dianae—
tutior hoc ecquis debuit esse locus?
mittitur ante pedes malum cum carmine tali—
ei mihi, iuravi nunc quoque paene tibi!
sustulit hoc nutrix mirataque "perlege!" dixit.
insidias legi, magne poeta, tuas!
nomine coniugii dicto confusa pudore,
sensi me totis erubuisse genis,
luminaque in gremio veluti defixa tenebam—
lumina propositi facta ministra tui.
inprobe, quid gaudes? aut quae tibi gloria parta est?
quidve vir elusa virgine laudis habes?
non ego constiteram sumpta peltata securi,
qualis in Iliaco Penthesilea solo;
nullus Amazonio caelatus balteus auro,
sicut ab Hippolyte, praeda relata tibi est.
verba quid exultas tua si mihi verba dederunt,
sumque parum prudens capta puella dolis?
Cydippen pomum, pomum Schoeneida cepit;
tu nunc Hippomenes scilicet alter eris!

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[a] A great wonder in its time; built by Apollo of the horns of his sister's sacrificial victims.

[b] Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana.

[c] Penthesilea and Hippolyte were queens of the Amazons;

look with wonder, too, on the altar built of countless horns,[a] and the tree that stayed the goddess in her throes,[b] and all things else that Delos holds—for memory would not serve, nor mood allow, to tell of all I looked on there.

103 Perhaps, thus gazing, I was gazed upon by you, Acontius, and my simple nature seemed an easy prey. I return to Diana's temple, with its lofty approach of steps—ought any place to be safer than this?—when there is thrown before my feet an apple with this verse that follows—ah me, now again I almost made oath to you! Nurse took it up, looked in amaze, and "Read it through!" she said. I read your treacherous verse, O mighty poet! At mention of the name of wedlock I was confused and shamed, and felt the blushes cover all my face, and my eyes I kept upon my bosom as if fastened there—those eyes that were made ministers to your intent. Wretch, why rejoice? or what glory have you gained? or what praise have you won, a man, by playing on a maid? I did not present myself before you with buckler and axe in hand, like a Penthesilea on the soil of Ilion; no sword-girdle, chased with Amazonian gold, was offered you for spoil by me, as by some Hippolyte.[c] Why exult if your words deceived me, and I, a girl of little wisdom, was taken by your wiles? Cydippe was snared by the apple, an apple snared Schoeneus' child;[d] you now of a truth will be a second Hippomenes! Yet had it been

the former was slain by Achilles at Troy, the latter's sword-belt was won by Hercules as his sixth labour, and she was given by him in marriage to Theseus for his aid.

[d] Atalanta, who lost the race by stopping for the golden apples dropped by Hippomenes.

at fuerat melius, si te puer iste tenebat,
quem tu nescio quas dicis habere faces,[1]
more bonis solito spem non corrumpere fraude;
exoranda tibi, non capienda fui!
Cur, me cum peteres, ea non profitenda putabas,
propter quae nobis ipse petendus eras?
cogere cur potius quam persuadere volebas,
si poteram audita condicione capi?
quid tibi nunc prodest iurandi formula iuris
linguaque praesentem testificata deam?
quae iurat, mens est. nil coniuravimus illa;
illa fidem dictis addere sola potest.
consilium prudensque animi sententia iurat,
et nisi iudicii vincula nulla valent.
si tibi coniugium volui promittere nostrum,
exige polliciti debita iura tori;
sed si nil dedimus praeter sine pectore vocem,
verba suis frustra viribus orba tenes.
non ego iuravi—legi iurantia verba;
vir mihi non isto more legendus eras.
decipe sic alias—succedat epistula pomo!
si valet hoc, magnas ditibus[2] aufer opes;
fac iurent reges sua se tibi regna daturos,
sitque tuum toto quidquid in orbe placet!
maior es hoc ipsa multo, mihi crede, Diana,
si tua tam praesens littera numen habet.
Cum tamen haec dixi, cum me tibi firma negavi,
cum bene promissi causa peracta mei est,
confiteor, timeo saevae Latoidos iram
et corpus laedi suspicor inde meum.

[1] vices *Dilthey Ehw.* [2] ditibus *Hein.*: divitis *MSS.*

better for you—if that boy really held you captive who you say has certain torches—to do as good men are wont, and not cheat your hope by dealing falsely ; you should have won me by persuasion, not taken me whether or no !

129 Why, when you sought my hand, did you not think worth declaring those things that made your own hand worth my seeking? Why did you wish to compel me rather than persuade, if I could be won by listening to your suit? Of what avail to you now the formal words of an oath, and the tongue that called on present deity to witness? It is the mind that swears, and I have taken no oath with that; it alone can lend good faith to words. It is counsel and the prudent reasoning of the soul that swear, and, except the bonds of the judgment, none avail. If I have willed to pledge my hand to you, exact the due rights of the promised marriage-bed ; but if I have given you naught but my voice, without my heart, you possess in vain but words without a force of their own. I took no oath—I read words that formed an oath ; that was no way for you to be chosen to husband by me. Deceive thus other maids —let a letter follow an apple ! If this plan holds, win away their great wealth from the rich ; make kings take oath to give their thrones to you, and let whatsoever pleases you in all the world be yours ! You are much greater in this, believe me, than Diana's self, if your written word has in it such present deity.

151 Nevertheless, after saying this, after firmly refusing myself to you, after having finished pleading the cause of my promise to you, I confess I fear the anger of Leto's cruel daughter and suspect that from

nam quare, quotiens socialia sacra parantur,
  nupturae totiens languida membra cadunt ?
ter mihi iam veniens positas Hymenaeus ad aras
  fugit, et a thalami limine terga dedit,
vixque manu pigra totiens infusa resurgunt
  lumina, vix moto corripit igne faces.
saepe coronatis stillant unguenta capillis
  et trahitur multo splendida palla croco.
cum tetigit limen, lacrimas mortisque timorem
  cernit et a cultu multa remota suo,
proicit ipse sua deductas fronte coronas,
  spissaque de nitidis tergit amoma comis ;
et pudet in tristi laetum consurgere turba,
  quique erat in palla, transit in ora rubor.[1]
At mihi, vae miserae ! torrentur febribus artus
  et gravius iusto pallia pondus habent,
nostraque plorantes video super ora parentes,
  et face pro thalami fax mihi mortis adest.
parce laboranti, picta dea laeta pharetra,
  daque salutiferam iam mihi fratris opem.
turpe tibi est, illum causas depellere leti,
  te contra titulum mortis habere meae.
numquid, in umbroso cum velles fonte lavari,
  inprudens vultus ad tua labra tuli ?
praeteriine tuas de tot caelestibus aras,
  aque tua est nostra spreta parente parens ?

[1] 167, 168 *before* 165 *Merk.*

[a] A reference to Oeneus, whose neglect of Diana caused the coming of the Calydonian boar.

her comes my body's ill. For why is it that, as oft as the sacraments for marriage are made ready, so oft the limbs of the bride-to-be sink down in languor? Thrice now has Hymenaeus come to the altars reared for me and fled, turning his back upon the threshold of my wedding-chamber; the lights so oft replenished by his lazy hand scarce rise again, scarce does he keep the torch alight by waving it. Oft does the perfume distil from his wreathèd locks, and the mantle he sweeps along is splendid with much saffron. When he has touched the threshold, and sees tears and dread of death, and much that is far removed from the ways he keeps, with his own hand he tears the garlands from his brow and casts them forth, and dries the dense balsam from his glistening locks; he shames to stand forth glad in a gloomy throng, and the blush that was in his mantle passes to his cheeks.

169 But for me—ah, wretched!—my limbs are parched with fever, and the stuffs that cover me are heavier than their wont; I see my parents weeping over me, and instead of the wedding-torch the torch of death is at hand. Spare a maid in distress, O goddess whose joy is the painted quiver, and grant me the health-bringing aid of thy brother! It is shame to thee that he drive away the causes of doom, and that thou, in contrast, have credit for my death. Can it be that, when thou didst wish to bathe in shady pool, I without witting cast eyes upon thee at thy bath? Have I passed thy altars by, among those of so many deities of heaven?[a] Has thy mother been scorned by mine?[b] I have sinned in naught

[b] Niobe's boast of her children to Leto.

nil ego peccavi, nisi quod periuria legi
inque parum fausto carmine docta fui.
Tu quoque pro nobis, si non mentiris amorem,
tura feras ; prosint, quae nocuere, manus !
cur, quae succenset quod adhuc tibi pacta puella
non tua sit, fieri ne tua possit, agit ?
omnia de viva tibi sunt speranda ; quid aufert
saeva mihi vitam, spem tibi diva mei ?
Nec tu credideris illum, cui destinor uxor,
aegra superposita membra fovere manu.
adsidet ille quidem, quantum permittitur, ipse
sed meminit nostrum virginis esse torum.
iam quoque nescio quid de me sensisse videtur ;
nam lacrimae causa saepe latente cadunt,
et minus audacter blanditur et oscula rara
appetit [1] et timido me vocat ore suam.
nec miror sensisse, notis cum prodar apertis ;
in dextrum versor, cum venit ille, latus,
nec loquor, et tecto simulatur lumine somnus,
captantem tactus reicioque manum.
ingemit et tacito suspirat pectore, me quod
offensam, quamvis non mereatur, habet.
ei mihi, quod gaudes, et te iuvat ista voluntas ! [2]
ei mihi, quod sensus sum tibi fassa meos !
si mihi lingua foret,[3] tu nostra iustius ira,
qui mihi tendebas retia, dignus eras.
Scribis, ut invalidum liceat tibi visere corpus.
es procul a nobis, et tamen inde noces.
mirabar quare tibi nomen Acontius esset ;
quod faciat longe vulnus, acumen habes.

[1] appetit *Pa.*: accipit *MSS.*: admovet *Dilthey Ehw.*: applicat *Hous.*

[2] voluntas *J. F. Heusinger*: ista voluntas *P*: ipsa voluptas *Dilthey*. [3] *So L v*: ei mihi lingua labat *Ehw.*: etc.

except that I have read a false oath, and been clever with unpropitious verse.

183 Do you, too, if your love is not a lie, offer up incense for me; let the hands help which harmed me! Why does the hand which is angered because the maiden pledged you is not yet yours so act that yours she cannot become? While still I live you have everything to hope; why does the cruel goddess take from me my life, your hope of me from you?

189 Do not believe that he whose destined wife I am lays his hand on me to fondle my sick limbs. He sits by me, indeed, as much as he may, but does not forget that mine is a virgin bed. He seems already, too, to feel in some way suspicion of me; for his tears oft fall for some hidden cause, his flatteries are less bold, he asks for few kisses, and calls me his own in tones that are but timid. Nor do I wonder he suspects, for I betray myself by open signs; I turn upon my right side when he comes, and do not speak, and close my eyes in simulated sleep, and when he tries to touch me I throw off his hand. He groans and sighs in his silent breast, for he suffers my displeasure without deserving it. Ah me, that you rejoice and are pleased by that state of my will! Ah me, that I have confessed my feelings to you! If my tongue should speak my mind, 'twere you more justly deserved my anger—you, for having spread the net for me.

207 You write for leave to come and see me in my illness. You are far from me, and yet you wrong me even from there. I marvelled why your name was Acontius; it is because you have the keen point

certe ego convalui nondum de vulnere tali,
ut iaculo scriptis eminus icta tuis.
quid tamen huc venias? sane miserabile corpus,
ingenii videas magna [1] tropaea tui!
concidimus macie; color est sine sanguine, qualem
in pomo refero mente fuisse tuo,
candida nec mixto sublucent ora rubore.
forma novi talis marmoris esse solet;
argenti color est inter convivia talis,
quod tactum gelidae frigore pallet aquae.
si me nunc videas, visam prius esse negabis,
"arte nec est," dices, "ista petita mea,"
promissique fidem, ne sim tibi iuncta, remittes,
et cupies illud non meminisse deam.
forsitan et facies iurem ut contraria rursus,
quaeque legam mittes altera verba mihi.
Sed tamen adspiceres vellem, quod et ipse rogabas—
adspiceres sponsae languida membra tuae!
durius et ferro cum sit tibi pectus, Aconti,
tu veniam nostris vocibus ipse petas.
ne tamen ignores ope qua revalescere possim,
quaeritur a Delphis fata canente deo.
is quoque nescio quam, nunc ut vaga fama susurrat,
neclectam queritur testis habere fidem.
hoc deus, hoc vates, hoc et mea carmina dicunt—
at desunt voto carmina nulla tuo!
unde tibi favor hic? nisi si [2] nova forte reperta est
quae capiat magnos littera lecta deos.

[1] magna *Dilthey*: bina *L*: digna *van Lennep*.
[2] si *Pa.*: quod *L*: forte nova *πv*.

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[a] Ἀκόντιον, a javelin, *iaculum*.
[b] *I.e.* pray for the remission of my oath.

that deals a wound from afar.[a] At any rate, I am not yet well of just such a wound, for I was pierced by your letter, a far-thrown dart. Yet why should you come to me? Surely but a wretched body you would see—the mighty trophy of your skill. I have wasted and fallen away; my colour is bloodless, such as I recall to mind was the hue of that apple of yours, and my face is white, with no rising gleam of mingled red. Such is wont to be the fairness of fresh marble; such is the colour of silver at the banquet table, pale with the chill touch of icy water. Should you see me now, you will declare you have never seen me before, and say: "No arts of mine e'er sought to win a maid like that." You will remit me the keeping of my promise, in fear lest I become yours, and will long for the goddess to forget it all. Perhaps you will even a second time make me swear, but in contrary wise, and will send me words a second time to read.

227 But none the less I could wish you to look upon me, as you yourself entreated—to look upon the languid limbs of your promised bride! Though your heart were harder than steel, Acontius, you yourself would ask pardon for my uttered words.[b] Yet, that you be not unaware, the god who sings the fates at Delphi is being asked by what means I may grow strong again. He, too, as vague rumour whispers now, complains of the neglect of some pledge he was witness to. This is what the god says, this his prophet, and this the verses I read —surely, the wish of your heart lacks no support in prophetic verse! Whence this favour to you?—unless perhaps you have found some new writing the reading whereof ensnares even the mighty gods.

teque tenente deos numen sequor ipsa deorum,
doque libens victas in tua vota manus;
fassaque sum matri deceptae foedera linguae
lumina fixa tenens plena pudoris humo.
cetera cura tua est; plus hoc quoque virgine factum,
non timuit tecum quod mea charta loqui.
iam satis invalidos calamo lassavimus artus,
et manus officium longius aegra negat.
quid, nisi quod cupio me iam coniungere tecum,
restat? ut adscribat littera nostra: VALE.

And since you hold bound the gods, I myself follow their will, and gladly yield my vanquished hands in fulfilment of your prayers; with eyes full of shame held fast on the ground, I have confessed to my mother the pledge my tongue was trapped to give. The rest must be your care; even this, that my letter has not feared to speak with you, is more than a maid should do. Already have I wearied enough with the pen my weakened members, and my sick hand refuses longer its office. What remains for my letter, if I say that I long to be united with you soon? nothing but to add: FARE WELL!

II

THE AMORES

MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITIONS OF THE AMORES.

1. Codex Parisinus 8242, formerly called Puteanus, of the eleventh century, the best manuscript. It contains I. ii. 51—III. xii. 26; xiv. 3—xv. 8.
2. Codex Parisinus 7311 Regius, of the tenth century. It contains I. i. 3—ii. 49.
3. Codex Sangallensis 864, of the eleventh century. It contains I.—III. ix. 10, with omission of I. vi. 46—viii. 74.

The *Amores* were printed first in the two editiones principes of Ovid in 1471—one at Rome, and the other at Bologna, with independent texts. A Venetian edition appeared in 1491. They appeared in Heinsius in 1661.

The principal modern editions of the *Amores* are those of Heinsius-Burmann, Amsterdam, 1727; Lemaire, Paris, 1820; Merkel-Ehwald, Leipzig, 1888; Riese, 1889; Postgate's *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*, 1894; Némethy, Budapest, 1907; Brandt, Leipzig, 1911.

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS

P. = Parisinus.
S. = Sangallensis.
Hein. = Heinsius.
Merk. = Merkel.
Ehw. = Ehwald.

Burm. = Burmann.
Post. = Postgate.
Nem. = Némethy.
Pa. = Palmer.
Br. = Brandt.

IN APPRECIATION OF THE AMORES

The reader will not look to the *Amores* for profundity of any sort, whether of thought or emotion. Except in a general way, they are not even the expression of personal experience, to say nothing of depth of passion. Corinna is only one of several loves to whom the poet pays literary court, and it is more than doubtful whether even she is real.

It is exactly this absence of the serious that gives the *Amores* their peculiar charm—a charm different from that of either Catullus, whose passion is real, or Tibullus and Propertius, who also sing in somewhat serious strain. For all of his much loving, the poet of the *Amores* is philosophic in love, and his light-hearted freedom from its pains finds light and airy expression. No small number of them, indeed, are but slightly connected with love, and only a very few, as I. vii. and III. xi., seem prompted by anything that approaches genuine feeling. The *Amores* are above all the product of poetic fancy; the poet's experience with love of course contributes, and contributes abundantly—but it only contributes; it is the element that serves for the fusing of his artist's instinct with the literature of love with which his mind is saturated—the poetry of his Greek and Roman predecessors.

The heart that indites the matter of the *Amores* is no less free from suspicion of heaviness than the hand that obeys the heart; their language is limpid, smooth, and flowing, fit medium of their fluent and

my right o'er my lady-love be greater? The son of Tydeus left most vile example of offence. He was the first to smite a goddess[a]—I am the second! And he was less guilty than I. I injured her I professed to love; Tydeus' son was cruel with a foe.

35 Go now, victor, make ready mighty triumphs, circle your hair with laurel and pay your vows to Jove, and let the thronging retinue that follow your car cry out: "Ho! our valiant hero has been victorious over a girl!" Let her walk before, a downcast captive with hair let loose—from head to foot pure white, did her wounded cheeks allow! More fit had it been for her to be marked with the pressure of my lips, and to bear on her neck the print of caressing tooth. Finally, if I must needs be swept along like a swollen torrent, and blind anger must needs make me its prey, were it not enough to have cried out at the frightened girl, without the too hard threats I thundered? or to have shamed her by tearing apart her gown from top to middle?—her girdle would have come to the rescue there.

49 But, as it was, I could endure to rend cruelly the hair from her brow and mark with my nail her free-born cheeks. She stood there bereft of sense, with face bloodless and white as blocks of marble hewn from Parian cliffs. I saw her limbs all nerveless and her frame a-tremble—like the leaves of the poplar shaken by the breeze, like the slender reed set quivering by gentle Zephyr, or the surface of the wave when ruffled by the warm South-wind; and the tears, long hanging in her eyes, came flowing o'er her cheeks even as water distils from snow that is cast aside. 'Twas then that first I

tunc ego me primum coepi sentire nocentem—
sanguis erant lacrimae, quas dabat illa, meus.
ter tamen ante pedes volui procumbere supplex ;
ter formidatas reppulit [1] illa manus.
At tu ne dubita—minuet vindicta dolorem—
protinus in vultus unguibus ire meos.
nec nostris oculis nec nostris parce capillis :
quamlibet infirmas adiuvat ira manus ;
neve mei sceleris tam tristia signa supersint,
pone recompositas in statione comas !

VIII

Est quaedam—quicumque volet cognoscere lenam,
audiat !—est quaedam nomine Dipsas anus.
ex re nomen habet—nigri non illa parentem
Memnonis in roseis sobria vidit equis.
illa magas artes Aeaeaque carmina novit
inque caput liquidas arte recurvat aquas ;
scit bene, quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo
licia, quid valeat virus amantis equae.
cum voluit, toto glomerantur nubila caelo ;
cum voluit, puro fulget in orbe dies.
sanguine, siqua fides, stillantia [2] sidera vidi ;
purpureus Lunae sanguine vultus erat.
hanc ego nocturnas versam volitare per umbras
suspicor et pluma corpus anile tegi.

[1] retulit *P*: reppulit *usual reading*: rettudit *Ehw. Br.*
[2] stillantia *usual reading* : stellantia *P Nem.*

[a] Meaning "thirsty." [b] Aurora, the dawn.

began to feel my guilt—my blood it was that flowed when she shed those tears. Thrice, none the less, I would have cast myself before her feet a suppliant; though thrice thrust she back my dreadful hands.

63 But you, stay not—for your vengeance will lessen my grief—from straight assailing my features with your nails. Spare neither my eyes nor yet my hair: however weak the hand, ire gives it strength; or at least, that the sad signs of my misdeed may not survive, once more range in due rank your ordered locks.

VIII

There is a certain—whoso wishes to know of a bawd, let him hear!—a certain old dame there is by the name of Dipsas. Her name[a] accords with fact—she has never looked with sober eye upon black Memnon's mother, her of the rosy steeds.[b] She knows the ways of magic, and Aeaean incantations, and by her art turns back the liquid waters upon their source; she knows well what the herb can do, what the thread set in motion by the whirling magic wheel, what the poison of the mare in heat. Whenever she has willed, the clouds are rolled together over all the sky; whenever she has willed, the day shines forth in a clear heaven. I have seen, if you can believe me, the stars letting drop down blood; crimson with blood was the face of Luna. I suspect she changes form and flits about in the shadows of night, her aged body covered with plumage. I suspect, and rumour bears me out.

suspicor, et fama est. oculis quoque pupula duplex
fulminat, et gemino lumen ab orbe venit.[1]
evocat antiquis proavos atavosque sepuleris
et solidam longo carmine findit humum.
Haec sibi proposuit thalamos temerare pudicos ;
nec tamen eloquio lingua nocente caret.
fors me sermoni testem dedit ; illa monebat
talia—me duplices occuluere fores :
"scis here te, mea lux, iuveni placuisse beato ?
haesit et in vultu constitit usque tuo.
et cur non placeas ? nulli tua forma secunda est ;
me miseram, dignus corpore cultus abest !
tam felix esses quam formosissima, vellem—
non ego, te facta divite, pauper ero.
stella tibi oppositi nocuit contraria Martis.
Mars abiit ; signo nunc Venus apta suo.
prosit ut adveniens, en adspice ! dives amator
te cupiit ; curae, quid tibi desit, habet.
est etiam facies, quae se tibi conparet, illi ;
si te non emptam vellet, emendus erat."
Erubuit. "decet alba quidem pudor ora, sed iste,
si simules, prodest ; verus obesse solet.
cum bene deiectis gremium spectabis ocellis,
quantum quisque ferat, respiciendus erit.
forsitan inmundae Tatio regnante Sabinae
noluerint habiles pluribus esse viris ;
nunc Mars externis animos exercet in armis,
at Venus Aeneae regnat in urbe sui.

[1] venit *P* : micat P_1 *Nem. Br.*

[a] Pliny, *N.H.* vii. 16, 17, 18, speaks of women with double pupils.

From her eyes, too, double pupils dart their lightnings, with rays that issue from twin orbs.[a] She summons forth from ancient sepulchres the dead of generations far remote, and with long incantations lays open the solid earth.

19 This old dame has set herself to profane a modest union; her tongue is none the less without a baneful eloquence. Chance made me witness to what she said; she was giving these words of counsel—the double doors concealed me: "Know you, my light, that yesterday you won the favour of a wealthy youth? Caught fast, he could not keep his eyes from your face. And why should you not win favour? Second to none is your beauty. Ah me, apparel worthy of your person is your lack! I could wish you as fortunate as you are most fair—for with you become rich, I shall not be poor. Mars with contrary star is what has hindered you. Mars is gone; now favouring Venus' star is here. How her rising brings you fortune, lo, behold! A rich lover has desired you; he has interest in your needs. He has a face, too, that may match itself with yours; were he unwilling to buy, he were worthy to be bought.

35 My lady blushed.

"Blushes, to be sure, become a pale face, but the blush one feigns is the one that profits; real blushing is wont to be loss. With eyes becomingly cast down you will look into your lap, and regard each lover according to what he brings. It may be that in Tatius' reign the unadorned Sabine fair would not be had to wife by more than one: but now in wars far off Mars tries the souls of men, and 'tis Venus reigns in the city of her Aeneas. The

ludunt formosae ; casta est, quam nemo rogavit—
aut, si rusticitas non vetat, ipsa rogat.
has quoque, quas frontis rugas in vertice portas,[1]
excute ; de rugis crimina multa cadent.
Penelope iuvenum vires temptabat in arcu ;
qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.
labitur occulte fallitque volubilis aetas,
et celer admissis labitur annus equis.[2]
aera nitent usu, vestis bona quaerit haberi,
canescunt turpi tecta relicta situ—
forma, nisi admittas, nullo exercente senescit.
nec satis effectus unus et alter habent ;
certior e multis nec iam invidiosa rapina est.
plena venit canis de grege praeda lupis.
Ecce, quid iste tuus praeter nova carmina vates
donat ? amatoris milia multa leges.[3]
ipse deus vatum palla spectabilis aurea
tractat inauratae consona fila lyrae.
qui dabit, ille tibi magno sit maior Homero ;
crede mihi, res est ingeniosa dare.
nec tu, siquis erit capitis mercede redemptus,
despice ; gypsati crimen inane pedis.
nec te decipiant veteres circum atria cerae.
tolle tuos tecum, pauper amator, avos !
quin, quia pulcher erit, poscet sine munere noctem !
quod det, amatorem flagitet ante suum !
Parcius exigito pretium, dum retia tendis,
ne fugiant ; captos legibus ure tuis !

[1] *So the MSS.*: quae . . . portant *Burm. Ehw. Nem. Br.*
[2] ut . . . amnis aquis *N. Hein. Nem.* [3] feres *Nem.*

[a] The wrinkles are those of feigned austerity, the mask of a wanton life.
[b] Apollo. [c] Slaves offered for sale were thus marked.

beautiful keep holiday; chaste is she whom no one has asked—or, be she not too countrified, she herself asks first. Those wrinkles, too, which you carry high on your brow, shake off; from the wrinkles many a naughtiness will fall.[a] Penelope, when she used the bow, was making trial of the young men's powers; of horn was the bow that proved their strength. The stream of a lifetime glides smoothly on and is past before we know, and swift the year glides by with horses at full speed. Bronze grows bright with use; a fair garment asks for the wearing; the abandoned dwelling moulders with age and corrupting neglect—and beauty, so you open not your doors, takes age from lack of use. Nor, do one or two lovers avail enough; more sure your spoil, and less invidious, if from many. 'Tis from the flock a full prey comes to hoary wolves.

57 "Think, what does your fine poet give you besides fresh verses? You will get many thousands of lover's lines to read. The god of poets himself[b] attracts the gaze by his golden robe, and sweeps the harmonious chords of a lyre dressed in gold. Let him who will give be greater for you than great Homer; believe me, giving calls for genius. And do not look down on him if he be one redeemed with the price of freedom; the chalk-marked foot[c] is an empty reproach. Nor let yourself be deluded by ancient masks about the hall. Take thy grandfathers and go, thou lover who art poor! Nay, should he ask your favours without paying because he is fair, let him first demand what he may give from a lover of his own.

69 "Exact more cautiously the price while you spread the net, lest they take flight; once taken,

nec nocuit simulatus amor ; sine, credat amari,
et [1] cave ne gratis hic tibi constet amor !
saepe nega noctes. capitis modo finge dolorem,
et modo, quae causas praebeat, Isis erit.
mox recipe, ut nullum patiendi colligat usum,
neve relentescat saepe repulsus amor.
surda sit oranti tua ianua, laxa ferenti ;
audiat exclusi verba receptus amans ;
et, quasi laesa prior, nonnumquam irascere laeso—
vanescit culpa culpa repensa tua.
sed numquam dederis spatiosum tempus in iram ;
saepe simultates ira morata facit.
quin etiam discant oculi lacrimare coacti,
et faciant udas ille vel ille genas ;
nec, siquem falles, tu periurare timeto—
commodat in lusus numina surda Venus.
servus et ad partes sollers ancilla parentur,
qui doceant, apte quid tibi possit emi ;
et sibi pauca rogent—multos si pauca rogabunt,
postmodo de stipula grandis acervus erit.
et soror et mater, nutrix quoque carpat amantem ;
fit cito per multas praeda petita manus.
cum te deficient poscendi munera causae,
natalem libo testificare tuum !
Ne securus amet nullo rivale, caveto ;
non bene, si tollas proelia, durat amor.
ille viri videat toto vestigia lecto
factaque lascivis livida colla notis.
munera praecipue videat, quae miserit alter.
si dederit nemo, Sacra roganda Via est.

[1] et *P* : at *vulg.* : sed *ed. prin.*

[a] Where there were many shops.

prey upon them on terms of your own. Nor is there harm in pretended love; allow him to think he is loved, and take care lest this love bring you nothing in! Often deny your favours. Feign headache now, and now let Isis be what affords you pretext. After a time, receive him, lest he grow used to suffering, and his love grow slack through being oft repulsed. Let your portal be deaf to prayers, but wide to the giver; let the lover you welcome overhear the words of the one you have sped; sometimes, too, when you have injured him, be angry, as if injured first—charge met by counter-charge will vanish. But never give to anger long range of time; anger that lingers long oft causes breach. Nay, even let your eyes learn to drop tears at command, and the one or the other bedew at will your cheeks; nor fear to swear falsely if deceiving anyone—Venus lends deaf ears to love's deceits. Have slave and handmaid skilled to act their parts, to point out the apt gift to buy for you; and have them ask little gifts for themselves—if they ask little gifts from many persons, there will by-and-bye grow from straws a mighty heap. And have your sister and your mother, and your nurse, too, keep plucking at your lover; quickly comes the spoil that is sought by many hands. When pretext fails for asking gifts, have a cake to be sign to him your birthday is come.

95 "Take care lest he love without a rival, and feel secure; love lasts not well if you give it naught to fight. Let him see the traces of a lover o'er all your couch, and note about your neck the livid marks of passion. Above all else, have him see the presents another has sent. If no one has sent, you must ask of the Sacred Way.[a] When you have taken from

cum multa abstuleris, ut non tamen omnia donet,
quod numquam reddas, commodet, ipsa roga!
lingua iuvet mentemque tegat—blandire noceque;
inpia sub dulci melle venena latent.
Haec si praestiteris usu mihi cognita longo,
nec tulerint voces ventus et aura meas,
saepe mihi dices vivae bene, saepe rogabis,
ut mea defunctae molliter ossa cubent."
Vox erat in cursu, cum me mea prodidit umbra,
at nostrae vix se continuere manus,
quin albam raramque comam lacrimosaque vino
lumina rugosas distraherentque genas.
di tibi dent nullosque Lares inopemque senectam,
et longas hiemes perpetuamque sitim!

IX

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido;
Attice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.
quae bello est habilis, Veneri quoque convenit aetas.
turpe senex miles, turpe senilis amor.
quos petiere duces animos[1] in milite forti,
hos petit in socio bella puella viro.[2]
pervigilant ambo; terra requiescit uterque—
ille fores dominae servat, at ille ducis.
militis officium longa est via; mitte puellam,
strenuus exempto fine sequetur amans.

[1] *Rautenberg* [2] toro *Hein. Merk.*

him many gifts, in case he still give up not all he has, yourself ask him to lend—what you never will restore! Let your tongue aid you, and cover up your thoughts—wheedle while you despoil; wicked poisons have for hiding-place sweet honey.

105 "If you fulfil these precepts, learned by me from long experience, and wind and breeze carry not my words away, you will often speak me well as long as I live, and often pray my bones lie softly when I am dead."

109 Her words were still running, when my shadow betrayed me. But my hands could scarce restrain themselves from tearing her sparse white hair, and her eyes, all lachrymose from wine, and her wrinkled cheeks. May the gods give you no abode and helpless age, and long winters and everlasting thirst!

IX

Every lover is a soldier, and Cupid has a camp of his own; Atticus, believe me, every lover is a soldier. The age that is meet for the wars is also suited to Venus. 'Tis unseemly for the old man to soldier, unseemly for the old man to love. The spirit that captains seek in the valiant soldier is the same the fair maid seeks in the man who mates with her. Both wake through the night; on the ground each takes his rest—the one guards his mistress's door, the other his captain's. The soldier's duty takes him a long road; send but his love before, and the strenuous lover, too, will follow without end. He

ibit in adversos montes duplicataque nimbo
flumina, congestas exteret ille nives,
nec freta pressurus tumidos causabitur Euros
aptaque verrendis sidera quaeret aquis.
quis nisi vel miles vel amans et frigora noctis
et denso mixtas perferet imbre nives?
mittitur infestos alter speculator in hostes;
in rivale oculos alter, ut hoste, tenet.
ille graves urbes, hic durae limen amicae
obsidet; hic portas frangit, at ille fores.
Saepe soporatos invadere profuit hostes
caedere et armata vulgus inerme manu.
sic fera Threicii ceciderunt agmina Rhesi,
et dominum capti deseruistis equi.[a]
saepe maritorum somnis utuntur amantes,
et sua sopitis hostibus arma movent.
custodum transire manus vigilumque catervas
militis et miseri semper amantis opus.
Mars dubius nec certa Venus; victique resurgunt,
quosque neges umquam posse iacere, cadunt.
Ergo desidiam quicumque vocabat amorem,
desinat. ingenii est experientis amor.
ardet in abducta Briseide magnus Achilles—
dum licet, Argivas frangite, Troes, opes!
Hector ab Andromaches conplexibus ibat ad arma,
et, galeam capiti quae daret, uxor erat.
summa ducum, Atrides, visa Priameide fertur
Maenadis effusis obstipuisse comis.

[a] Under the arms of Ulysses and Diomedes.

will climb opposing mountains and cross rivers doubled by pouring rain, he will tread the high-piled snows, and when about to ride the seas he will not prate of swollen East-winds and look for fit stars ere sweeping the waters with his oar. Who but either soldier or lover will bear alike the cold of night and the snows mingled with dense rain? The one is sent to scout the dangerous foe; the other keeps eyes upon his rival as on a foeman. The one besieges mighty towns, the other the threshold of an unyielding mistress; the other breaks in doors, the one, gates.

[21] Oft hath it proven well to rush on the enemy sunk in sleep, and to slay with armèd hand the unarmed rout. Thus fell the lines of Thracian Rhesus,[a] and you, O captured steeds, left your lord behind. Oft lovers, too, take vantage of the husband's slumber, and bestir their own weapons while the enemy lies asleep. To pass through companies of guards and bands of sentinels is ever the task both of soldier and wretched lover. Mars is doubtful, and Venus, too, not sure; the vanquished rise again, and they fall you would say could never be brought low.

[31] Then whoso hath called love spiritless, let him cease. Love is for the soul ready for any proof. Aflame is great Achilles for Briseis taken away—men of Troy, crush while ye may, the Argive strength! Hector from Andromache's embrace went forth to arms, and 'twas his wife that set the helmet on his head. The greatest of captains, Atreus' son, they say, stood rapt at sight of Priam's daughter,[b] Maenad-like with her streaming hair.

[b] Cassandra and Agamemnon.

Mars quoque deprensus fabrilia vincula sensit;
notior in caelo fabula nulla fuit.
ipse ego segnis eram discinctaque in otia natus;
mollierant animos lectus et umbra meos.
inpulit ignavum formosae cura puellae
iussit et in castris aera merere suis.
inde vides agilem nocturnaque bella gerentem.
qui nolet fieri desidiosus, amet!

X

Qualis ab Eurota Phrygiis avecta carinis
coniugibus belli causa duobus erat,
qualis erat Lede, quam plumis abditus albis
callidus in falsa lusit adulter ave,
qualis Amymone siccis erravit in agris,[1]
cum premeret summi verticis urna comas—
talis eras; aquilamque in te taurumque timebam,
et quidquid magno de Iove fecit amor.
Nunc timor omnis abest, animique resanuit error,
nec facies oculos iam capit ista meos.
cur sim mutatus, quaeris? quia munera poscis.
haec te non patitur causa placere mihi.
donec eras simplex, animum cum corpore amavi;
nunc mentis vitio laesa figura tua est.
et puer est et nudus Amor; sine sordibus annos
et nullas vestes, ut sit apertus, habet.

[1] Argis *Burm.*

[a] The tale of Mars and Venus and Vulcan, told in Odyssey viii. 266–369.

[b] *I.e.* The couch on which he wrote his verses lying in the shade.

Mars, too, was caught, and felt the bonds of the smith; no tale was better known in heaven.[a] For myself, my bent was all to dally in ungirt idleness; my couch and the shade[b] had made my temper mild. Love for a beautiful girl has started me from craven ways and bidden me take service in her camp. For this you see me full of action, and waging the wars of night. Whoso would not lose all his spirit, let him love!

X

Such as was she who was carried from the Eurotas in Phrygian keel to be cause of war to her two lords; such as was Leda, whom the cunning lover deceived in guise of the bird with gleaming plumage; such as was Amymone,[c] going through thirsty fields with full urn pressing the locks on her head—such were you; and in my love for you I feared the eagle and the bull, and what other form soever love has caused great Jove to take.

[9] Now my fear is all away, and my heart is healed of straying; those charms of yours no longer take my eyes. Why am I changed, you ask? Because you demand a price. This is the cause that will not let you please me. As long as you were simple, I loved you soul and body; now your beauty is marred by the fault of your heart. Love is both a child and naked: his guileless years and lack of raiment are sign that he is free. Why bid the child

[c] Sent by her father Danaus for water, she attracted Neptune.

quid puerum Veneris pretio prostare iubetis?
quo pretium condat,[1] non habet ille sinum!
nec Venus apta feris Veneris nec filius armis—
non decet inbelles aera merere deos.
Stat meretrix certo cuivis mercabilis aere,
et miseras iusso corpore quaerit opes;
devovet imperium tamen haec lenonis avari
et, quod vos facitis sponte, coacta facit.
Sumite in exemplum pecudes ratione carentes;
turpe erit, ingenium mitius esse feris.
non equa munus equum, non taurum vacca poposcit;
non aries placitam munere captat ovem.
sola viro mulier spoliis exultat ademptis,
sola locat noctes, sola locanda venit,
et vendit quod utrumque iuvat quod uterque petebat,
et pretium, quanti gaudeat ipsa, facit.
quae Venus ex aequo ventura est grata duobus,
altera cur illam vendit et alter emit?
cur mihi sit damno, tibi sit lucrosa voluptas,
quam socio motu femina virque ferunt?
Non bene conducti vendunt periuria testes,
non bene selecti iudicis arca patet.
turpe reos empta miseros defendere lingua;
quod faciat magnas, turpe tribunal, opes;
turpe tori reditu census augere paternos,
et faciem lucro prostituisse suam.
gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemptis;
pro male conducto gratia nulla toro.

[1] condas *P*.

[a] *Sinus*, a pocket-like fold in the ancient garment.
[b] One of the praetor's panel.

of Venus offer himself for gain? He has no pocket where to put away his gain![a] Neither Venus nor her son is apt at service of cruel arms—it is not meet that unwarlike gods should draw the soldier's pay.

21 'Tis the harlot stands for sale at the fixed price to anyone soe'er, and wins her wretched gains with body at the call; yet even she calls curses on the power of the greedy pander, and does because compelled what you perform of your own will.

25 Look for pattern to the beasts of the field, unreasoning though they are; 'twill shame you to find the wild things gentler than yourself. Mare never claimed gift from stallion, nor cow from bull; the ram courts not the favoured ewe with gift. 'Tis only woman glories in the spoil she takes from man, she only hires out her favours, she only comes to be hired, and makes a sale of what is delight to both and what both wished, and sets the price by the measure of her own delight. The love that is to be of equal joy to both—why should the one make sale of it, and the other purchase? Why should my pleasure cause me loss, and yours to you bring gain—the pleasure that man and woman both contribute to?

37 It is not honour for witnesses to make false oaths for gain, nor for the chosen juror's[b] purse to lie open for the bribe. 'Tis base to defend the wretched culprit with purchased eloquence; the court that makes great gains is base; 'tis base to swell a patrimony with a revenue from love, and to offer one's own beauty for a price. Thanks are due and deserved for boons unbought; no thanks are felt for love that is meanly hired. He who has made

omnia conductor solvit; mercede soluta
non manet officio debitor ille tuo.
parcite, formosae, pretium pro nocte pacisci;
non habet eventus sordida praeda bonos.
non fuit armillas tanti pepigisse [1] Sabinas,
ut premerent sacrae virginis arma caput;
e quibus exierat, traiecit viscera ferro
filius, et poenae causa monile fuit.
Nec tamen indignum est a divite praemia posci;
munera poscenti quod dare possit, habet.
carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas;
praebeat Alcinoi poma benignus ager!
officium pauper numerat studiumque fidemque;
quod quis habet, dominae conferat omne suae.
est quoque carminibus meritas celebrare puellas
dos mea; quam volui, nota fit arte mea.
scindentur vestes, gemmae frangentur et aurum;
carmina quam tribuent, fama perennis erit.
nec dare, sed pretium posci dedignor et odi;
quod nego poscenti, desine velle, dabo!

XI

Colligere incertos et in ordine ponere crines
docta neque ancillas inter habenda Nape,

[1] eligisse *P*: tetigisse *s*: pepigisse sinistras *ed. prin.*

[a] The Vestal Tarpeia asked as the price of her treason what the Sabines had on their left arms, meaning their armlets of gold, but was crushed beneath the shields they carried there.

the hire pays all; when the price is paid he remains no more a debtor for your favour. Spare, fair ones, to ask a price for your love; a sordid gain can bring no good in the end. 'Twas not worth while for the holy maid to bargain for the Sabine armlets, only that arms should crush her down;[a] a son once pierced with the sword the bosom whence he came, and a necklace was the cause of the mother's pain.[b]

53 And yet it is no shame to ask for presents from the rich; they have wherefrom to give you when you ask. Pluck from full vines the hanging clusters; let the genial field of Alcinous yield its fruits! He who is poor counts out to you as pay his service, zeal, and faithfulness; the kind of wealth each has, let him bring it all to the mistress of his heart. My dower, too, it is to glorify the deserving fair in song; whoever I have willed is made famous by my art. Gowns will be rent to rags, and gems and gold be broke to fragments; the glory my songs shall give will last for ever. 'Tis not the giving but the asking of a price, that I despise and hate. What I refuse at your demand, cease only to wish, and I will give!

XI

Nape, O adept in gathering and setting in order scattered locks, and not to be numbered among handmaids, O Nape known for useful ministry in

[b] Knowing that the Fates had decreed his death in case he went, Eriphyle, for a necklace, caused her husband Amphiaraus to be one of the seven against Thebes, and was slain by Alcmaeon, her son.

inque ministeriis furtivae cognita noctis
utilis et dandis ingeniosa notis
saepe venire ad me dubitantem hortata Corinnam,
saepe laboranti fida reperta mihi—
accipe et ad dominam peraratas mane tabellas
perfer et obstantes sedula pelle moras!
nec silicum venae nec durum in pectore ferrum,
nec tibi simplicitas ordine maior adest.
credibile est et te sensisse Cupidinis arcus—
in me militiae signa tuere tuae!
si quaeret quid agam, spe noctis vivere dices;
cetera fert blanda cera notata manu.
Dum loquor, hora fugit. vacuae bene redde tabellas,
verum continuo fac tamen illa legat.
adspicias oculos mando frontemque legentis;
e tacito vultu scire futura licet.
nec mora, perlectis rescribat multa, iubeto;
odi, cum late splendida cera vacat.
conprimat ordinibus versus, oculosque moretur
margine in extremo littera rasa meos.
Quid digitos opus est graphio lassare tenendo?
hoc habeat scriptum tota tabella "veni!"
non ego victrices lauro redimire tabellas
nec Veneris media ponere in aede morer.
subscribam: "VENERI FIDAS SIBI NASO MINISTRAS
DEDICAT, AT NUPER VILE FUISTIS ACER."

the stealthy night and skilled in the giving of the signal, oft urging Corinna when in doubt to come to me, often found tried and true to me in times of trouble—receive and take early to your mistress these tablets I have inscribed, and care that nothing hinder or delay! Your breast has in it no vein of flint or unyielding iron, nor are you simpler than befits your station. One could believe you, too, had felt the darts of Cupid—in aiding me defend the standards of your own campaigns! Should she ask how I fare, you will say 'tis my hope of her favour that lets me live; as for the rest, 'tis charactered in the wax by my fond hand.

15 While I speak, the hour is flying. Give her the tablets while she is happily free, but none the less see that she reads them straight. Regard her eyes and brow, I enjoin you, as she reads; though she speak not, you may know from her face what is to come. And do not wait, but bid her write much in answer when she has read; I hate when a fine, fair page is widely blank. See she pack the lines together, and long detain my eyes with letters traced on the outermost marge.

23 What need to tire her fingers by holding of the pen? Let the whole tablet have writ on it only this: "Come!" Then straight would I take the conquering tablets, and bind them round with laurel, and hang them in the mid of Venus' shrine. I would write beneath: "TO VENUS NASO DEDICATES HIS FAITHFUL AIDS; YET BUT NOW YOU WERE ONLY MEAN MAPLE."

XII

Flete meos casus—tristes rediere tabellae
infelix hodie littera posse negat.
omina sunt aliquid; modo cum discedere vellet,
ad limen digitos restitit icta Nape.
missa foras iterum limen transire memento
cautius atque alte sobria ferre pedem!
Ite hinc, difficiles, funebria ligna, tabellae,
tuque, negaturis cera referta notis!—
quam, puto, de longae collectam flore cicutae
melle sub infami Corsica misit apis.
at tamquam minio penitus medicata rubebas—
ille color vere sanguinolentus erat.
proiectae triviis iaceatis, inutile lignum,
vosque rotae frangat praetereuntis onus!
illum etiam, qui vos ex arbore vertit in usum,
convincam puras non habuisse manus.
praebuit illa arbor misero suspendia collo,
carnifici diras praebuit illa cruces;
illa dedit turpes ravis [1] bubonibus umbras,
vulturis in ramis et strigis ova tulit.
his ego commisi nostros insanus amores
molliaque ad dominam verba ferenda dedi?
aptius hae capiant vadimonia garrula cerae,
quas aliquis duro cognitor ore legat;
inter ephemeridas melius tabulasque iacerent,
in quibus absumptas fleret avarus opes.

[1] ravis *N. Hein.*: rasis *P*: raris *Arund.*: raucis *many*.

XII

Weep for my misfortune—my tablets have returned with gloomy news! The unhappy missive says: "Not possible to-day." There is something in omens; just now as Nape would leave, she tripped her toe upon the threshold and stopped. When next you are sent abroad, remember to take more care as you cross, and soberly to lift your foot full clear!

[7] Away from me, ill-natured tablets, funereal pieces of wood, and you, wax close writ with characters that will say me nay!—wax which I think was gathered from the flower of the long hemlock by the bee of Corsica and sent us under its ill-famed honey. Yet you had a blushing hue, as if tinctured deep with minium—but that colour was really a colour from blood. Lie there at the crossing of the ways, where I throw you, useless sticks, and may the passing wheel with its heavy load crush you! Yea, and the man who converted you from a tree to an object for use, I will assure you, did not have pure hands. That tree, too, lent itself to the hanging of some wretched neck, and furnished the cruel cross to the executioner; it gave its foul shade to hoarse horned owls, and its branches bore up the eggs of the screech-owl and the vulture. To tablets like these did I insanely commit my loves and give my tender words to be carried to my lady? More fitly would such tablets receive the wordy bond, for some judge to read in dour tones; 'twere better they should lie among day-ledgers, and accounts in which some miser weeps o'er money spent.

Ergo ego vos rebus duplices pro nomine sensi.
auspicii numerus non erat ipse boni.
quid precer iratus, nisi vos cariosa senectus
rodat, et inmundo cera sit alba situ ?

XIII

Iam super oceanum venit a seniore marito
flava pruinoso quae vehit axe diem.
"Quo properas, Aurora ? mane !—sic Memnonis umbris
annua sollemni caede parentet avis !
nunc iuvat in teneris dominae iacuisse lacertis ;
si quando, lateri nunc bene iuncta meo est.
nunc etiam somni pingues et frigidus aer,
et liquidum tenui gutture cantat avis.
quo properas, ingrata viris, ingrata puellis ?
roscida purpurea supprime lora manu !
Ante tuos ortus melius sua sidera servat
navita nec media nescius errat aqua ;
te surgit quamvis lassus veniente viator,
et miles saevas aptat ad arma manus.
prima bidente vides oneratos arva colentes ;
prima vocas tardos sub iuga panda boves.
tu pueros somno fraudas tradisque magistris,
ut subeant tenerae verbera saeva manus ;[1]

[1] 15-18 *omitted by Ps : elsewhere after* 10.

[a] They were *tabellae duplices*, double tablets.
[b] Tithonus was immortal, but not immortally young.
[c] From the ashes of Memnon, Aurora's son, king of

[27] Yes, I have found you double in your dealings, to accord with your name.[a] Your very number was an augury not good. What prayer should I make in my anger, unless that rotten old age eat you away, and your wax grow colourless from foul neglect?

XIII

She is coming already over the ocean from her too-ancient husband[b]—she of the golden hair who with rimy axle brings the day.

[3] "Whither art thou hasting, Aurora? Stay!—so may his birds each year make sacrifice to the shades of Memnon their sire in the solemn combat![c] 'Tis now I delight to lie in the tender arms of my love; if ever, 'tis now I am happy to have her close by my side. Now, too, slumber is deep and the air is cool, and birds chant liquid song from their slender throats. Whither art thou hasting, O unwelcome to men, unwelcome to maids? Check with rosy hand the dewy rein!

[11] "Before thy rising the seaman better observes his stars, and does not wander blindly in mid water; at thy coming rises the wayfarer, however wearied, and the soldier fits his savage hands to arms. Thou art the first to look on men tilling the field with the heavy mattock; thou art the first to summon the slow-moving steer beneath the curvèd yoke. Thou cheatest boys of their slumbers and givest them over to the master, that their tender hands may yield to the cruel stroke; and likewise many dost thou send

Ethiopia, sprang the Memnonides, birds which honoured him in the manner described.

atque eadem sponsum multos[1] ante atria mittis,
unius ut verbi grandia damna ferant.
nec tu consulto, nec tu iucunda diserto;
cogitur ad lites surgere uterque novas.
tu, cum feminei possint cessare labores,
lanificam revocas ad sua pensa manum.
Omnia perpeterer—sed surgere mane puellas,
quis nisi cui non est ulla puella ferat?
optavi quotiens, ne nox tibi cedere vellet,
ne fugerent vultus sidera mota tuos!
optavi quotiens, aut ventus frangeret axem,
aut caderet spissa nube retentus equus![2]
invida, quo properas? quod erat tibi filius ater,
materni fuerat pectoris ille color.
Tithono vellem de te narrare liceret;
femina non caelo turpior ulla foret.
illum dum refugis, longo quia grandior aevo,
surgis ad invisas a sene mane rotas.
at si, quem mavis,[3] Cephalum conplexa teneres,
clamares: "lente currite, noctis equi!"
Cur ego plectar amans, si vir tibi marcet ab annis?
num me nupsisti conciliante seni?
adspice, quot somnos iuveni donarit amato
Luna!—neque illius forma secunda tuae.
ipse deum genitor, ne te tam saepe videret,
commisit noctes in sua vota duas."

[1] *So Withof*: sponsum cultos *P*: sponsum consulti *s*: sponsum cives *Pa.*: atque vades sponsum stultos *Ehw.*

[2] 31, 32 *omitted by P s*:

quid, si Cephalio numquam flagraret amore?
an putat ignotam nequitiam esse suam?

[3] mavis *Riese*: malis *Merk.*: magis *P*: manibus *s*.

as sponsors before the court, to undergo great losses through a single word. Thou bringest joy neither to lawyer nor to pleader; each is ever compelled to rise for cases new. 'Tis thou, when women might cease from toil, who callest back to its task the hand that works the wool.

25 "I could endure all else—but who, unless he were one without a maid, could bear that maids should rise betimes? How often have I longed that night should not give place to thee, that the stars should not be moved to fly before thy face! How often have I longed that either the wind should break thine axle, or thy steed be tripped by dense cloud, and fall! O envious, whither dost thou haste? The son born to thee was black, and that colour was the hue of his mother's heart.

35 "I would Tithonus were free to tell of thee; no woman in heaven would be known for greater shame. Flying from him because long ages older, thou risest early from the ancient man to go to the chariot-wheels he hates. Yet, hadst thou thy favoured Cephalus in thy embrace, thou wouldst cry: 'Run softly, steeds of night!'

41 "Why should I be harried in love because thy mate is wasting with years? Didst thou wed an ancient man because I made the match? Look, how many hours of slumber has Luna bestowed upon the youth she loves![a]—and her beauty is not second to thine. The very father of the gods, that he need not see thee so oft, made two nights into one to favour his desires."[b]

[a] Endymion.
[b] Jove and Alcmene, mother of Hercules.

Iurgia finieram. scires audisse: rubebat—
nec tamen adsueto tardius orta dies!

XIV

Dicebam "medicare tuos desiste capillos!"
tingere quam possis, iam tibi nulla coma est.
at si passa fores, quid erat spatiosius illis?
contigerant imum, qua patet usque, latus.
quid, quod erant tenues, et quos ornare timeres?
vela colorati qualia Seres habent,
vel pede quod gracili deducit aranea filum,
cum leve deserta sub trabe nectit opus.
nec tamen ater erat nec erat tamen aureus ille,
sed, quamvis neuter, mixtus uterque color—
qualem clivosae madidis in vallibus Idae
ardua derepto cortice cedrus habet.
Adde, quod et dociles et centum flexibus apti
et tibi nullius causa doloris erant.
non acus abrupit, non vallum pectinis illos.
ornatrix tuto corpore semper erat;
ante meos saepe est oculos ornata nec umquam
bracchia derepta saucia fecit acu.
saepe etiam nondum digestis mane capillis
purpureo iacuit semisupina toro.
tum quoque erat neclecta decens, ut Threcia Bacche,
cum temere in viridi gramine lassa iacet.
Cum graciles essent tamen et lanuginis instar,
heu, male[1] vexatae quanta tulere comae!

[1] male *Ps*: mala *vulg.*

[47] I had brought my chiding to an end. You might know she had heard: she blushed—and yet the day arose no later than its wont!

XIV

I used to say: "Stop drugging that hair of yours!" Now you have no locks to dye! Yet, had you suffered it, what were more abundant than they? They had come to touch your side even to its lowest part. Yes, and they were fine in texture, so fine that you feared to dress them; they were like the gauzy coverings the dark-skinned Seres wear, or the thread drawn out by the slender foot of the spider when he weaves his delicate work beneath the deserted beam. And yet their colour was not black, nor yet was it golden, but, although neither, a mingling of both hues—such as in the dewy vales of precipitous Ida belongs to the lofty cedar stripped of its bark.

[13] Add that they were both docile and suited to a hundred ways of winding, and never caused you whit of pain. The needle did not tear them, nor the palisade of the comb. The hair-dresser's person was ever safe; oft has my love's toilet been made before my eyes, and she never snatched up hairpin to wound her servant's arms. Often, too, in early morning when her hair was not yet dressed, she has lain half supine on her purple couch. Even then, in her neglect, she was comely, like a Thracian Bacchante lying careless and wearied on the green turf.

[23] And yet, seeing they were delicate and like to down, alas, what woes were theirs, and what tortures they endured! With what patience did

quam se praebuerunt ferro patienter et igni,
ut fieret torto nexilis [1] orbe sinus!
clamabam: "scelus est istos, scelus urere crines!
sponte decent; capiti, ferrea, parce tuo!
vim procul hinc remove! non est, qui debeat uri;
erudit [2] admotas ipse capillus acus."
Formosae periere comae—quas vellet Apollo,
quas vellet capiti Bacchus inesse suo!
illis contulerim, quas quondam nuda Dione
pingitur umenti sustinuisse manu.
quid male dispositos quereris periisse capillos?
quid speculum maesta ponis, inepta, manu?
non bene consuetis a te spectaris ocellis;
ut placeas, debes immemor esse tui.
non te cantatae laeserunt paelicis herbae,
non anus Haemonia perfida lavit aqua;
nec tibi vis morbi nocuit—procul omen abesto!—
nec minuit densas invida lingua comas.
facta manu culpaque tua dispendia sentis;
ipsa dabas capiti mixta venena tuo.
Nunc tibi captivos mittet Germania crines;
culta triumphatae munere gentis eris.
o quam saepe comas aliquo mirante rubebis,
et dices: "empta nunc ego merce probor,
nescio quam pro me laudat nunc iste Sygambram.
fama tamen memini cum fuit ista mea."

[1] nexilis *vulg.*: rexilis *P*: textilis *s*: flexilis *Burm. Ném.*
[2] circuit *Martinon.*

[a] Pliny mentions a picture of Venus rising from the sea, by Apelles.

they yield themselves to iron and fire to form the close-curling ringlet with its winding orb! I kept crying out: "'T is crime, 't is crime to burn those tresses! They are beautiful of themselves; spare your own head, O iron-hearted girl! Away from there with force! That is no hair should feel the fire; your curls themselves can school the irons you apply!"

31 The beautiful tresses are no more—such as Apollo could desire, such as Baechus could desire, for their own heads! I could compare with them the tresses which nude Dione is painted holding up of yore with dripping fingers.[a] Why do you lament the ruin of your ill-ordered hair? why lay aside your mirror with sorrowing hand, silly girl? You are gazed upon by yourself with eyes not well accustomed to the sight; to find pleasure there, you must forget your old-time self. No rival's enchanted herbs have wrought you ill, no treacherous grandam has laved your hair with water from Haemonian land;[b] nor has violent illness harmed—far from us be the omen! —nor envious tongue diminished your dense locks. The loss you feel was wrought you by your own hand and fault; yourself applied the mingled poison to your head.

45 Now Germany will send you tresses from captive women; you will be adorned by the bounty of the race we lead in triumph. O how oft, when someone looks at your hair, will you redden, and say: "The ware I have bought is what brings me favour now. 'T is some Sygambrian woman that yonder one is praising now, instead of me. Yet I remember when that glory was my own."

[b] Thessaly was famed as the home of sorcery.

Me miserum! lacrimas male continet oraque dextra
protegit ingenuas picta rubore genas.
sustinet antiquos gremio spectatque capillos,
ei mihi, non illo munera digna loco!
Collige cum vultu mentem! reparabile damnum est.
postmodo nativa conspiciere coma.

XV

Quid mihi, Livor edax, ignavos obicis annos,
ingeniique vocas carmen inertis opus;
non me more patrum, dum strenua sustinet aetas,
praemia militiae pulverulenta sequi,
nec me verbosas leges ediscere nec me
ingrato vocem prostituisse foro?
Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus. mihi fama perennis
quaeritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.
vivet Maeonides, Tenedos dum stabit et Ide,
dum rapidas Simois in mare volvet aquas;
vivet et Ascraeus, dum mustis uva tumebit,
dum cadet incurva falce resecta Ceres.
Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbe;
quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.
nulla Sophocleo veniet iactura cothurno;
cum sole et luna semper Aratus erit;
dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena
vivent et meretrix blanda, Menandros erit;

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[a] Homer, Hesiod, and Callimachus are the first three poets referred to.

51 Ah, wretched me! Scarce keeping back her tears, with her right hand she covers her face, her generous cheeks o'er painted with blushing. The hair of yore she holds in her lap and gazes upon—alas, me! a gift unworthy of that place.

55 Calm your heart, and stop your tears! Your loss is one may be repaired. Not long, and you will be admired for locks your very own.

XV

Why, biting Envy, dost thou charge me with slothful years, and call my song the work of an idle wit, complaining that, while vigorous age gives strength, I neither, after the fashion of our fathers, pursue the dusty prizes of a soldier's life, nor learn garrulous legal lore, nor set my voice for common case in the ungrateful forum?

7 It is but mortal, the work you ask of me; but my quest is glory through all the years, to be ever known in song throughout the earth. Maeonia's son[a] will live as long as Tenedos shall stand, and Ida, as long as Simois shall roll his waters rushing to the sea; the poet of Ascra, too, will live as long as the grape shall swell for the vintage, as long as Ceres shall fall beneath the stroke of the curving sickle. The son of Battus shall aye be sung through all the earth; though he sway not through genius, he sways through art. No loss shall ever come to the buskin of Sophocles; as long as the sun and moon Aratus shall live on; as long as tricky slave, hard father, treacherous bawd, and wheedling harlot shall be found, Menander will endure; Ennius the

Ennius arte carens animosique Accius oris
  casurum nullo tempore nomen habent.
Varronem primamque ratem quae nesciet aetas,
  aureaque Aesonio terga petita duci ?
carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
  exitio terras cum dabit una dies ;
Tityrus et segetes Aeneiaque arma legentur,
  Roma triumphati dum caput orbis erit ;
donec erunt ignes arcusque Cupidinis arma,
  discentur numeri, culte Tibulle, tui ;
Gallus et Hesperiis et Gallus notus Eois,
  et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit.
Ergo, cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri
  depereant aevo, carmina morte carent.
cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi,
  cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi !
vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo
  pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua,
sustineamque coma metuentem frigora myrtum,
  atque ita sollicito multus amante legar !
pascitur in vivis Livor ; post fata quiescit,
  cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.
ergo etiam cum me supremus adederit ignis,
  vivam, parsque mei multa superstes erit.

rugged in art, and Accius of the spirited tongue, possess names that will never fade. Varro and the first of ships—what generation will fail to know of them, and of the golden fleece, the Aesonian chieftain's quest? The verses of sublime Lucretius will perish only then when a single day shall give the earth to doom. Tityrus and the harvest, and the arms of Aeneas, will be read as long as Rome shall be capital of the world she triumphs o'er; as long as flames and bow are the arms of Cupid, thy numbers shall be conned, O elegant Tibullus; Gallus shall be known to Hesperia's sons, and Gallus to the sons of Eos, and known with Gallus shall his own Lycoris be.

[31] Yea, though hard rocks and though the tooth of the enduring ploughshare perish with passing time, song is untouched by death. Before song let monarchs and monarchs' triumphs yield—yield, too, the bounteous banks of Tagus bearing gold! Let what is cheap excite the marvel of the crowd; for me may golden Apollo minister full cups from the Castalian fount, and may I on my locks sustain the myrtle that fears the cold; and so be ever conned by anxious lovers! It is the living that Envy feeds upon; after doom it stirs no more, when each man's fame guards him as he deserves. I, too, when the final fires have eaten up my frame, shall still live on, and the great part of me survive my death.[a]

[a] This charming poem is a literary convention: compare Horace's *exegi monumentum* (iii. 30), and Shakespeare's "Not marble nor the gilded monuments" (Sonnet lv).

LIBER SECUNDUS

I

Hoc quoque conposui Paelignis natus aquosis,
ille ego nequitiae Naso poeta meae.
hoc quoque iussit Amor—procul hinc, procul este, severae!
non estis teneris apta theatra modis.
me legat in sponsi facie non frigida virgo,
et rudis ignoto tactus amore puer;
atque aliquis iuvenum quo nunc ego saucius arcu
agnoscat flammae conscia signa suae,
miratusque diu "quo" dicat "ab indice doctus
conposuit casus iste poeta meos?"
Ausus eram, memini, caelestia dicere bella
centimanumque Gyen [1]—et satis oris erat—
cum male se Tellus ulta est, ingestaque Olympo
ardua devexum Pelion Ossa tulit.
in manibus nimbos et cum Iove fulmen habebam,
quod bene pro caelo mitteret ille suo—
Clausit amica fores! ego cum Iove fulmen omisi;
excidit ingenio Iuppiter ipse meo.
Iuppiter, ignoscas! nil me tua tela iuvabant;
clausa tuo maius ianua fulmen habet.

[1] Gyan *several MSS.*: gygen *Ps.*

[a] Sulmo was in a valley with plenteous rains and streams.

BOOK THE SECOND

I

This, too, is the work of my pen—mine, Naso's, born among the humid Paeligni,[a] the well-known singer of my own worthless ways. This, too, have I wrought at the bidding of Love—away from me, far away, ye austere fair! Ye are no fit audience for my tender strains. For my readers I want the maid not cold at the sight of her promised lover's face, and the untaught boy touched by passion till now unknown; and let some youth who is wounded by the same bow as I am now, know in my lines the record of his own heart's flame, and, long wondering, say: "From what tatler has this poet learned, that he has put in verse my own mishaps?"

11 I had dared, I remember, to sing—nor was my utterance too weak—of the wars of Heaven, and Gyas of the hundred hands, when Earth made her ill attempt at vengeance, and steep Ossa, with shelving Pelion on its back, was piled upon Olympus. I had in hand the thunder-clouds, and Jove with the lightning he was to hurl to save his own heaven.

17 My beloved closed her door! I—let fall Jove with his lightning; Jove's very self dropped from my thoughts. Jove, pardon me! Thy bolts could not serve me; that door she closed was a thunderbolt greater than thine. I have taken again to my proper

blanditias elegosque levis, mea tela, resumpsi ;
mollierunt duras lenia verba fores.
carmina sanguineae deducunt cornua lunae,
et revocant niveos solis euntis equos ;
carmine dissiliunt abruptis faucibus angues,
inque suos fontes versa recurrit aqua.
carminibus cessere fores, insertaque posti,
quamvis robur erat, carmine victa sera est.
Quid mihi profuerit velox cantatus Achilles ?
quid pro me Atrides alter et alter agent,
quique tot errando, quot bello, perdidit annos,
raptus et Haemoniis flebilis Hector equis ?
at facie tenerae laudata [1] saepe puellae,
ad vatem, pretium carminis, ipsa venit.
magna datur merces ! heroum clara valete
nomina ; non apta est gratia vestra mihi !
ad mea formosos vultus adhibete, puellae,
carmina, purpureus quae mihi dictat Amor !

II

Quem penes est dominam servandi cura, Bagoe,
dum perago tecum pauca, sed apta, vaca.
hesterna vidi spatiantem luce puellam
illa, quae Danai porticus agmen habet.
protinus, ut placuit, misi scriptoque rogavi.
rescripsit trepida " non licet ! " illa manu ;

[1] *So Merk. Post. Ném.*: at facies tenerae laudata *Ps*: ut facies tenerae laudatast *Ehw. Br.*: facie *Hein.*

arms—the light and bantering elegy; its gentle words have softened the hard-hearted door. Song brings down the horns of the blood-red moon, and calls back the snowy steeds of the departing sun; song bursts the serpent's jaws apart and robs him of his fangs, and sends the waters rushing back upon their source. Song has made doors give way, and the bolt inserted in the post, although of oak, has been made to yield by song.

29 Of what avail will it be to me to have sung of swift Achilles? What will the sons of Atreus, the one or the other, do for me, and he who in wandering lost as many years as in war, and Hector the lamented, dragged by Haemonian steeds? But a tender belovèd, at my oft praising of her beauty has come of herself to the poet as the reward for his song. Great is my recompense! Renownèd names of heroes, fare ye well; your favours are not the kind for me! And fair ones, turn hither your beauteous faces as I sing the songs which rosy Love dictates to me!

II

You whose trust is the guarding of your mistress, attend, Bagoas, while I say a few words, but apt. Yesterday I saw the fair one walking in the portico—the one that has the train of Danaus.[a] Forthwith—for I was smitten—I sent and asked her favours in a note. She wrote back with trembling hand: "It is not possible!" and when I asked why "it was not

[a] The portico of Augustus' temple of Apollo on the Palatine, with the fifty daughters of Danaus in marble. Propertius saw its dedication, ii. 31.

et, cur non liceat, quaerenti reddita causa est,
quod nimium dominae cura molesta tua est.
Si sapis, o custos, odium, mihi crede, mereri
desine ; quem metuit quisque, perisse cupit.
vir quoque non sapiens ; quid enim servare laboret,
unde nihil, quamvis non tueare, perit ?
sed gerat ille suo morem furiosus amori
et castum, multis quod placet, esse putet ;
huic furtiva tuo libertas munere detur,
quam dederis illi, reddat ut illa tibi.
conscius esse velis—domina est obnoxia servo ;
conscius esse times—dissimulare licet.
scripta leget secum—matrem misisse putato !
venerit ignotus—postmodo notus erit.
ibit ad adfectam, quae non languebit, amicam :
visat ! iudiciis aegra sit illa tuis.
si faciet tarde, ne te mora longa fatiget,
inposita gremio stertere fronte potes.
nec tu, linigeram fieri quid possit ad Isim,
quaesieris nec tu curva theatra time !
conscius adsiduos commissi tollet honores—
quis minor est autem quam tacuisse labor ?
ille placet versatque domum neque verbera sentit ;
ille potens—alii, sordida turba, iacent.
huic, verae ut lateant causae, finguntur inanes ;
atque ambo domini, quod probat una, probant.
cum bene vir traxit vultum rugasque coegit,
quod voluit fieri blanda puella, facit.

possible," gave this reason, that your guard of your mistress was too strict.

9 If you are wise, good guardian, cease, believe me, to merit hate; whom each man fears, he longs to see destroyed. Her husband, too, is anything but wise; for why take pains to watch over that from which, even did you not guard, nothing would be lost? But let him, mad fool, do as his passion prompts him, and let him think she can be chaste who takes the eye of many; be you the means of giving her stolen liberty, that she may render back to you the freedom you gave to her. Be willing to conspire with her—the mistress is bound to the slave; fear you to conspire—you can pretend. She will read a missive by herself—think that her mother sent it! One comes not known to you—in a moment you will know him well! She will go to a sick friend, who will not be ill—let her go to see her; let the friend be ill in your judgment! Is she late in coming back, you need not let long waiting tire you out, but may lay your head in your lap and snore. And make it not your business to ask into what happens at linen-clad Isis' temple, nor concern yourself about the curving theatre! The accomplice in a secret will reap continual reward—and what is less labour, too, than keeping silence? He is one favoured, and rules in the house, and feels no blows; he is one with power—the rest, a mean crowd, are at his feet. For the husband empty reasons are fashioned to keep the true ones hid; and both master and mistress approve what the mistress alone approves. After her lord has put on a scowling face and bent his brows, he does what the wheedling wife has willed shall be done.

Sed tamen interdum tecum quoque iurgia nectat,
et simulet lacrimas carnificemque vocet.
tu contra obicies, quae tuto diluat illa;
in verum[1] falso crimine deme fidem.
sic tibi semper honos, sic alta peculia crescent.
haec fac, in exiguo tempore liber eris.
Adspicis indicibus nexas per colla catenas?
squalidus orba fide pectora carcer habet.
quaerit aquas in aquis et poma fugacia captat
Tantalus—hoc illi garrula lingua dedit.
dum nimium servat custos Iunonius Ion,
ante suos annos occidit; illa dea est!
vidi ego conpedibus liventia crura gerentem,
unde vir incestum scire coactus erat.
poena minor merito. nocuit mala lingua duobus;
vir doluit, famae damna puella tulit.
crede mihi, nulli sunt crimina grata marito,
nec quemquam, quamvis audiat, illa iuvant.
seu tepet, indicium securas prodis[2] ad aures;
sive amat, officio fit miser ille tuo.
Culpa nec ex facili quamvis manifesta probatur;
iudicis illa sui tuta favore venit.
viderit ipse licet, credet tamen ille neganti
damnabitque oculos et sibi verba dabit.
adspiciat dominae lacrimas, plorabit et ipse,
et dicet: "poenas garrulus iste dabit!"
quid dispar certamen inis? tibi verbera victo
adsunt, in gremio iudicis illa sedet.

[1] in verum P_S: in vero P_2 s_2.
[2] prodis P: perdis *vulg.*

35 But let her sometimes none the less cross words with you, too, and feign to weep, and call you executioner. You, in turn, will charge her with what she can safely explain away; by false accusation take away faith in the true. In this way will your honour ever increase, in this way your pile of savings grow high. Do this, in short time you will be free.

41 Do you note that tellers of tales wear chains tied round their necks? The squalid dungeon is the home of hearts barren of faith. Tantalus seeks for water in the midst of waters and catches at ever escaping fruits—that was the fate he got for his garrulous tongue. Juno's watchman, guarding Io too intently, falls before his time; she—becomes a goddess! I have seen in shackles the livid legs of a man who had forced a husband to know himself a cuckold. The punishment was less than he deserved. His evil tongue brought harm to two; the husband suffered grief, the wife the loss of her good name. Believe me, accusations are welcome to no husband, nor do they please him, even though he hear. If he is cool, you bring your traitorous tales to careless ears; if he loves, your service only makes him wretched.

55 Nor is a fault, however manifest, an easy thing to prove; the wife comes off unharmed, safe in the favour of her judge. Though he himself have seen, he will yet believe when she denies, accuse his own eyes, and give himself the lie. Let him but look on his lady's tears, and he himself, too, will begin to wail, and say: "The gabbler that slandered you shall pay for it!" Why enter on a contest with odds against you? You will lose and get a flogging in the end, while she will look on from the lap of her judge

Non scelus adgredimur, non ad miscenda coimus
toxica, non stricto fulminat ense manus.
quaerimus, ut tuto per te possimus amare.
quid precibus nostris mollius esse potest?

III

Et mihi, quod dominam nec vir nec femina servas
mutua nec Veneris gaudia nosse potes!
qui primus pueris genitalia membra recidit,
vulnera quae fecit, debuit ipse pati.
mollis in obsequium facilisque rogantibus esses,
si tuus in quavis praetepuisset amor.
non tu natus equo, non fortibus utilis armis;
bellica non dextrae convenit hasta tuae.
ista mares tractent; tu spes depone viriles.
sunt tibi cum domina signa ferenda tua.
hanc inple meritis, huius tibi gratia prosit;
si careas illa, quis tuus usus erit?
Est etiam facies, sunt apti lusibus anni;
indigna est pigro forma perire situ.
fallere te potuit, quamvis habeare molestus;
non caret effectu, quod voluere duo.
aptius ut[1] fuerit precibus temptasse, rogamus,
dum bene ponendi munera tempus habes.

[1] at *Ném.*

63 'Tis no crime we are entering on; we are not coming together to mingle poisons; no drawn sword flashes in our hands. What we ask is that you will give us the means to love in safety. What can be more modest than our prayers?

III

Miserable me, that you who guard your mistress are neither man nor woman, and cannot know the joys of mutual love! He who first robbed boys of their nature should himself have suffered the wounds he made. Readily would you be compliant and yielding to lovers' prayers, if you had ever grown warm with love for any woman. You were not born for a horse, nor for the strenuous service of arms; the warlike spear fits not your right hand. Let men engage in those ways of life; do you lay aside all manly hopes. The standards you bear must be of your mistress's service. She is the one for you to ply with deserving deeds; hers is the favour to bring you gain; should you lack her, what then will be your use?

13 Then, too, she has charms, and her years are apt for love's delights; 'tis a shame for her beauty to perish by dull neglect. She could have eluded you, strict guardian though you are called; what two have willed lacks not accomplishment. Yet since 'twill be better to have tried entreaty, we ask your aid, while you still have power to place your favours well.

IV

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores
falsaque pro vitiis arma movere meis.
confiteor—siquid prodest delicta fateri;
in mea nunc demens crimina fassus eo.
odi, nec possum, cupiens, non esse quod odi;
heu, quam quae studeas ponere ferre grave est!
Nam desunt vires ad me mihi iusque regendum;
auferor ut rapida concita puppis aqua.
non est certa meos quae forma invitet amores—
centum sunt causae, cur ego semper amem.
sive aliqua est oculos in se deiecta modestos,
uror, et insidiae sunt pudor ille meae;
sive procax aliqua est, capior, quia rustica non est,
spemque dat in molli mobilis esse toro.
aspera si visa est rigidasque imitata Sabinas,
velle, sed ex alto dissimulare puto.
sive es docta, places raras dotata per artes;
sive rudis, placita es simplicitate tua.
est, quae Callimachi prae nostris rustica dicat
carmina—cui placeo, protinus ipsa placet.
est etiam, quae me vatem et mea carmina culpet—
culpantis cupiam sustinuisse femur.
molliter incedit—motu capit; altera dura est—
at poterit tacto mollior esse viro.
haec quia dulce canit flectitque facillima vocem,
oscula cantanti rapta dedisse velim;

IV

I would not venture to defend my faulty morals or to take up the armour of lies to shield my failings. I confess—if owning my short-comings aught avails; and now, having owned them, I madly assail my sins. I hate what I am, and yet, for all my desiring, I cannot but be what I hate; ah, how hard to bear the burden you long to lay aside!

[7] For I lack the strength and will to rule myself; I am swept along like a ship tossed on the rushing flood. 'Tis no fixed beauty that calls my passion forth—there are a hundred causes to keep me always in love. Whether 'tis some fair one with modest eyes downcast upon her lap, I am aflame, and that innocence is my ensnaring; whether 'tis some saucy jade, I am smitten because she is not rustic simple, and gives me hope of enjoying her supple embrace on the soft couch. If she seem austere, and affects the rigid Sabine dame, I judge she would yield, but is deep in her deceit. If you are taught in books, you win me by your dower of rare accomplishments; if crude, you win me by your simple ways. Some fair one tells me Callimachus' songs are rustic beside mine—one who likes me I straightway like myself. Another calls me no poet, and chides my verses—and I fain would clasp the fault-finder to my arms. One treads softly—and I fall in love with her step; another is hard—but can be made softer by the touch of love. Because this one sings sweetly, with easiest modulation of the voice, I would snatch kisses as she sings; this other runs with nimble finger over

haec querulas habili percurrit pollice chordas—
tam doctas quis non possit amare manus?
illa placet gestu numerosaque bracchia ducit
et tenerum molli torquet ab arte latus—
ut taceam de me, qui causa tangor ab omni,
illic Hippolytum pone, Priapus erit!
tu, quia tam longa es, veteres heroidas aequas
et potes in toto multa iacere toro.
haec habilis brevitate sua est. corrumpor utraque;
conveniunt voto longa brevisque meo.
non est culta—subit, quid cultae accedere possit;
ornata est—dotes exhibet ipsa suas.
candida me capiet, capiet me flava puella,
est etiam in fusco grata colore Venus.
seu pendent nivea pulli cervice capilli,
Leda fuit nigra conspicienda coma;
seu flavent, placuit croceis Aurora capillis.
omnibus historiis se meus aptat amor.
me nova sollicitat, me tangit serior aetas;
haec melior, specie corporis illa placet.[1]
Denique quas tota quisquam probet urbe puellas,
noster in has omnis ambitiosus amor.

V

Nullus amor tanti est—abeas, pharetrate Cupido!—
ut mihi sint totiens maxima vota mori.

[1] placet *P*s *et al.*: sapit *Hein. from MSS.*

[a] Examples of chastity and lust.

the querulous string—who could but fall in love with such cunning hands? Another takes me by her movement, swaying her arms in rhythm and curving her tender side with supple art—to say naught of myself, who take fire from every cause, put Hippolytus in my place, and he will be Priapus![a] You, because you are so tall, are not second to the ancient daughters of heroes, and can lie the whole couch's length. Another I find apt because she is short. I am undone by both; tall and short are after the wish of my heart. She is not well dressed—I dream what dress would add; she is well arrayed—she herself shows off her dower of charms. A fair white skin will make prey of me, I am prey to the golden-haired, and even a love of dusky hue will please. Do dark locks hang on a neck of snow—Leda was fair to look upon for her black locks; are they of golden hue—Aurora pleased with saffron locks. To all the old tales my love can fit itself. Fresh youth steals away my heart, I am smitten with later years; the one has more worth, the other wins me with charm of person.

47 In fine, whatever fair ones anyone could praise in all the city—my love is candidate for the favours of them all.[b]

V

No love is worth so much—away, Cupid with the quiver!—that so often my most earnest prayer should be for death. For death my prayers are, whenever

[b] For spirit, compare Thomas Moore's "The time I've lost in wooing."

vota mori mea sunt, cum te peccare[1] recordor,
ei mihi, perpetuum nata puella malum!
Non mihi deceptae[2] nudant tua facta tabellae,
nec data furtive munera crimen habent.
o utinam arguerem sic, ut non vincere possem!
me miserum! quare tam bona causa mea est?
felix, qui quod amat defendere fortiter audet,
cui sua "non feci!" dicere amica potest.
ferreus est nimiumque suo favet ille dolori,
cui petitur victa palma cruenta rea.
Ipse miser vidi, cum me dormire putares,
sobrius adposito crimina vestra mero.
multa supercilio vidi vibrante loquentes;
nutibus in vestris pars bona vocis erat.
non oculi tacuere tui, conscriptaque vino
mensa, nec in digitis littera nulla fuit.
sermonem agnovi, quod non videatur, agentem
verbaque pro certis iussa valere notis.
iamque frequens ierat mensa conviva relicta;
compositi iuvenes unus et alter erant.
inproba tum vero iungentes oscula vidi—
illa mihi lingua nexa fuisse liquet—
qualia non fratri tulerit germana severo,
sed tulerit cupido mollis amica viro;
qualia credibile est non Phoebo ferre Dianam,[3]
sed Venerem Marti saepe tulisse suo.
"Quid facis?" exclamo, "quo nunc mea gaudia differs?
iniciam dominas in mea iura manus!

[1] peccare *Mueller from P*: peccasse *vulg.*
[2] deprensae *Ehw.*
[3] *So Bent.*: Phoebum . . . Dianae *MSS.*

I think you false to me—ah, girl born for my everlasting ill!

5 No intercepted note it is that lays bare to me your deeds, nor the secret giving of gifts that accuses you. Oh, would that my charge were such that I could not win! Wretched me! why is my cause so strong? Happy he who dares boldly defend his beloved, to whom his mistress can say, "I did not do it!" Iron of heart is he, and too much favours his own pain, who would win a bloodstained triumph by the downfall of the guilty.

13 I saw your guilty acts my wretched self with sober eye, when the wine had been placed and you thought I slept. I saw you both say many things with quiverings of the brow; in your nods was much of speech. Your eyes, too, girl, were not dumb, and the table was written o'er with wine, nor did any letter fail your fingers. Your speech, too, I recognized was busied with hidden message, and your words charged to stand for certain meanings. And now the throng of guests had already left the board and gone; there were left a youth or two, asleep in wine. 'Twas then indeed I saw you sharing shameful kisses—it is clear to me they were kisses of the tongue—not such as sister bestows on austere brother, but such as yielding sweetheart gives her eager lover; not such as one could think Diana grants to Phoebus, but such as Venus oft bestowed on Mars.

29 "What are you doing?" I cry out. "Where now are you scattering joys that are mine? I will lay my sovereign hands upon my rights. Those kisses are common to you with me, and common

haec tibi sunt mecum, mihi sunt communia tecum—
in bona cur quisquam tertius ista venit?"
Haec ego, quaeque dolor linguae dictavit; at illi
conscia purpureus venit in ora pudor,
quale coloratum Tithoni coniuge caelum
subrubet, aut sponso visa puella novo;
quale rosae fulgent inter sua lilia mixtae,
aut ubi cantatis Luna laborat equis,
aut quod, ne longis flavescere possit ab annis,
Maeonis Assyrium femina tinxit ebur.
hic erat aut alicui color ille simillimus horum,
et numquam visu[1] pulchrior illa fuit.
spectabat terram—terram spectare decebat;
maesta erat in vultu—maesta decenter erat.
sicut erant, et erant culti, laniare capillos
et fuit in teneras impetus ire genas—
Ut faciem vidi, fortes cecidere lacerti;
defensa est armis nostra puella suis.
qui modo saevus eram, supplex ultroque rogavi,
oscula ne nobis deteriora daret.
risit et ex animo dedit optima—qualia possent
excutere irato tela trisulca Iovi;
torqueor infelix, ne tam bona senserit alter,
et volo non ex hac illa fuisse nota.
haec quoque, quam docui, multo meliora fuerunt,
et quiddam visa est addidicisse novi.
quod nimium placuere, malum est, quod tota labellis
lingua tua est nostris, nostra recepta tuis.
nec tamen hoc unum doleo—non oscula tantum
iuncta queror, quamvis haec quoque iuncta queror;
illa nisi in lecto nusquam potuere doceri.
nescio quis pretium grande magister habet.

[1] visu *Hous.*: casu *MSS.*

to me with you—why does any third attempt to share those goods?"

33 These were my words, and whatever passion dictated to my tongue; but she—her conscious face mantled with ruddy shame, like the sky grown red with the tint of Tithonus' bride, or maid gazed on by her newly betrothed; like roses gleaming among the lilies where they mingle, or the moon in labour with enchanted steeds, or Assyrian ivory Maeonia's daughter tinctures to keep long years from yellowing it. Like one of these, or very like, was the colour she displayed, and never was she fairer to look upon. She kept her eyes on the ground—to keep them on the ground was becoming; there was grief in her face—grief made her comely. Just as it was, and it was neatly dressed, I was moved to tear her hair and to fly at her tender cheeks—

47 When I looked on her face, my brave arms dropped; my love was protected by armour of her own. But a moment before in a cruel rage, I was humble now, and e'en entreated her to give me kisses not less sweet than those. She smiled, and gave me her best with all her heart—kisses that could make irate Jove let drop from his hand the three-forked bolt; I am in wretched torment for fear my rival has tasted them as sweet, and I would not have his kisses of the same seal. Much better, too, were these than I had taught, and something new she seemed to have learned. Their too much pleasing was an ill sign, for her kiss was voluptuous. Yet this one thing is not all my grief—I complain not merely that her kisses are close, and yet that they are close I do complain; those kisses could have been no wise but lewdly taught. Some master has had a great reward for his teaching.

VI

Psittacus, Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis,
occidit—exequias ite frequenter, aves!
ite, piae volucres, et plangite pectora pinnis
et rigido teneras ungue notate genas;
horrida pro maestis lanieter pluma capillis,
pro longa resonent carmina vestra tuba!
quod scelus Ismarii quereris, Philomela, tyranni,
expleta est annis ista querela suis;
alitis in rarae miserum devertere funus—
magna, sed antiqua est causa doloris Itys.
Omnes, quae liquido libratis in aere cursus,
tu tamen ante alios, turtur amice, dole!
plena fuit vobis omni concordia vita,
et stetit ad finem longa tenaxque fides.
quod fuit Argolico iuvenis Phoceus Orestae,
hoc tibi, dum licuit, psittace, turtur erat.
Quid tamen ista fides, quid rari forma coloris,
quid vox mutandis ingeniosa sonis,
quid iuvat, ut datus es, nostrae placuisse puellae?—
infelix, avium gloria, nempe iaces!
tu poteras fragiles pinnis hebetare zmaragdos
tincta gerens rubro Punica rostra croco.
non fuit in terris vocum simulantior ales—
reddebas blaeso tam bene verba sono!
Raptus es invidia—non tu fera bella movebas;
garrulus et placidae pacis amator eras.

[a] Ismarus wronged Philomela, sister of Procne, his wife, and the two slew Itys, his son, in revenge.

VI

Our parrot, wingèd mimic from Indian land of dawn, is no more—come flocking, ye birds, to his obsequies! Come, all ye feathered faithful, come beat your breasts with the wing, and mark your tender cheeks with the rigid claw; let your ruffled plumage be rent in place of mourning hair, and in place of the long trumpet let your songs sound out! If you, Philomela, are lamenting the deed of the tyrant of Ismarus,[a] that lament has been fulfilled by its term of years; turn aside to the hapless funeral of no common bird—great cause for grief is Itys, but belongs to the ancient past.

11 All ye who poise your flight in liquid air, O grieve—yet thou before all others, friendly turtle-dove! The life that you two shared was filled with all harmony; your loyalty was long and firm, and stood fast to the end. What the youth of Phocis was to Argive Orestes, this was the turtle-dove to you, O parrot, so long as fate allowed.

17 And yet, of what avail that loyalty, of what your rare and beauteous colour, of what that voice adept in mimicry of sounds, of what my darling's favour as soon as you were hers?—ah, hapless one, glory of birds, you surely are no more! You could dim with your wings the fragile jasper, and your beak was Punic-red with ruddy saffron tinge. On earth there was no bird could better imitate speech—you rendered words so well in your throaty tone!

25 'Twas envious fate swept you away—you were no mover of battles fierce; you were a prattling lover of placid peace. Look! quails are ever battling

against us men that Mars girds on death-dealing sword; 'tis we are the target for the spear from unconquered Pallas' hand. For us are bent Apollo's flexile bows; on us descends the bolt from Jove's upraised right hand. Fair women the gods on high fear to offend even when wronged, and stand in awe themselves of those who have felt no awe of them. And does anyone care to place pious incense on their altars? Surely, there should be more courage in men!

35 Jove hurls his own lightning on sacred groves and citadels, and forbids his bolts to strike the fair forsworn. So many have deserved his stroke—hapless Semele alone has burned! Her own complaisance brought the penalty upon her; yet, had she shunned the coming lover, the father would not have filled the mother's office in Bacchus' birth.[a]

41 Why complain I, and scold in the face of all heaven? Gods, too, have eyes, gods, too, have hearts! Were I myself divine, unharmed might women cheat my godhead with lying lips. I myself would swear that womankind swore true, nor let myself be called a god of the austere sort. Yet you, my lady, make more measured use of their gift —or spare, at least, my eyes![b]

IV

Hard husband, by setting a keeper over your tender wife you nothing gain; 'tis her own nature must be each woman's guard. If she is pure when

[b] By not swearing by them; see v. 14.

siqua metu dempto casta est, ea denique casta est;
quae, quia non liceat, non facit, illa facit!
ut iam servaris bene corpus, adultera mens est;
nec custodiri, ne [1] velit, ulla [2] potest.
nec corpus servare potes, licet omnia claudas;
omnibus exclusis intus adulter erit.
cui peccare licet, peccat minus; ipsa potestas
semina nequitiae languidiora facit.
desine, crede mihi, vitia inritare vetando;
obsequio vinces aptius illa tuo.
Vidi ego nuper equum contra sua vincla tenacem
ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo;
constitit ut primum concessas sensit habenas
frenaque in effusa laxa iacere iuba!
nitimur in vetitum semper cupimusque negata;
sic interdictis imminet aeger aquis.
centum fronte oculos, centum cervice gerebat
Argus—et hos unus saepe fefellit Amor;
in thalamum Danae ferro saxoque perennem
quae fuerat virgo tradita, mater erat;
Penelope mansit, quamvis custode carebat,
inter tot iuvenes intemerata procos.
Quidquid servatur cupimus magis, ipsaque furem
cura vocat; pauci, quod sinit alter, amant.
nec facie placet illa sua, sed amore mariti;
nescio quid, quod te ceperit, esse putant.
non proba fit, quam vir servat, sed adultera cara;
ipse timor pretium corpore maius habet.
indignere licet, iuvat inconcessa voluptas;
sola placet, "timeo!" dicere siqua potest.

[1] ne *P*: ni *vulg.* [2] ulla *Ps*: illa *vulg.*

freed from every fear, then first is she pure; she who sins not because she may not—she sins! Grant you have guarded well the body, the mind is untrue; and no watch can be set o'er a woman's will. Nor can you guard her body, though you shut every door; with all shut out, a traitor will be within. She to whom erring is free, errs less; very power makes less quick the seeds of sin. Ah, trust to me, and cease to spur on to fault by forbidding; indulgence will be the apter way to win.

[13] But recently I saw a horse rebellious against the curb take bit in his obstinate mouth and career like thunderbolt; he stopped the very moment he felt the rein was given, and the lines were lying loose on his flying mane! We ever strive for what is forbid, and ever covet what is denied; so the sick man longingly hangs over forbidden water. A hundred eyes before, a hundred behind, had Argus—and these Love alone did oft deceive; the chamber of Danae was eternally strong with iron and rock, yet she who had been given a maid to its keeping became a mother. Penelope, although without a guard, remained inviolate among so many youthful wooers.

[25] Whatever is guarded we desire the more, and care itself invites the thief; few love what another concedes. And that fair one of yours wins not because of her beauty, but because of her husband's love; something there is, they think, for you to be smitten with. She whom her husband guards is not made honest thereby, but a mistress much desired; fear itself gives her greater price than her charms. Be wrathful if you will, 'tis forbidden joys delight; she only charms whoe'er can say: "I fear!" And yet 'tis not right to watch a free-born

nec tamen ingenuam ius est servare puellam—
hic metus externae corpora gentis agat!
scilicet ut possit custos "ego" dicere "feci,"
in laudem servi casta sit illa tui?
Rusticus est nimium, quem laedit adultera coniunx,
et notos mores non satis urbis habet
in qua Martigenae non sunt sine crimine nati
Romulus Iliades Iliadesque Remus.
quo tibi formosam, si non nisi casta placebat?
non possunt ullis ista coire modis.
Si sapis, indulge dominae vultusque severos
exue, nec rigidi iura tuere viri,
et cole quos dederit—multos dabit—uxor amicos.
gratia sic minimo magna labore venit;
sic poteris iuvenum convivia semper inire
et, quae non dederis, multa videre domi.

V[1]

"Nox erat, et somnus lassos submisit ocellos;
terruerunt animum talia visa meum:
Colle sub aprico creberrimus ilice lucus
stabat, et in ramis multa latebat avis.
area gramineo suberat viridissima prato,
umida de guttis lene sonantis aquae.
ipse sub arboreis vitabam frondibus aestum—
fronde sub arborea sed tamen aestus erat—

[1] V *is not Ovid's, Merk. L. Mueller*: *it is in Ps.*

wife—let this fear vex women of other blood than ours![a] Is your wife, forsooth, to be chaste merely that her keeper may say: "I am the cause"—merely for the glory of your slave?

37 He is too countrified who is hurt when his wife plays false, and is but slightly acquaint with the manners of the city in which the sons of Mars were born not without reproach—Romulus, child of Ilia, and Ilia's child Remus. Why did you marry a beauty if none but a chaste would suit? Those two things can never in any wise combine.

43 If you are wise, indulge your lady; put off stern looks and do not insist on the rights of a rigid husband, and cherish the friends your wife will bring—and she will bring many! You will be in great favour thus, and with very little effort; thus will you find yourself ever going to dine with the young, and at home see many presents not of your giving.

V

"'Twas night, and slumber weighed my weary eyelids down—when a vision terrified my soul. 'Twas on this wise:

3 "At the foot of a sunny hill was a grove thick-standing with ilex, and in its branches was hidden many a bird. Near by was a plot of deepest green, a grassy mead, humid with the tricklings of gently sounding water. I was seeking refuge from the heat beneath the branches of the trees—though beneath the trees' branches came none the less

[a] Slaves and freedwomen.

ecce ! petens variis inmixtas floribus herbas
constitit ante oculos candida vacca meos,
candidior nivibus, tunc cum cecidere recentes,
in liquidas nondum quas mora vertit aquas ;
candidior, quod adhuc spumis stridentibus albet
et modo siccatam, lacte, reliquit ovem.
taurus erat comes huic, feliciter ille maritus,
cumque sua teneram coniuge pressit humum.
Dum iacet et lente revocatas ruminat herbas
atque iterum pasto pascitur ante cibo,
visus erat, somno vires adimente ferendi,[1]
cornigerum terra deposuisse caput.
hue levibus cornix pinnis delapsa per auras
venit et in viridi garrula sedit humo,
terque bovis niveae petulanti pectora rostro
fodit et albentis abstulit ore iubas.
illa loeum taurumque diu cunctata relinquit—
sed niger in vaccae pectore livor erat ;
utque procul vidit carpentes pabula tauros—
carpebant tauri pabula laeta procul—
illuc se rapuit gregibusque inmiscuit illis
et petiit herbae fertilioris humum.
Dic age, nocturnae, quicumque es, imaginis augur,
siquid habent veri, visa quid ista ferant."
Sic ego ; nocturnae sic dixit imaginis augur,
expendens animo singula dicta suo :
" Quem tu mobilibus foliis vitare volebas,
sed male vitabas, aestus amoris erat.

[1] ferendi *Bent.*: ferenti *Ps*: feraci *L. Mueller.*

the heat—when lo! coming to crop the herbage mingled with varied flowers there stood before my eyes a shining white heifer, more shining white than snows just freshly fallen and not yet turned by time to flowing waters; more shining white than the milk that gleams with still hissing foam, and has just left the sheep drained dry. A bull was companion to her, a happy consort he, and pressed the tender ground beside his mate.

17 "While he lay there, slowly chewing the grassy cud that rose again, and feeding a second time on what he had fed on before, in my vision I thought that sleep took away his power of holding up his head, and he laid its hornèd weight upon the earth. Thither, gliding down through the air, on pinions light, came a crow, and settled chattering on the verdant ground, and, pecking thrice with wanton beak at the breast of the snowy heifer, carried away in his mouth white tufts of hair. The heifer, lingering long, went away from the place and from the bull—but a darkly livid mark was on her breast; and, seeing bulls afar cropping the pasturage—there were bulls cropping the glad pasturage afar—she ran quickly thither and mingled with those herds, choosing the ground where the herbage was more lush.

31 "Come, tell me, augur of visions by night, whoe'er thou art, what mean those things I saw, if aught they hide of truth."

33 Thus I; and thus spake the augur of visions by night, weighing in mind each single thing I said:

35 "The heat you wished to shun beneath the fluttering leaves, and shunned but ill, was the heat

vacca puella tua est—aptus color ille puellae;
tu vir et in vacca conpare taurus eras.
pectora quod rostro cornix fodiebat acuto,
ingenium dominae lena movebat anus.
quod cunctata diu taurum sua vacca reliquit,
frigidus in viduo destituere toro.
livor et adverso maculae sub pectore nigrae
pectus adulterii labe carere negant."
Dixerat interpres. gelido mihi sanguis ab ore
fugit, et ante oculos nox stetit alta meos.

VI

Amnis harundinibus limosas obsite ripas,
ad dominam propero—siste parumper aquas!
nec tibi sunt pontes nec quae sine remigis ictu
concava traiecto cumba rudente vehat.
parvus eras, memini, nec te transire refugi,
summaque vix talos contigit unda meos.
nunc ruis adposito nivibus de monte solutis
et turpi crassas gurgite volvis aquas.
quid properasse iuvat, quid parca dedisse quieti
tempora, quid nocti conseruisse diem,
si tamen hic standum est, si non datur artibus ullis
ulterior nostro ripa premenda pedi?
nunc ego, quas habuit pinnas Danaeius heros,
terribili densum cum tulit angue caput,

of love. The heifer was your love—that colour matches your love. You, her beloved, were the bull with the heifer for mate. The pecking of her breast by the crow's sharp beak meant a pandering old dame was meddling with your mistress' heart. The lingering long e'er the heifer left her bull was sign that you will be left cold in a deserted bed. The dark colour and the black spots on her breast in front were signs that her heart is not without stain of unfaithfulness."

45 The interpreter had said. I was cold; the blood fled from my face, and before my eyes stood deep night.

VI

O STREAM whose muddy banks are choked with reeds, I am in haste to see my lady-love—stay for a little time thy waters! Neither hast thou bridges, nor hollowed boat to carry me without stroke of oar by cable stretched across. Small wert thou, I remember, nor did I fear to cross, and thy highest water scarce touched my ankles. Now the snows have melted from the near-by mountain, and thou art rushing on, rolling gross waters in muddy, whirling floods. What boots it I have hastened, what that I gave scant hours to rest, what that I have linked day to night, if I yet must stand here, if by no art I may press with my foot the farther shore? 'Tis now I wish I had the pinions the hero son of Danae wore when he bare away the head thick-tressed with dreadful snakes;[a] now I wish

[a] Perseus, slayer of the Medusa, with winged sandals.

nunc opto currum, de quo Cerealia primum
semina venerunt in rude missa solum.
prodigiosa loquor veterum mendacia vatum ;
nec tulit haec umquam nec feret ulla dies.
Tu potius, ripis effuse capacibus amnis—
sic aeternus eas—labere fine tuo !
non eris invidiae, torrens, mihi crede, ferendae,
si dicar per te forte retentus amans.
flumina deberent iuvenes in amore iuvare ;
flumina senserunt ipsa, quid esset amor.
Inachus in Melie Bithynide pallidus isse
dicitur et gelidis incaluisse vadis.
nondum Troia fuit lustris obsessa duobus,
cum rapuit vultus, Xanthe, Neaera tuos.
quid ? non Alpheon diversis currere terris
virginis Arcadiae certus adegit amor ?
te quoque promissam Xutho, Penee, Creusam
Phthiotum terris occuluisse ferunt.
quid referam Asopon, quem cepit Martia Thebe,
natarum Thebe quinque futura parens ?
cornua si tua nunc ubi sint, Acheloe, requiram,
Herculis irata fracta querere manu ;
nec tanti Calydon nec tota Aetolia tanti,
una tamen tanti Deianira fuit.
ille fluens dives septena per ostia Nilus,
qui patriam tantae tam bene celat aquae,
fertur in Euanthe collectam Asopide flammam
vincere gurgitibus non potuisse suis.
siccus ut amplecti Salmonida posset Enipeus,
cedere iussit aquam ; iussa recessit aqua.

[a] The car was drawn through the air by serpents.

that mine were the car from which first came the seeds of Ceres when cast on the untilled ground.[a] But the wonders whereof I speak are false tales of olden bards; no day e'er brought them forth, and no day will.

19 Do thou choose rather, O stream poured wide beyond thy capacious banks—so mayst thou flow on for ever—to glide within thy bounds! Thine, O torrent, will be hate unbearable, believe, if I perchance am said to have been kept by thee—I, a lover! Rivers ought to aid young men in love; what love is, rivers themselves have felt. The Inachus, they say, went pale for Bithynian Melie, and his chill waves felt love's warmth. Not yet had Troy been under siege two lustrums when Neaera ravished thine eyes, O Xanthus. What? did not Alpheus flow in far-separate lands, driven by faithful love for Arcadian maid?[b] Thou, too, Peneus, they say didst hide away, in the land of the Phthiotes, Creusa, promised bride to Xuthus. Why call to mind Asopus, smitten with Thebe, child of Mars—Thebe, destined mother of daughters five? If I ask of thee, Achelous, where are now thy horns, thou wilt complain of their breaking by wrathful Hercules' hand; what neither Calydon could win from him, nor all Aetolia, Deianira none the less alone could win. Rich Nile yonder, who flows through seven mouths and hides so well the home-land of his mighty waters, 'tis said could not drown out with his own floods the fires Asopus' child Euanthe kindled in him. Enipeus, to dry himself for the arms of Salmoneus' child, bade his waters retire; the waters, so bid, retired.

[b] Arethusa was pursued from Elis to Sicily, under the sea.

Nec te praetereo, qui per cava saxa volutans [1]
  Tiburis Argei pomifera [2] arva rigas,
Ilia cui placuit, quamvis erat horrida cultu,
  ungue notata comas, ungue notata genas.
illa gemens patruique nefas delictaque Martis
  errabat nudo per loca sola pede.
hanc Anien rapidis animosus vidit ab undis
  raucaque de mediis sustulit ora vadis
atque ita "quid nostras" dixit "teris anxia ripas,
  Ilia, ab Idaeo Laumedonte genus?
quo cultus abiere tui? quid sola vagaris,
  vitta nec evinctas inpedit alba comas?
quid fles et madidos lacrimis corrumpis ocellos
  pectoraque insana plangis aperta manu?
ille habet et silices et vivum in pectore ferrum,
  qui tenero lacrimas lentus in ore videt.
Ilia, pone metus! tibi regia nostra patebit,
  teque colent amnes. Ilia, pone metus!
tu centum aut plures inter dominabere nymphas;
  nam centum aut plures flumina nostra tenent.
ne me sperne, precor, tantum, Troiana[3] propago;
  munera promissis uberiora feres."
Dixerat. illa oculos in humum deiecta modestos
  spargebat teneros flebilis imbre sinus.
ter molita fugam ter ad altas restitit undas,
  currendi vires eripiente metu.
sera tamen scindens inimico pollice crinem
  edidit indignos ore tremente sonos:

[1] volutans *vulg.*: volutus *s*.
[2] pomifera *Bent.*: ponifer *P s*: spumifer *vulg.*
[3] Romana *P s*.

[a] Or Rhea Silvia, mother of Romulus and Remus.

45 Nor do I pass thee by, stream tumbling over the hollowed rocks and moisting the fruit-bearing acres of Argive Tibur, thee whom Ilia "charmed, ill kept though she appeared, with hair that showed the nail, and cheeks that showed the nail. Bemoaning the crime of her uncle and the wrongs of Mars, with unshod feet she wandered through lone places. Her did eager Anio behold, looking forth from his sweeping floods, and reared from amid the wave his hoarse-toned mouth, and "Why dost thou anxiously," thus spake he, "tread my shores, O Ilia, blood of Idaean Laomedon? Whither hath gone thy comely raiment? Why art abroad alone, with no white fillet to keep thy hair bound up? Why art thou weeping, and staining thine eyes with dropping tears? and why dost lay open and beat thy breast with maddened hand? He hath both flint and native iron in his breast who can look unmoved on the tears in thy tender eyes. Ilia, lay aside thy fears! To thee my royal hall shall open, and thee my waves shall honour. Ilia, lay aside thy fears! Thou shalt be mistress among a hundred nymphs, or more; for a hundred, or more, are the nymphs that dwell in my stream. Only spurn me not, I entreat, thou sprung of the Trojan line; thou shalt win gifts of greater richness than my promise."

67 He had said. She stood with modest eyes downcast upon the ground, letting spray on her tender bosom a rain of tears. Thrice made she to flee, and thrice stopped she beside the deep flood, her power of flying swept away by fear. Yet, after long time, rending her hair with unfriendly finger, she sounded with trembling lips the words her

" o utinam mea lecta forent patrioque sepulcro
condita, cum poterant virginis ossa legi !
cur, modo Vestalis, taedas invitor ad ullas
turpis et Iliacis infitianda focis ?
quid moror et digitis designor adultera vulgi ?
desint famosus quae notet ora pudor ! "
Hactenus, et vestem tumidis praetendit ocellis
atque ita se in rapidas perdita misit aquas.
supposuisse manus ad pectora lubricus amnis
dicitur et socii iura dedisse tori.
Te quoque credibile est aliqua caluisse puella ;
sed nemora et silvae crimina vestra tegunt.
dum loquor, increvit [1] latis spatiosior [2] undis,
nec capit admissas alveus altus aquas.
quid mecum, furiose, tibi ? quid mutua differs
gaudia ? quid coeptum, rustice, rumpis iter ?
quid ? si legitimum flueres, si nobile flumen,
si tibi per terras maxima fama foret—
nomen habes nullum, rivis collecte caducis,
nec tibi sunt fontes nec tibi certa domus !
fontis habes instar pluviamque nivesque solutas,
quas tibi divitias pigra ministrat hiemps ;
aut lutulentus agis brumali tempore cursus,
aut premis arentem pulverulentus humum.
quis te tum potuit sitiens haurire viator ?
quis dixit grata voce " perennis eas " ?

[1] increscis *Ehw.*

[2] spatiosior *Bent.*: spatiosus in *P s*: spatiosius *Merk. from Mar. MS.*

[a] Vesta's fires, brought by Aeneas from Troy.

wrongs called forth: "Oh, would that my bones had been gathered and laid away in the tomb of my fathers when they yet could be gathered the bones of a maid! Why, but now a Vestal, am I bid to any marriage-torch, disgraced and to be denied my place at Ilion's altar-fires?[a] Why tarry I alive to be pointed out a jade by the finger of the crowd? Perish the face that bears the brand of shame and disrespect!"

79 Thus far, and she held her cloak before her tumid eyes, gave up all hope, and so threw herself into the rushing waters. The smooth-gliding stream, they say, laid his hands to her breast and bore her up, and shared with her the rights of the wedded couch.

83 Thou, too, 'tis easy to believe, hast warmed for some fair maid; but grove and forest cover up thy fault. Even while I speak, thy waters have grown more deep and wide, and thy channel, though deep, contains not the headlong waves. What have I with thee, mad stream? Why dost thou defer the joys I am to share? Why dost thou, churl, break off the journey I have begun? What? wert thou called rightly stream, wert thou a river of name, were thine greatest fame o'er all the earth—but thou hast no name, thou art but gathered from failing rivulets, and hast neither fountain-source nor fixed abode! In place of source thou hast only the rain and the melted snows, riches that sluggish winter serves to thee; either thou runnest a muddy course in the brumal time, or hast a dried and dusty bed. What thirsty farer has e'er been able then to drink of thee? Who in grateful tone has said of thee: "Mayst thou flow on for ever?"

damnosus pecori curris, damnosior agris.
forsitan haec alios; me mea damna movent.
Huic ego, vae! demens narrabam fluminum amores!
iactasse indigne nomina tanta pudet.
nescio quem hunc spectans Acheloon et Inachon amnem
et potui nomen, Nile, referre tuum!
at tibi pro meritis, opto, non candide torrens,
sint rapidi soles siccaque semper hiemps!

VIII[1]

Et quisquam ingenuas etiamnunc suspicit artes,
aut tenerum dotes carmen habere putat?
ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro;
at nunc barbaria est grandis, habere nihil.
cum pulchrae dominae nostri placuere libelli,
quo licuit libris, non licet ire mihi;
cum bene laudavit, laudato ianua clausa est.
turpiter huc illuc ingeniosus eo.
Ecce, recens dives parto per vulnera censu
praefertur nobis sanguine pastus eques!
hunc potes amplecti formosis, vita, lacertis?
huius in amplexu, vita, iacere potes?
si nescis, caput hoc galeam portare solebat;
ense latus cinctum, quod tibi servit, erat;

[1] For VII see p. 506.

[a] The soldier had recently been enrolled an eques. Ovid's

Thou art a current harmful to the flocks, more harmful to the fields. These wrongs perhaps touch others; me my own wrongs touch.

101 To a stream like this—out upon it!—I was fool enough to tell of the loves of rivers! I shame to have uttered unworthily names so great. To think that, looking on this nothing of a stream, I could mention your names, Achelous and Inachus, and thine, O Nile! Indeed, for thee, as thou deservest, O torrent aught but clear, I pray that suns be ever fierce and winter ever dry!

VIII

And does anyone still respect the freeborn arts, or deem tender verse brings any dower? Time was when genius was more precious than gold; but now to have nothing is monstrous barbarism. When my little books have won my lady, where my books could go, I may not go myself; when she has praised me heartily, to him she has praised the door is closed. Disgracefully hither and thither I go, for all my poet's gift.

9 Look you, a newly-rich, a knight[a] fed fat on blood, who won his rating by dealing wounds, is preferred to me! A being like that can you, my life, embrace with your beautiful arms? In such a one's embrace, my life, can you let yourself be clasped? If you do not know, that head used to wear a helmet; a sword was girt to the side that now serves you;

[a] own family had the same rank, but it was of long standing. Birth or the possession of about £3,200 determined it.

laeva manus, cui nunc serum male convenit aurum,
scuta tulit ; dextram tange—cruenta fuit !
qua periit aliquis, potes hanc contingere dextram ?
heu, ubi mollities pectoris illa tui ?
cerne cicatrices, veteris vestigia pugnae—
quaesitum est illi corpore, quidquid habet.
forsitan et, quotiens hominem iugulaverit, ille
indicet ! hoc fassas tangis, avara, manus ?
ille ego Musarum purus Phoebique sacerdos
ad rigidas canto carmen inane fores ?
discite, qui sapitis, non quae nos scimus inertes,
sed trepidas acies et fera castra sequi
proque bono versu primum deducite pilum !
hoc tibi, si velles, posset, Homere, dari.
Iuppiter, admonitus nihil esse potentius auro,
corruptae pretium virginis ipse fuit.
dum merces aberat, durus pater, ipsa severa,
aerati postes, ferrea turris erat ;
sed postquam sapiens in munera venit adulter,
praebuit ipsa sinus et dare iussa dedit.
at cum regna senex caeli Saturnus haberet,
omne lucrum tenebris alta premebat humus.
aeraque et argentum cumque auro pondera ferri
manibus admorat, nullaque massa fuit.
at meliora dabat—curvo sine vomere fruges
pomaque et in quercu mella reperta cava.

[a] The badge of an eques. [b] Danae.

that left hand, which now the late-gotten gold ring so ill becomes,[a] has carried a shield; that right hand—touch it!—has been stained with blood. The hand by which someone has died—can you touch that right hand? Alas! where is the tenderness of heart you had? Look at those scars, marks of the bygone fight—that man has earned with his body whatever he has. Perhaps he could even tell you how many times he has plunged the steel in a human throat. Do you touch, greedy girl, hands that tell such tales? and do I, the unstained priest of Phoebus and the Muses, sing verses all in vain before your unyielding doors? Ah, ye who are wise, learn not what we know, we sluggards, but to follow battle's alarms and the fierce tented field, and marshall, in place of good verse, the foremost spears! This, Homer, had been thy fortune, didst thou wish.

[29] Jove, knowing well that naught was more potent than gold, himself became the price of a maid's betrayal.[b] So long as there was no gain to get, hard was the father, the maid herself severe, brazen the door, and iron the tower; yet when the astute lover had come in the form of a price, the maid herself opened her arms and gave her favours at command. But when ancient Saturn had his kingdom in the sky, the deep earth held lucre all in its dark embrace. Copper and silver and gold and heavy iron he had hid away in the lower realms, and there was no massy metal. Yet better were his gifts—increase without the curved share, and fruits and honeys brought to light from the hollow oak. And no one broke the glebe with the strong share, no measurer marked the limit of the soil,

nec valido quisquam terram scindebat [1] aratro,
signabat nullo limite mensor humum,
non freta demisso verrebant eruta remo;
ultima mortali tum via litus erat.
Contra te sollers, hominum natura, fuisti
et nimium damnis ingeniosa tuis.
quo tibi, turritis incingere moenibus urbes?
quo tibi, discordes addere in arma manus?
quid tibi cum pelago—terra contenta fuisses!
cur non et caelum, tertia regna, petis?
qua licet, adfectas caelum quoque—templa Quirinus,
Liber et Alcides et modo Caesar habent.
eruimus terra solidum pro frugibus aurum.
possidet inventas sanguine miles opes.
curia pauperibus clausa est—dat census honores;
inde gravis iudex, inde severus eques!
Omnia possideant; illis Campusque forumque
serviat, hi pacem crudaque bella gerant—
tantum ne nostros avidi liceantur amores,
et—satis est—aliquid pauperis esse sinant!
at nunc, exaequet tetricas licet illa Sabinas,
imperat ut captae qui dare multa potest;
me prohibet custos, in me timet illa maritum.
si dederim, tota cedet uterque domo!
o si neclecti quisquam deus ultor amantis
tam male quaesitas pulvere mutet opes!

[1] findebat *vulg.*

they did not sweep the seas, stirring the waters with dipping oar ; the shore in those days was the utmost path for man.

45 Thine own genius, O human kind, hath been thy foe, and thy wit o'er great to thine own undoing. What boots it thee to girdle cities with towered walls ? What boots it to place the weapon in hands at strife ? What was the sea to thee—with the land thou shouldst have been content ! Why dost not aspire to the skies, too, for a third dominion ? Where thou mayst, thou dost pretend to the skies as well—Quirinus has his temple, and Liber, and Alcides, and Caesar now. We draw from the earth, instead of increase, the massy gold. The soldier possesses wealth begotten of his blood. The senate is closed to the poor—'tis rating brings office ; 'tis that gives the juror weight, 'tis that makes a pattern of the knight !

57 Let them have all ; let these have Campus and Forum slaves to them, and those rule the issues of peace and bloody war—only let them not in their greed buy away our loves, and let them leave something—'tis enough—for the poor to win ! But now, though she I love match the austere Sabine dames, he who has much to give commands her as if a captive ; while I—am denied by her guard ; when it comes to me, she fears her husband. If I chance to have given, both guard and husband will leave me the whole house free ! O were there only some god to avenge the neglected lover, and change to dust gains so ill-got.

IX

Memnona si mater, mater ploravit Achillem,
et tangunt magnas tristia fata deas,
flebilis indignos, Elegeia, solve capillos!
a, nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit!—
ille tui vates operis, tua fama, Tibullus
ardet in extructo, corpus inane, rogo.
ecce, puer Veneris fert eversamque pharetram
et fractos arcus et sine luce facem;
adspice, demissis ut eat miserabilis alis
pectoraque infesta tundat aperta manu!
excipiunt lacrimas sparsi per colla capilli,
oraque singultu concutiente sonant.
fratris in Aeneae sic illum funere dicunt
egressum tectis, pulcher Iule, tuis;
nec minus est confusa Venus moriente Tibullo,
quam iuveni rupit cum ferus inguen aper.
at sacri vates et divum cura vocamur;
sunt etiam qui nos numen habere putent.
Scilicet omne sacrum mors inportuna profanat,
omnibus obscuras inicit illa manus!
quid pater Ismario, quid mater profuit Orpheo?
carmine quid victas obstipuisse feras?
et Linon[1] in silvis idem pater "aelinon!" altis
dicitur invita concinuisse lyra.
adice Maeoniden, a quo ceu fonte perenni
vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis—

[1] *So Ehw.*: aelinon—aelinon *vulg.*

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[a] Apollo and the Muse Calliope.
[b] "Woe, Linus," a dirge. [c] Homer.

IX

If Memnon was bewailed by his mother, if a mother bewailed Achilles, and if sad fates are touching to great goddesses, be thou in tears, O Elegy, and loose thine undeserving hair! Ah, all too truthful now will be thy name!—he, that singer of thy strain, that glory of thine, Tibullus, lies burning on the high-reared pyre, an empty mortal frame. See, the child of Venus comes, with quiver reversed, with bows broken, and lightless torch; look, how pitiable he comes, with drooping wings, how he beats his barèd breast with hostile hand! His tears are caught by the locks hanging scattered about his neck, and from his lips comes the sound of shaking sobs. In such plight, they say, he was at Aeneas his brother's laying away, when he came forth of thy dwelling, fair Iulus; nor was Venus' heart less wrought when Tibullus died than when the fierce boar crushed the groin of the youth she loved. Yes, we bards are called sacred, and the care of the gods; there are those who even think we have the god within.

19 Too true it is, death rudely profaneth every sacred thing, and layeth darksome hands on all! Of what avail to Ismarian Orpheus was his sire, of what avail his mother?[a] Of what that the wild beast stopped in amaze, o'ermastered by his song? The same sire, 'tis said, mourned Linus, too, singing "aelinon!"[b] in the deep wood to unresponsive lyre. Add to these Maeonia's child,[c] from whom as from fount perennial the lips of bards are bedewed with Pierian waters—him, too, a final day submerged in

hunc quoque summa dies nigro submersit Averno.
defugiunt[1] avidos carmina sola rogos;
durat opus vatum, Troiani fama laboris
tardaque nocturno tela retexta dolo.
sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebunt,
altera cura recens, altera primus amor.
Quid vos sacra iuvant? quid nunc Aegyptia prosunt
sistra? quid in vacuo secubuisse toro?
cum rapiunt mala fata bonos—ignoscite fasso!—
sollicitor nullos esse putare deos.
vive pius—moriere; pius cole sacra—colentem
mors gravis a templis in cava busta trahet;
carminibus confide bonis—iacet, ecce, Tibullus:
vix manet e toto, parva quod urna capit!
tene, sacer vates, flammae rapuere rogales
pectoribus pasci nec timuere tuis?
aurea sanctorum potuissent templa deorum
urere, quae tantum sustinuere nefas!
avertit vultus, Erycis quae possidet arces;
sunt quoque, qui lacrimas continuisse negant.
Sed tamen hoc melius, quam si Phaeacia tellus
ignotum vili supposuisset humo.
hinc certe madidos fugientis pressit ocellos
mater et in cineres ultima dona tulit;
hinc soror in partem misera cum matre doloris
venit inornatas dilaniata comas,

[1] defugiunt *J. C. Jahn from two MSS.*: diffugiunt *vulg.*

[a] Tibullus, in i. 3, 23–26, refers to Delia's devotion to Isis. The sistrum was an Egyptian musical instrument used in her worship.

black Avernus. 'Tis song alone escapes the greedy pyre. The work of bards—the renown of the toils of Troy, and the tardy web unwoven with nightly wile—endures for aye. So Nemesis, so Delia, will long be known to fame, the one a recent passion, the other his first love.

33 What boot your sacrifices? What now avail the sistrums of Egypt?[a] What your repose apart in faithful beds? When evil fate sweeps away the good—forgive me who say it!—I am tempted to think there are no gods. Live the duteous life—you will die; be faithful in your worship—in the very act of worship heavy death will drag you from the temple to the hollow tomb; put your trust in beautiful song—behold, Tibullus lies dead: from his whole self there scarce remains what the slight urn receives! Is it really thee, thou consecrated bard, whom the flames of the pyre have seized, and is it thy breast they have not feared to feed upon? Flames that shrank not from such awful wrong could have burned the golden temples of the blessed gods! She turned her face away who holds the heights of Eryx; some, too, there are who say she kept not back the tear.

47 And yet, 'tis better so than if Phaeacian land[b] had laid mean soil o'er thy nameless corse. To this 'tis due that at least thy mother closed thy swimming eyes as thou didst pass from life, and bestowed on thy ashes the final boon; to this 'tis due that thy sister came, with hair disordered and torn, to share the poor mother's grief, and Nemesis, and

[b] Corcyra, where Tibullus had once been dangerously ill. In i. 3, 3–10, composed at the time, he prays to be spared from death away from his mother, sister, and Delia.

cumque tuis sua iunxerunt Nemesisque priorque
oscula nec solos destituere rogos.
Delia descendens "felicius" inquit "amata
sum tibi; vixisti, dum tuus ignis eram."
cui Nemesis "quid" ait "tibi sunt mea damna dolori?
me tenuit moriens deficiente manu."
Si tamen e nobis aliquid nisi nomen et umbra
restat, in Elysia valle Tibullus erit.
obvius huic venias hedera iuvenalia cinctus
tempora cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo;
tu quoque, si falsum est temerati crimen amici,
sanguinis atque animae prodige Galle tuae.
his comes umbra tua est; siqua est modo corporis umbra,
auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.
ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna,
et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo!

X

Annua venerunt Cerealis tempora sacri;
secubat in vacuo sola puella toro.
flava Ceres, tenues spicis redimita capillos,
cur inhibes sacris commoda nostra tuis?
Te, dea, munificam gentes ubiquaque loquuntur,
nec minus humanis invidet ulla bonis.
ante nec hirsuti torrebant farra coloni,
nec notum terris area nomen erat,

her thou lovedst before, added their kisses to those from thine own kin, and left not desolate thy pyre. "More happily," spake Delia, descending from the pyre, "was I beloved by thee; thou wert living as long as I kindled thee." To whom Nemesis, "Why," said she, "do you mourn for a loss which is mine? 'Twas I to whom he clung when his hand failed in death."

59 Yet, if aught survives from us beyond mere name and shade, in the vale of Elysium Tibullus will abide. Mayst thou come to meet him, thy youthful temples encircled with the ivy, and thy Calvus with thee, learned Catullus; thou too, if the charge be false thou didst wrong thy friend, O Gallus lavish of thy blood and of thy soul. To these is thy shade comrade; if shade there be that survives the body, thou hast increased the number of the blest, refined Tibullus. O bones, rest quiet in protecting urn, I pray, and may the earth weigh light upon thine ashes!

X

The time for Ceres' yearly festival is come; my love is in retreat, and rests alone.[a] O golden Ceres, thy delicate tresses crowned with ears of wheat, why dost thou with thy festival put ban upon our joys?

5 Thee, goddess, do people everywhere call giver of gifts, nor is there goddess less envies men their blessings. Before thee, neither did shaggy countryman parch the corn, nor known upon the earth was the name of threshing-floor, but the oak, first

[a] The festival was in August, and accompanied by fasting and other abstinence.

sed glandem quercus, oracula prima, ferebant;
haec erat et teneri caespitis herba cibus.
prima Ceres docuit turgescere semen in agris
falce coloratas subsecuitque comas;
prima iugis tauros supponere colla coegit,
et veterem curvo dente revellit humum.
Hanc quisquam lacrimis laetari credit amantum
et bene tormentis secubituque coli?
nec tamen est, quamvis agros amet illa feraces,
rustica nec viduum pectus amoris habet.
Cretes erunt testes—nec fingunt omnia Cretes.
Crete nutrito terra superba Iove.
illic, sidereum mundi qui temperat arcem,
exignus tenero lac bibit ore puer.
Magna fides testi: testis laudatur alumno.
fassuram Cererem crimina nostra puto.
viderat Iasium Cretaea diva sub Ida
figentem certa terga ferina manu.
vidit, et ut tenerae flammam rapuere medullae,
hinc pudor, ex illa parte trahebat amor.
victus amore pudor; sulcos arere videres
et sata cum minima parte redire sui.
cum bene iactati pulsarant arva ligones,
ruperat et duram vomer aduncus humum,
seminaque in latos ierant aequaliter agros,
inrita decepti vota colentis erant.
diva potens frugum silvis cessabat in altis;
deciderant longae spicea serta comae.
sola fuit Crete fecundo fertilis anno;
omnia, qua tulerat se dea, messis erat;

[a] At the primeval shrine of Jove at Dodona were oaks whose rustling was oracular. [b] Cf. Titus, i. 12, Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται.

of our oracles,[a] brought forth the acorn; this, and the herb that sprang from the tender turf, were his food. 'Twas Ceres first taught the seed to swell in the fields, and cut with sickle the coloured locks of the corn; 'twas she first made the steer bend neck to the yoke, and turned with the share's curved tooth the ancient mould.

[15] Does any think this a goddess to joy in the tears of lovers, and to see fit worship in the torments of lying apart? However much she loves her fruitful fields, she is yet no simple rustic, nor has heart void of love. The Cretans will be my witness—and the Cretans are not wholly false.[b] Crete is the land proud of the nurture of Jove. 'Twas there that he who sways the starry heights of the world drank in the milk with the tender mouth of a little child.

[23] We have great faith in their witness—witness approved by their foster-son. Ceres herself, I think, will own to my impeachment. Under Cretan Ida the goddess had seen Iasius with sure hand piercing the wild beast's side. She looked on him, and when her tender heart had caught the fire, she was victim now of shame, and now again of love. Her shame was overcome by love; you might see the furrows of the field grown dry and the sown grain returning with scantest part of itself. When the well-wielded mattock had wrought upon the acre, and the hookèd share had broken the dour glebe, and the seed had gone forth equal over the broad plowed fields, the deluded husbandman had vowed in vain. The goddess potent over increase dallied in the deep woods; fallen from her long tresses were the woven spikes of corn. Crete only was fruitful with fecund year; wherever the goddess

ipse[1] locus nemorum, canebat frugibus Ide,[2]
et ferus in silva farra metebat aper.
optavit Minos similes sibi legifer annos,
optavit, Cereris longus ut esset amor.
Quod tibi secubitus tristes, dea flava, fuissent,
hoc cogor sacris nunc ego ferre tuis?
cur ego sim tristis, cum sit tibi nata reperta
regnaque quam Iuno sorte minore regat?
festa dies Veneremque vocat cantusque merumque;
haec decet ad dominos munera ferre deos.

XI a

Multa diuque tuli; vitiis patientia victa est;
cede fatigato pectore, turpis amor!
scilicet adserui iam me fugique catenas,
et quae non puduit ferre, tulisse pudet.
vicimus et domitum pedibus calcamus amorem;
venerunt capiti cornua sera meo.
perfer et obdura![3] dolor hic tibi proderit olim;
saepe tulit lassis sucus amarus opem.
Ergo ego sustinui, foribus tam saepe repulsus,
ingenuum dura ponerē corpus humo?
ergo ego nescio cui, quem tu conplexa tenebas,
excubui clausam servus ut ante domum?

[1] ipsa *Ném.* [2] Ide *vulg.*: Idae *P.*
[3] *So vulg.*: perferre obdura, P_1 *Merk.*

had bent her step, all was rich with the garner; Ida, the very home of forests, was white with harvest, and the wild boar reaped the grain in the woodland. Minos, giver of laws, wished for seasons ever like this, wished that Ceres' love might long endure.

43 Because lying apart was sad for thee, O golden Goddess, must I now suffer thus on thy holy day? Why must I be sad, when for thee thy daughter is found,[a] and reigns o'er realms of lesser state than only Juno's? A festal day calls for love, and songs, and wine; these are the gifts that are fitly tendered the gods our masters.

XI a

Much have I endured, and for long time; my wrongs have overcome my patience; withdraw from my tired-out breast, base love! Surely, now I have claimed my freedom, and fled my fetters, ashamed of having borne what I felt no shame while bearing. Victory is mine, and I tread under foot my conquered love; courage has entered my heart, though late. Persist, and endure! this smart will some day bring thee good; oft has bitter potion brought help to the languishing.

9 Can it be I have endured it—to be so oft repulsed from your doors, and to lay my body down, a free born man, on the hard ground? Can it be that, for some no one you held in your embrace, I have lain, like a slave keeping vigil, before your tight-closed home? I have seen when the lover

[a] Proserpina.

vidi, cum foribus lassus prodiret amator,
invalidum referens emeritumque latus;
hoc tamen est levius, quam quod sum visus ab illo—
eveniat nostris hostibus ille pudor!
Quando ego non fixus lateri patienter adhaesi,
ipse tuus custos, ipse vir, ipse comes?
scilicet et populo per me comitata[1] placebas;
causa fuit multis noster amoris amor.
turpia quid referam vanae mendacia linguae
et periuratos in mea damna deos?
quid iuvenum tacitos inter convivia nutus
verbaque compositis dissimulata notis?
dicta erat aegra mihi—praeceps amensque cucurri;
veni, et rivali non erat aegra meo!
His et quae taceo duravi saepe ferendis;
quaere alium pro me, qui queat ista pati.
iam mea votiva puppis redimita corona
lenta tumescentes aequoris audit aquas.
desine blanditias et verba, potentia quondam,
perdere—non ego sum stultus, ut ante fui![2]

b

Luctantur pectusque leve in contraria tendunt
hac amor hac odium, sed, puto, vincit amor.
odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo.
nec iuga taurus amat; quae tamen odit, habet.
nequitiam fugio—fugientem forma reducit;
aversor morum crimina—corpus amo.

[1] comitata *P*: cantata *Burm. from Francf. MS.*
[2] *Mueller makes the division.*

came forth from your doors fatigued, with frame exhausted and weak from love's campaign; yet this is a slighter thing than being seen by him—may shame like that befall my enemies!

17 When have I not in patience clung close to your side, myself your guard, myself your lover, myself your companion? Be sure, too, that people liked you because you were at my side; my love for you has won you love from many. Why repeat the shameful lies of your empty tongue, and recall the perjured oaths to the gods you have sworn to my undoing? Why tell of the silent nods of young lovers at the banquet board, and of words concealed in the signal agreed upon? Say I had been told she was ill—headlong and madly I ran to her; I came, and she was not ill—to my rival!

27 Oft bearing such-like things, and others I say naught of, I have hardened; seek another in my stead who can submit to them. Already my craft is decked with votive wreath, and listens undisturbed to the sea's swelling waters. Cease wasting your caresses, and the words that once had weight—I am not a fool, as once I was!

b

Struggling over my fickle heart, love draws it now this way, and now hate that—but love, I think, is winning. I will hate, if I have strength; if not, I shall love unwilling. The ox, too, loves not the yoke; what he hates he none the less bears. I fly from your baseness—as I fly, your beauty draws me back; I shun the wickedness of your ways—your

sic ego nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum,
et videor voti nescius esse mei.
aut formosa fores minus, aut minus inproba, vellem ;
non facit ad mores tam bona forma malos.
facta merent odium, facies exorat amorem—
me miserum, vitiis plus valet illa suis !
Parce, per o lecti socialia iura, per omnis
qui dant fallendos se tibi saepe deos,
perque tuam faciem, magni mihi numinis instar,
perque tuos oculos, qui rapuere meos !
quidquid eris, mea semper eris ; tu selige tantum,
me quoque velle velis, anne coactus amem !
lintea dem potius ventisque ferentibus utar,
ut,[1] quamvis nolim, cogar amare velim.

XII

Quis fuit ille dies, quo tristia semper amanti
omina non albae concinuistis aves ?
quodve putem sidus nostris occurrere fatis,
quosve deos in me bella movere querar ?
quae modo dicta mea est, quam coepi solus amare,
cum multis vereor ne sit habenda mihi.
Fallimur, an nostris innotuit illa libellis ?
sic erit—ingenio prostitit illa meo.
et merito ! quid enim formae praeconia feci ?
vendibilis culpa facta puella mea est.

[1] ut *MSS.*: quam *Rautenberg.*

person I love. Thus I can live neither with you nor without, and seem not to know my own heart's prayer. I would you were either less beauteous or less base; beauty so fair mates not with evil ways. Your actions merit hate, your face pleads winningly for love—ah! wretched me, it has more power than its owner's misdeeds.

[45] Spare me, O by the laws of love's comradeship, by all the gods who oft lend themselves for you to deceive, and by that face of yours, to me the image of high divinity, and by your eyes, that have taken captive mine! Whatever you be, mine ever will you be; choose you only whether you wish me also willing, or to love because constrained! Let me rather spread my sails and use the favouring breeze, that I may wish, though against my will, for love's constraint.

XII

What day was that, ye birds not white, on which you chanted omens ill-boding to the poet ever in love? or what ill star shall I think is rising on my fate, or what gods shall I complain are moving war against me? She who but now was called my own, whom I began alone to love, must now, I fear, be shared with many.

[7] Am I mistaken, or is it my books of verse have made her known? So will it prove—'tis my genius has made her common. And I deserve it! for why was I the crier of her beauty? Through my fault she I love has become a thing of sale. I

me lenone placet, duce me perductus amator,
ianua per nostras est adaperta manus.
An prosint, dubium, nocuerunt carmina semper;
invidiae nostris illa fuere bonis.
cum Thebe, cum Troia foret, cum Caesaris acta,
ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.
aversis utinam tetigissem carmina Musis,
Phoebus et inceptum destituisset opus!
Nec tamen ut testes mos est audire poetas;
malueram verbis pondus abesse meis.
per nos Scylla patri caros furata capillos
pube premit rapidos[1] inguinibusque canes;
nos pedibus pinnas dedimus, nos crinibus angues;
victor Abantiades alite fertur equo.
idem per spatium Tityon porreximus ingens,
et tria vipereo fecimus ora cani;
fecimus Enceladon iaculantem mille lacertis,
ambiguae captos virginis ore viros.
Aeolios Ithacis inclusimus utribus Euros;
proditor in medio Tantalus amne sitit.
de Niobe silicem, de virgine fecimus ursam.
concinit Odrysium Cecropis ales Ityn;
Iuppiter aut in aves aut se transformat in aurum
aut secat inposita virgine taurus aquas.
Protea quid referam Thebanaque semina, dentes;
qui vomerent flammas ore, fuisse boves;

[1] rabidos *vulg.*: rapidos *P*.

[a] Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, took from her father's head the purple lock on which his life depended, and was afterward changed to the monster.

[b] Perseus and Mercury; Medusa; Perseus, Pegasus, and Andromeda.

am the pander has helped her to please, I have been guide to lead the lover, by my hand has her door been opened.

[13] Whether verses are good for aught, I doubt; they have always been my bane, and stood in the light of my good. Though there was Thebes, though Troy, though Caesar's deeds, Corinna only has stirred my genius. Would that the Muses had looked away when I first touched verse, and Phoebus refused me aid when my attempt was new!

[19] And yet 'tis not the custom to heed the poet's witness; my verses, too, I had preferred should have no weight. 'Twas we poets made Scylla steal from her sire[a] his treasured locks, and hide in her groin the devouring dogs; 'tis we have placed wings on feet, and mingled snakes with hair; our song made Abas' child a victor with the winged horse.[b] We, too, stretched Tityos out through a mighty space, and gave to the viperous dog three mouths; we made Enceladus, hurling the spear with a thousand arms, and the heroes snared by the voice of the doubtful maid.[c] We shut in the skins of the Ithacan the East-winds of Aeolus; made the traitor Tantalus thirst in the midst of the stream. Of Niobe we made a rock, and turned a maiden to a bear.[d] 'Tis due to us that the bird of Cecrops[e] sings Odrysian Itys; that Jove transforms himself now to a bird, and now to gold, or cleaves the waters a bull with a maiden on his back. Why tell of Proteus, and those Theban seeds, the dragon's teeth; that cattle once there were that spewed forth flames from their mouths;

[c] The Sirens.

[d] Callisto, transformed by Juno and placed in the sky by Jove as Ursa Major. [e] Philomela, the nightingale.

flere genis electra tuas, Auriga, sorores ;
quaeque rates fuerint, nunc maris esse deas ;
aversumque diem mensis furialibus Atrei,
duraque percussam saxa secuta lyram ?
Exit in immensum fecunda licentia vatum,
obligat historica nec sua verba fide.
et mea debuerat falso laudata videri
femina ; credulitas nunc mihi vestra nocet.

XIII

Cum mihi pomiferis coniunx foret orta Faliscis,
moenia contigimus victa, Camille, tibi.
casta sacerdotes Iunoni festa parabant
per celebres ludos indigenamque bovem ;
grande morae pretium ritus cognoscere, quamvis
difficilis clivis huc via praebet iter.
Stat vetus et densa praenubilus arbore lucus ;
adspice—concedas numen inesse loco.[1]
accipit ara preces votivaque tura piorum—
ara per antiquas facta sine arte manus.
hinc, ubi praesonuit sollemni tibia cantu,
it per velatas annua pompa vias ;
ducuntur niveae populo plaudente iuvencae,
quas aluit campis herba Falisca suis,
et vituli nondum metuenda fronte minaces,
et minor ex humili victima porcus hara,

[1] numinis esse locum *rulg.*

[a] The sisters of Phaethon, the charioteer, were changed to trees, and their tears to amber.

of thy sisters, Auriga, weeping tears of amber o'er their cheeks [a]; of what were ships, but now are goddesses of the sea [b]; of the ill-starred day at Atreus' maddened tables, and the rocks that followed at stroke of the lyre?

41 Measureless pours forth the creative wantonness of bards, nor trammels its utterance with history's truth. My praising of my lady, too, you should have taken for false; now your easy trust is my undoing.

XIII

Since she I wed was sprung from the fruit-bearing Faliscan town,[c] it chanced we came to the walls brought low, Camillus, by thee. The priestesses were making ready chaste festival to Juno, with solemn games and a cow of native stock; 'twas well worth while to tarry and learn the rites, though the way thither is a toilsome road with steep ascents.

7 There stands an ancient sacred grove, all dark with shadows from dense trees; behold it—you would agree a deity indwelt the place. An altar receives the prayers and votive incense of the faithful—an artless altar, upbuilt by hands of old. From here, when the pipe has sounded forth in solemn strain, advances over carpeted ways the annual pomp; snowy heifers are led along mid the plaudits of the crowd, heifers reared in their native meadows of Faliscan grass, and calves that threaten with brow not yet to be feared, and, lesser victim, a pig from the lowly sty,

[b] Aeneas' ships, transformed that Turnus might not burn them.

[c] Usually called Falerii. Its site is occupied by Civitè Castellana.

duxque gregis cornu per tempora dura recurvo.
invisa est dominae sola capella deae;
illius indicio silvis inventa sub altis
dicitur inceptam destituisse fugam.
nunc quoque per pueros iaculis incessitur index
et pretium auctori vulneris ipsa datur.
Qua ventura dea est, iuvenes timidaeque puellae
praeverrunt latas veste iacente vias.
virginei crines auro gemmaque premuntur,
et tegit auratos palla superba pedes:
more patrum Graio velatae vestibus albis
tradita supposito vertice sacra ferunt.
ore favent populi tunc cum venit aurea pompa,
ipsa sacerdotes subsequiturque suas.
Argiva est pompae facies; Agamemnone caeso
et scelus et patrias fugit Halaesus opes
iamque pererratis profugus terraque fretoque
moenia felici condidit alta manu.
ille suos docuit Iunonia sacra Faliscos.
sint mihi, sint populo semper amica suo!

XIV

Non ego, ne pecces, cum sis formosa, recuso,
sed ne sit misero scire necesse mihi;
nec te nostra iubet fieri censura pudicam,
sed tamen, ut temptes dissimulare, rogat.

and the leader of the flock, with hard temples overhung by the curving horn. The she-goat only is hateful to the mistress-deity; through her tale-telling, they say, the goddess was found in the deep forest and made to cease the flight she had entered on.[a] Now, even children assail the tattler with their darts, and she herself is prize to whoever deals the wound.

23 Wherever the goddess will pass, youths and timid maidens go before, sweeping the broad ways with trailing robe. The maidens' locks are pressed by gold and gems, and the proud palla covers feet that are bright with gold; in the manner of their Grecian sires of yore, veiled in white vestments they bear on their heads the sacred offerings of old. The crowd keep reverent silence as the golden pomp comes on, with the goddess' self close in the wake of her ministers.

31 From Argos is the form of the pomp; when Agamemnon fell, Halaesus left behind both the crime and the riches of his fatherland, and after wandering an exile over land and sea founded with auspicious hand these lofty walls. 'Twas he who taught his Faliscans the holy rites of Juno. Ever friendly to me, and ever to their folk, may those rites be.

XIV

That you should not err, since you are fair, is not my plea, but that I be not compelled, poor wretch, to know it; no censor am I who demands that you become chaste, but one who asks that you attempt

[a] A story not otherwise known.

non peccat, quaecumque potest peccasse negare,
solaque famosam culpa professa facit.
quis furor est, quae nocte latent, in luce fateri,
et quae clam facias facta referre palam ?
ignoto meretrix corpus iunctura Quiriti
opposita populum summovet ante sera ;
tu tua prostitues famae peccata sinistrae
commissi perages indiciumque tui ?
sit tibi mens melior, saltemve imitare pudicas,
teque proban, quamvis non eris, esse putem.
quae facis, haec facito ; tantum fecisse negato,
nec pudeat coram verba modesta loqui !
Est qui nequitiam locus exigat ; omnibus illum
deliciis inple, stet procul inde pudor !
hinc simul exieris, lascivia protinus omnis
absit, et in lecto crimina pone tuo.
illic nec tunicam tibi sit posuisse pudori
nec femori inpositum sustinuisse femur ;
illic purpureis condatur lingua labellis,
inque modos Venerem mille figuret amor ;
illic nec voces nec verba iuvantia cessent,
spondaque lasciva mobilitate tremat !
indue cum tunicis metuentem crimina vultum,
et pudor obscenum diffiteatur opus ;
da populo, da verba mihi ; sine nescius errem,
et liceat stulta credulitate frui !
Cur totiens video mitti recipique tabellas ?
cur pressus prior est interiorque torus ?
cur plus quam somno turbatos esse capillos
collaque conspicio dentis habere notam ?
tantum non oculos crimen deducis ad ipsos ;
si dubitas famae parcere, parce mihi !
mens abit et morior quotiens peccasse fateris,
perque meos artus frigida gutta fluit.

to feign. She does not sin who can deny her sin, and 'tis only the fault avowed that brings dishonour. What madness is this, to confess in the light of day the hidden things of night, and spread abroad your secret deeds? Even the jade that receives some unknown son of Quirinus is careful first to slip the bolt and exclude the crowd; and you—will you expose your faults to the mercy of evil tongues and be the informer to tell of your own misdeeds? Put on a better mind, and imitate, at least, the modest of your sex, and let me think you honest though you are not. What you are doing, continue to do; only deny that you have done, nor be ashamed to use modest speech in public.

17 There is a spot that calls for wantonness; fill that with all delights, and let blushing be far away. Once you are forth from there, straight lay all lewdness aside, and leave your faults in the couch . . . . Put on with your dress a face that shrinks from guilt, and let a modest aspect deny the harlot's trade. Cheat the people, cheat me; allow me to mistake through ignorance, to enjoy a fool's belief in you!

31 Why must I see so often the sending and getting of notes? Why that your couch has been pressed in every place? Why do I gaze on hair disordered by more than sleep, and see the mark of a tooth upon your neck? You all but bring your sin before my very eyes; if you hesitate to spare your name, at least spare me! My mind fails me and I suffer death each time you confess your sin, and through my frame the blood runs cold.

tunc amo, tunc odi frustra quod amare necesse est ;
tunc ego, sed tecum, mortuus esse velim !
Nil equidem inquiram, nec quae celare parabis
insequar, et falli numeris instar erit.
si tamen in media deprensa tenebere culpa,
et fuerint oculis probra videnda meis,
quae bene visa mihi fuerint, bene visa negato—
concedent verbis lumina nostra tuis.
prona tibi vinci cupientem vincere palma est,
sit modo " non feci ! " dicere lingua memor.
cum tibi contingat verbis superare duobus,
etsi non causa, iudice vince tuo !

XV

Quaere novum vatem, tenerorum mater Amorum !
raditur hic elegis ultima meta meis ;
quos ego conposui, Paeligni ruris alumnus—
nec me deliciae dedecuere meae—
siquid id est, usque a proavis vetus ordinis heres,
non modo militiae turbine factus eques.
Mantua Vergilio, gaudet Verona Catullo ;
Paelignae dicar gloria gentis ego,
quam sua libertas ad honesta coegerat arma,
cum timuit socias anxia Roma manus.

Then do I love you, then try in vain to hate what I love perforce; then would I gladly be dead—but dead with you!

41 I will make no inquiry, be assured, and will not follow out what you will make ready to hide; to be deceived shall be as a duty. If none the less I shall find you out in the midst of a fault, and my eyes perforce shall have looked upon your shame, see you deny that I clearly saw what was clearly seen—my eyes will yield to your words. 'Twill be an easy palm for you—to be victor over one who is eager to be vanquished; all that you need is a tongue that remembers "I did not do it!" When you may win the day by a mere two words, if you cannot through your cause, be victor through your judge!

XV

Seek a new bard, mother of tender Loves! I am come to the last turning-post my elegies will graze; the elegies whose poet am I—nor have these my delights dishonoured me—child reared on Paelignian acres, and heir, if that be aught, of a line of grandsires far removed, no knight created but now amid the whirlwind of war.

7 Mantua joys in Virgil, Verona in Catullus; 'tis I shall be called the glory of the Paelignians, race whom their love of freedom compelled to honourable arms when anxious Rome was in fear of the allied bands;[a] and some stranger, looking on

[a] The Social War, 90-89 B.C., by which Rome was compelled to grant citizenship to the Italians. The Paeligni were leaders.

atque aliquis spectans hospes Sulmonis aquosi
moenia, quae campi iugera pauca tenent,
"Quae tantum" dicat "potuistis ferre poetam,
quantulacumque estis, vos ego magna voco."
Culte puer puerique parens Amathusia culti,
aurea de campo vellite signa meo!
corniger increpuit thyrso graviore Lyaeus:
pulsanda est magnis area maior equis.
inbelles elegi, genialis Musa, valete,
post mea mansurum fata superstes opus!

watery Sulmo's walls, that guard the scant acres of her plain, may say: "O thou who couldst beget so great a poet, however small thou art, I name thee mighty!"

15 O worshipful child, and thou of Amathus, mother of the worshipful child, pluck ye up from my field your golden standards! The hornèd Lyaean hath dealt me a sounding blow with weightier thyrsus; I must smite the earth with mighty steeds on a mightier course. Unwarlike elegies, congenial Muse, O fare ye well, work to live on when I am no more!

VII

At non formosa est, at non bene culta puella,
at, puto, non votis saepe petita meis !
hanc tamen in nullos tenui male languidus usus,
sed iacui pigro crimen onusque toro ;
nec potui cupiens, pariter cupiente puella,
inguinis effeti parte iuvante frui.
illa quidem nostro subiecit eburnea collo
bracchia Sithonia candidiora nive,
osculaque inseruit cupide luctantia linguis
lascivum femori supposuitque femur,
et mihi blanditias dixit dominumque vocavit,
et quae praeterea publica verba iuvant.
tacta tamen veluti gelida mea membra cicuta
segnia propositum destituere meum ;
truncus iners iacui, species et inutile pondus,
et non exactum, corpus an umbra forem.
Quae mihi ventura est, siquidem ventura, senectus,
cum desit numeris ipsa iuventa suis ?
a, pudet annorum cum[1] me iuvenemque virumque
nec iuvenem nec me sensit amica virum !
sic flammas aditura pias aeterna sacerdos
surgit et a caro fratre verenda soror.
at nuper bis flava Chlide, ter candida Pitho,
ter Libas officio continuata meo est ;
exigere a nobis angusta nocte Corinnam
me memini numeros sustinuisse novem.
Num mea Thessalico languent devota veneno
corpora ? num misero carmen et herba nocent,

[1] cum (quom) *Pa.*: quo *P. Br.*: quod *vulg.*: cur *Merk.*: quare *Ném.*

sagave poenicea[1] defixit nomina cera
et medium tenuis in iecur egit acus?
carmine laesa Ceres sterilem vanescit in herbam,
deficiunt laesi carmine fontis aquae,
ilicibus glandes cantataque vitibus uva
decidit, et nullo poma movente fluunt.
quid vetat et nervos magicas torpere per artes?
forsitan inpatiens sit latus inde meum.
huc pudor accessit facti; pudor ipse nocebat;
ille fuit vitii causa secunda mei.
At qualem vidi tantum tetigique puellam!
sic etiam tunica tangitur illa sua.
illius ad tactum Pylius iuvenescere possit
Tithonosque annis fortior esse suis.
haec mihi contigerat; sed vir non contigit illi.
quas nunc concipiam per nova vota preces?
credo etiam magnos, quo sum tam turpiter usus,
muneris oblati paenituisse deos.
optabam certe recipi—sum nempe receptus;
oscula ferre—tuli; proximus esse—fui.
quo mihi fortunae tantum? quo regna sine usu?
quid, nisi possedi dives avarus opes?
sic aret mediis taciti vulgator in undis
pomaque, quae nullo tempore tangat, habet.
a tenera quisquam sic surgit mane puella,
protinus ut sanctos possit adire deos?
Sed, puto, non blande, non optima perdidit in me
oscula; non omni sollicitavit ope!
illa graves potuit quercus adamantaque durum
surdaque blanditiis saxa movere suis.
digna movere fuit certe vivosque virosque;
sed neque tum vixi nec vir, ut ante, fui.

[1] poenicea *vulg.*: sanguinea *P's*.

quid iuvet, ad surdas si cantet Phemius aures?
quid miserum Thamyran picta tabella iuvat?
At quae non tacita formavi gaudia mente!
quos ego non finxi disposuique modos!
nostra tamen iacuere velut praemortua membra
turpiter hesterna languidiora rosa—
quae nunc, ecce, vigent intempestiva valentque,
nunc opus exposcunt militiamque suam.
quin istic pudibunda iaces, pars pessima nostri?
sic sum pollicitis captus et ante tuis.
tu dominum fallis; per te deprensus inermis
tristia cum magno damna pudore tuli.
Hanc etiam non est mea dedignata puella
molliter admota sollicitare manu;
sed postquam nullas consurgere posse per artes
inmemoremque sui procubuisse videt,
"quid me ludis?" ait, "quis te, male sane, iubebat
invitum nostro ponere membra toro?
aut te traiectis Aeaea venefica lanis
devovet, aut alio lassus amore venis."
nec mora, desiluit tunica velata soluta—
et decuit nudos proripuisse pedes!—
neve suae possent intactam scire ministrae,
dedecus hoc sumpta dissimulavit aqua.

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